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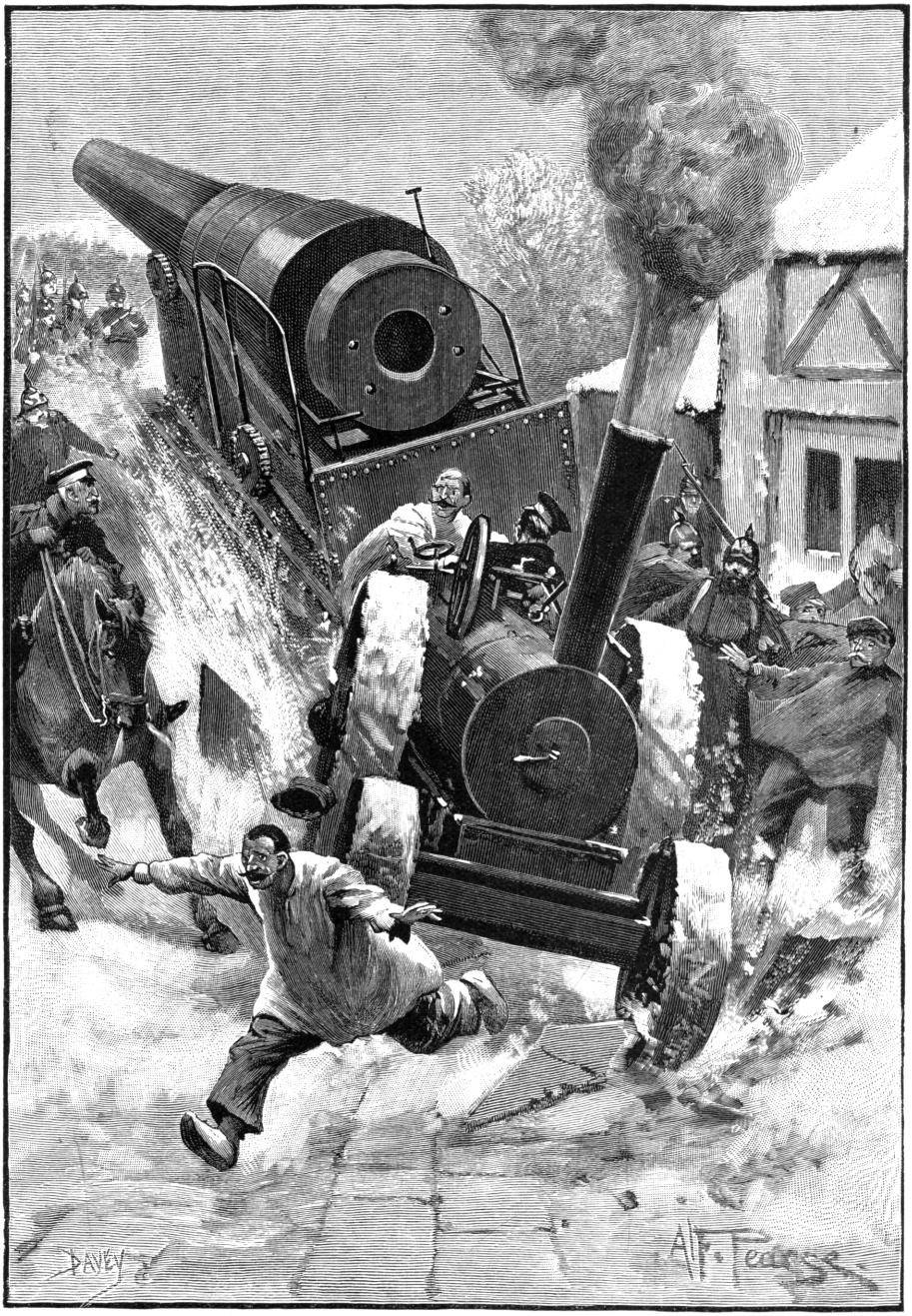


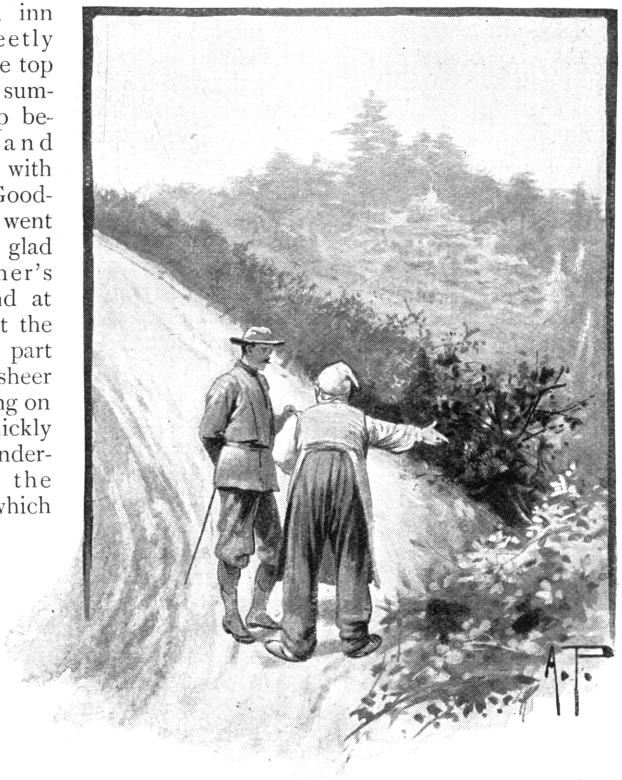
"THE MACHINE SPED STRAIGHT ON, LIKE A FLASH OF LIGHTNING."

(*See page* 370.)

Jacques Brulefert's Death.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGES RENARD.

IT WAS on my way to the village, toiling up the old, paved road on a slope, known for miles around as the stiffest climb in the neighbourhood. It was a hot August day, and as I stopped to take breath, old Sauvage, the owner of the "Rising Sun," an inn most discreetly perched at the top of its thirsty summit, came up behind me, and accosted me with a cordial "Good-day!" We went on together, glad of each other's company; and at last arrived at the very steepest part of the way, a sheer incline abutting on a ravine, thickly clad with undergrowth, at the bottom of which flowed the river; and bordered by a green hedge, the only protection against a fall over its side. Right in the very middle of this hedge was a great gap, which seemed as though some massive weight had crashed through it.



"A TERRIBLE THING HAPPENED THERE."

"Has there been an accident here?" I asked my companion.

"Better than that," was his answer. "That hedge wears still the scars of war, like a disabled warrior. A terrible thing happened there."

I scented a story.

"Tell me about it," I begged; and, as we advanced slowly under the burning sun, he began:—

"It was the 17th of December, in the year of misfortune 1870; a date I have good reason for remembering.

"On the afternoon of the day before, a troop of German soldiers had arrived among us. No one thought much about it at first: we had grown accustomed to such visits by then, for our village is on the road to Germany, and for the last three months, Heaven knows, we had seen nothing but Prussians and Bavarians, Uhlans and artillerymen, cuirassiers and foot-soldiers passing through — a never-ending stream. They did not stay long, but managed to consume everything they could get hold of; they devoured our corn, our oats, our cattle, and our sheep, which they were brutes enough to kill before our very eyes, and left us in their stead little scraps of paper with I don't know what sort of unintelligible stuff written on them. Afterwards they would go on down the hill, through the valley, and forward to Paris. At night, when the wind blew from the west, we used to hear dull, heavy sounds which were the voice of the cannon—Paris calling for help. But Paris called in vain,

and in vain we hoped; the *pantalons rouges* never came, and always, always there arrived fresh troops of Germans. I would wager more than a hundred thousand have been over the old, paved road where we are. But we could do nothing, and had to watch them go by in mournful helplessness, as you might watch the course of a river that had overflowed its banks.

"This time it was only an infantry battalion. It halted up there, in front of our place, by the church. But evidently something extraordinary had happened. The soldiers stood at attention; their officers were in a group, gesticulating, shouting, swearing. I could hear them at it from the house. The commandant was the most furious of all. I can see him still—a long, lean old fellow, with a red scar on his white face, a great white moustache, with occasional reddish hairs in it, and the very oddest way of walking I ever saw—just as if he were walking on egg-shells, and was afraid of breaking them—and a way of swinging himself about that made me think of a poplar swaying in the wind.

"While he was raging up and down, a captain pointed out to him the house opposite to ours. And at once he seemed overjoyed; he called out some order in his lingo; four men came out of the ranks, and followed by them and the captain, he marched forthwith to the house pointed out to him, looked at its sign-board, and read aloud: 'Jacques Brulefert, Engine and Machinery Mender'; then he opened the door and entered with the officer.

"I wondered what the Prussians could be wanting with Jacques, and said to myself: 'Look out for squalls!' for I must tell you Jacques hated the Prussians, and he was a hot-headed fellow. He had served with the army in Africa, and though now he was well past forty, had courage and daring and strength enough for a much younger man; he was not tall, nor by any means a beauty. By much fighting against Bedouins he had got almost as swarthy as they are, but he was as agile as a cat, and dexterous as a monkey, while he was as sound as only an old Zouave like himself could be.

"Ah, there was no lack of fire in him, eyes or heart, I can tell you! His rage had known no bounds ever since the campaign had begun. You should have heard him storming against the Emperor in the big room at the inn, for a coward who couldn't even die when he ought to, and against the townsfolk, who were cowards too, and the Germans who could only fight three to one. He banged on the tables as if they were Prussians. He was mad about it all. Why, I myself, sir, as true as I'm here speaking to you, I saw him cry like a child when he heard that Bazaine had surrendered Metz.

"At every fresh disaster (and, Heaven knows, there were enough of them) he wanted to be off, wherever the fighting was, and take his share of it; he said that the others had got the very job he wanted, and he would have gone, over and over again, in spite of his age, if he had not had to stay and take care of his wife and his little boy, a lad of ten years. So he stayed behind, but as if he felt disgraced, and ready for any desperate deed. Every time the Germans came through, he shut himself up so as not to see them, and if by chance some of them were billeted on him, he would rather pay to send them to the inn, than himself lodge the sauer-kraut gobblers, as he called them.

"So I said to myself, when I saw the two Prussian officers going in to friend Jacques: 'There'll be a row, I warrant.' And I wasn't far out, as you'll see. They had hardly been inside for three minutes when I heard a great uproar of doors banging and shouting. Then out came the commandant, as red as a cock's-comb, and shouted out some rigmarole to the four men who had stayed outside; they rushed in to the workshop, and I knew that they must have had orders to fetch out Jacques. But not a bit of use was it, for while they were turning the house upside down, I saw a man suddenly leap out of the loft, and run for dear life along the road. It was Jacques; and he went like a runaway horse; but a few minutes after, a Prussian showed his ugly face at the very window Jacques had jumped out through. You can imagine his looks when he saw Jacques had been under their very nose all the time. And the officers, too! They swore like anything, and the commandant looked as black as thunder.

"*He* didn't jump out (it was too far from the ground for that), but he rushed down the staircase with his men, called up the others, and set them like dogs on the track of the runner. Ah, so he did—but there was no Jacques to be seen! Every trace of him had disappeared! He was nowhere to be found, and they searched everywhere in the bushes, the corners behind the church, and the little wood! And bare and level before them stretched the road. Where the deuce could he have got to? The night was

beginning to fall; in vain the men searched everywhere round; in vain the commandant swore and raged and fumed like a madman: the soldiers had to come back jabbering and empty-handed. All the village had assembled up there at last, looking as though they understood nothing, you can imagine, but bursting with laughter to see them so dumfoundered.

"Everyone knew already what had happened. My wife had been up to Jacques's house to see what had been done, and she has a tongue of her own, you know, a regular woman. She found the poor wife frightened out of her wits, and crying with fear. It seems that the commandant had wanted Jacques to go with him at once, without a moment's notice. He wanted him to repair a great steam-engine he was escorting with his battalion, and that he had had to leave behind a mile back. The night before, the engineer had been killed as they came through a wood, by a *franctireur;* and he wanted someone to replace him in bringing along the machine which was stuck there You can guess it was pretty serious for him. The machine was dragging along a great cannon destined for the bombardment of Paris. And the commandant had come to requisition Jacques for the job, as if he had been a Prussian soldier, at the least. He had come to the wrong shop this time. Jacques got white as a sheet, and said: 'Supposing I won't do anything of the kind?' The commandant told him, with a sneer, 'Then you'll be forced to,' for he spoke French like a schoolmaster, the great, lanky lout. But he did not know Jacques. With one bound the fellow skipped through the door behind him and, once out of their sight, got away as I told you.

"We thought that was the end of it. But there's no dealing with these obstinate folk. A few minutes after there wasn't one among us inclined to laugh, for the commandant announced to the Mayor that he would now spend the night in the village; and soon we each had our share of Prussians to lodge. And to see them there, strutting about in one's own house, stretching across the fireplace or the table, and talking a jargon no one could understand, while the very rifles they carried had probably shot down more than one brave fellow from our little village, was enough to take the laugh out of one for ever, I can tell you.

"Up at the inn, of course, we had the commandant and two captains to provide for gratis, and didn't feel particularly flattered by the honour. The commandant was striding up and down, and looking very furious. Suddenly I saw him stop and rub his hands. 'A bad sign,' thinks I. And, sure enough, he calls his men and talks away to them, pointing every now and then to Jacques's house. I didn't know yet what he was up to, but I hadn't long to wait. Outside in the street we hear a noise, loud laughs, and the cries of a woman and a child; then our door is pushed roughly open, and a woman is just thrown into the room by four great ruffians, who push, and drag, and hustle her in. It was that old wretch's idea. The cunning old thing said to himself: 'If you want to take the male, the surest way is catch the female,' And he had Jacques's wife arrested.

"A WOMAN IS JUST THROWN INTO THE ROOM."

"As for the boy, a regular son of his father, as bold as a lion, he tried to resist; yelled and screamed, fought and kicked, and was trying to bite the hand which had grasped him cruelly by the wrists. Poor little lad! they wouldn't even let him stay in with us, but kicked him outside, and for a quarter of an hour or more we heard him sobbing with rage and cold out in the dark night. The mother was like a creature possessed. She struggled until she was in such a dishevelled state you wouldn't have known her, and screamed insult after insult at the commandant, calling him 'cad,' 'villain,' 'coward.' He cared no more than if he had been a log; but laughed mockingly at her, the heartless beast, and said, quietly, 'Come, come, behave yourself! You shall be set free when your husband returns. If he doesn't come back, so much the worse for you. You will be our prisoner, and will have to come with us. That will teach your man to refuse us his services.' And while the poor woman, over whom two soldiers mounted guard, was crying quietly in a corner of our big dining-room, the commandant and two captains, seated at the other end, ate enough for six, and drank enough for ten, because they knew they were not going to pay for their dinner."

By this time we had climbed the hill, and reached the inn, where I had invited Père Sauvage to drink a glass of wine with me, and it was over a venerable bottle in a cool corner of the big room, looking on to the sunny highway and the delightful view beyond, that he continued: "Well, the Prussians were gobbling at the very table we are sitting at now, and I was serving at the bar, when Jean Lacroix, the mason, came in. He had come to fetch a pint of wine; but he looked as though something was up; so when he made me a sign, I pretended that I had to go down to the cellar, and went into the kitchen with him.

"'I've seen Jacques,' he said, softly.

"'Where?' I asked.

"'Quite close. He has hidden under the road. I found him crouched up in the little tunnel that takes off the rain-water in bad weather. The Prussians must have passed over his head at least a dozen times when they were looking for him. Wasn't it a trick to play them? But now he is cold and hungry. He whistled softly to me as I was coming in from the fields. He wants something to eat, some sort of wrap, and a little money, then he is going off to his Uncle François—who lives three leagues off. I wanted to tell his wife, and knocked at her door; but there's no one there. What am I to do?'

"I told him the Prussians had arrested her, and meant to take her off with them; that she was up there in the dining-room, and that we must somehow let Jacques know; but it was easier said than done, as one ran the risk of being caught in the act, and betraying his hiding-place. Then I thought of the boy, who was bold enough for anything, and an intelligent little fellow. It was a pitch-dark night; he could creep along and hide himself in the ditches more easily than a man; and then, once with his father, he would at least have someone to defend him.

"'He can't be far away,' I said to Jean Lacroix. 'We must find him, and send him.'

"It seemed the best thing to do, sir, and yet I have often thought, since then, that without meaning to, I was doing just what that old wretch of a commandant wanted. No one will ever persuade me that that wasn't the idea he had in his head when he let the child go: he thought he would get at the father through the child. What do *you* think? Jean Lacroix was of the same opinion as myself, that it was the only thing to be done, and he went off to see after it all.

"The Prussians had done their dinner, and were smoking like a factory chimney. Jacques's wife was still crying silently in her corner; she would neither eat nor drink; and it was heart-breaking to see her so wretched and know that we could do nothing for her. The sentinels in the street could be heard calling 'Wer da?' (Who goes?), and no one was allowed to enter or leave the village without the commandant's permission. The officers and men came in from time to time to report to him. But on the stroke of seven, Jacques's wife sat up straight, and gave a loud cry. Her husband and her little boy were being brought in by the patrol.

"Jacques was quite pale and very calm, but his jaw was set, and his look ugly. When the commandant said, with a laugh: 'I knew we should catch you, my fine fellow,' he replied, looking straight into his eyes:—

"'I was not caught at all. I knew that you had arrested my wife, and that she would be set free if I came back. So here I am. But all the same, you have acted like a coward.'

"The commandant grew quite white, then quite red, as if he were nearly choking; his

hand felt for his sword, and I thought he was going to fall upon Jacques, who stood before him with folded arms. But he contented himself with swearing big oaths, which I didn't understand; but he must have been wild, to judge by his men, who were trembling

"JACQUES STOOD BEFORE HIM WITH FOLDED ARMS."

in their shoes. Ah! if they had not had need of Jacques Brulefert and his skill, the poor fellow would have had a bad time of it. At last, when the commandant could control himself sufficiently to speak, he said:—

"'You are going to sleep here, you dog of a Frenchman. Your tools will be brought to you, and to-morrow, off you go with us. The least attempt to get away, and you'll be shot at once.'

"Jacques did not flinch. He sat down quietly at a table in the corner, while four great Germans settled themselves at the next table, with their guns charged and bayonets fixed. His wife brought him food and drink. He supped as though nothing was the matter, without saying a word; then asked for his tool-bag and a blanket; sent home his wife and the little lad, who didn't want to leave him; after which, like the old veteran he was, he rolled himself up in his blanket, stretched himself out on his table, with his box for a pillow, and went to sleep.

"The next day, at dawn, a whole company stood at attention in front of our door, sent to fetch away Jacques. He had already jumped down from his table, and stretched his limbs by a turn round the room, so he took a glass with me and was ready to go.

"He chaffed and joked his four guardians, who would not let him out of their sight for a single moment, but seemed afraid that he might vanish up the chimney. All the same, there was something very queer-looking about him. Sometimes he would stay for a whole minute staring and frowning, as if he was looking at something a long way off, and then he would suddenly rear up his head, as if he was defying someone.

"At about eight o'clock his wife and the child came to see him. The poor woman was crying so, that she was pitiful to see.

"'Listen, Catherine,' he said; 'you must promise me to leave the village at once, and go to Uncle François.'

"And when she objected, he spoke lower still. My own opinion is that the four soldiers didn't know a single word of French; but they may have been shamming, and anyway it was wiser to speak softly. So he whispered into her ear:—

"'You see, I mean to try and escape on the way. But if you are still here, they will arrest you again to get me back. I shall not feel safe, unless I see you away. Go and get your things ready, and don't be afraid, dear wife. I'll get out of it, you'll see.'

"He kissed her affectionately, almost cheerfully, to inspirit her a little, and pushed her towards the door. The boy stayed behind, sobbing — naturally enough. But Jacques caught him between his knees and said:—

"'Little man, you must be brave, and not cry; those cads are only too pleased if they see you cry. Think that I am going off to the war, and shall be coming back again. If by chance, though, things go badly with me, and I never come back any more, you must love your mother, my boy. You must

love her for two. And when you are a big man, remember to be a good soldier, so that the Prussians may get back from you some of the harm they have done us. Now, laddie, don't cry, whatever you do.'

"And the little fellow nearly choked himself in his efforts not to cry, and said :—

"'You see, father, I'm not crying now.' Only the words sounded very shaky, and two great tears ran down his cheeks. Jacques sent him off after his mother. Ah! he couldn't manage to look cheerful any longer, just then, poor Jacques! His voice was trembling when he said to me :—

"'It's cold this morning, Père Sauvage. Let's have one more drink together—perhaps it's for the last time.'

"'The last?' I said to him. 'Why, man, it's not the first time you've been in the wars : you'll come back to us, never fear!'

"He smiled without speaking, but I saw he had got something planned out in his head.

"The commandant had just come out from his room, and he was no sooner downstairs than he gave the word 'March!' Jacques took his box and followed him outside. All the village was there, sir, to see him off, and everyone had a good word for him and insisted on shaking him by the hand : he had never had so many friends. He kept looking anxiously towards his house, but when he saw his wife come out holding the boy by one hand, and in the other her bundle of things, he seemed relieved. Only, as all the good-byes were being said, and everyone wished him *au revoir* and *bon voyage*, the commandant asked, roughly : 'Where is she going?' He was a sly old thing, that commandant, to be sure ; and was suspicious about this departure of hers. But Jacques replied, as quiet as you please :—

"'I shall be away some time, it seems. She is going to stay with our uncle as long as you need my services.'

"The commandant was quite taken in.

"'That's right,' he said, slapping Jacques on the shoulder. 'You are sensible this morning ; and that's better all round, my lad. In a week you'll be back here. It's not so bad after all, is it?'

The wife and the child started off as he said this. Jacques followed them to the next turning with his eyes, threw them a kiss from where he stood, and gave a great sigh ; but as soon as they were out of sight, sir, you would hardly have believed it was the same man : his expression changed as you might change your shirt, saving your presence. It was our Jacques at his very best ; laughing and joking and snapping his fingers at the Prussians ; whom he called old slow-coaches, telling them they never would get anywhere at that rate. A regular 'gamin,' sir, but a true Frenchman too, who meant to show these lanky Germans that there was nothing in *them* to frighten an old soldier of the African army.

"At last the column began to march. Jacques, who was placed in the middle, walking along quite gaily, called out to us, 'I shall see you again soon! You'll be having news of me before long.' I assure you, sir, he could not have gone off holiday-making more gaily, and more than one of the village folk were surprised, and didn't quite like to see him so soon going quietly with the Prussians. But I knew my man, and could have sworn he had in his head some trick to play them and their machine.

"The place where the Prussians had left it was not half a league away, upon the plateau above us ; and, faith, we were curious to see this engine which had come from so far. 'Well,' said I, 'let's go along ; the Prussians won't eat us' ; and five or six of us followed after the column that was taking off Jacques.

"Soon, in the middle of the road, we saw a great black object, guarded by a little detachment that had had to camp out round it. It was that brute of a machine : a traction-engine, it was called, I think ; and behind, on two great carts, themselves a mass of iron, was the gun and the carriage! Ah, sir, if you had seen the creature! A monster of a cannon! Heavens, how is it possible such engines are invented? Two men could have lain down in its mouth, and goodness knows how many tons it weighed! It could discharge shells that would demolish a whole house from garret to cellar. And when we thought that a piece of that calibre could carry two leagues at the least, we said to each other, gloomily enough, that the Parisians weren't exactly going to have a gay time of it. Only you will guess a mass like that wasn't easily conveyed about ; it would have taken thirty horses at least just to move it. Steam alone could drag along such a monument, and just in the very nick of time the engine-driver had been killed, and the machine got out of gear. 'Ah!' we said to each other, 'what a pity Jacques got taken prisoner! If only he could damage its inside a little, so that it couldn't be got to move.'

"But nothing of the sort ; he just gave a

look to its works, and in a few minutes had put everything right, for he was a rare workman, I can tell you. Then, while they were getting up steam, we heard him giving a heap of explanations to the commandant. The old man was afraid of the incline it had to descend. But Jacques reassured him; he understood quite well how to manage it; he would slow down at the entrance to the village; he would put on the brake; he would shut off steam; if necessary, he would reverse the engines. 'You needn't be afraid of anything,' he said. 'I'll answer for it all. It'll answer to my hand, an engine of that kind. Only, send some men on first to clear off the snow which is drifted up on the hillside. That might make us slide down.'

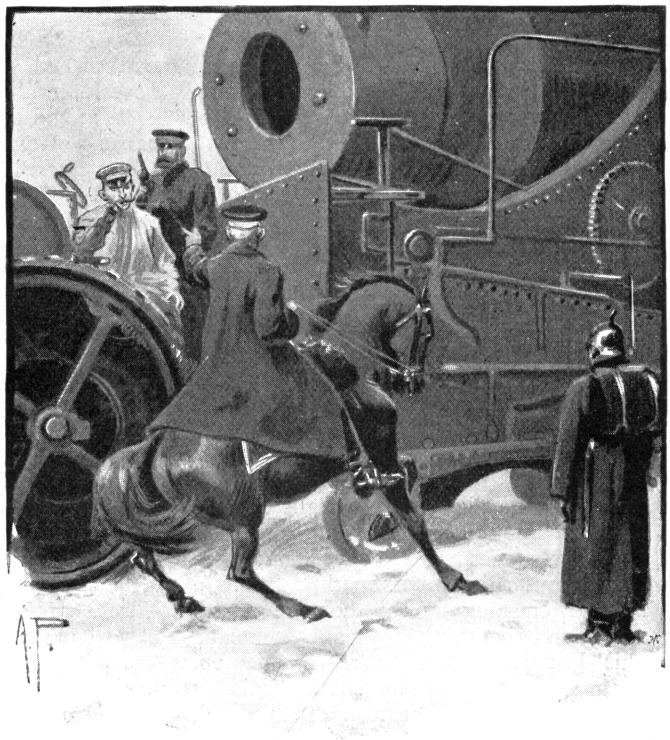
"For I must tell you there had been a heavy snow a week before. Since when, though it had been trodden into mud by the passers-by, some still lay between the paving-stones, and as it had frozen hard during the night, the road shone in the morning sun like a mirror. The commandant had noticed it. 'You're right,' he said to Jacques, and some minutes after, the Prussians who had stayed in the village were clearing the highway with picks and brooms, like so many road-labourers, and spreading shovelfuls of earth from top to bottom of the incline.

"All this time Jacques was waiting. The machine was ready, he was seated on it, and smoking his pipe as calmly as if he had been at home. The commandant, however, did not yet feel quite safe about him. At the moment of starting he called a lieutenant and said something that I couldn't understand, though I heard him plainly. The lieutenant answered: 'Ja, commandant. Ja, commandant.' Then I saw him take a revolver from his belt, and climb up on to the locomotive by Jacques; and the commandant called to Jacques from his horse:—

"'Understand, you engineer fellow, at the first attempt to escape, you'll be shot.'

"'You'll be shot' seemed to be the words that came most natural to him. Jacques shrugged his shoulders.

"'I've no wish to get away,' was his reply. But in spite of that, for greater security, the commandant had a double file of men posted alongside, to the right and the left of the machine; then he himself went to the head of the column, calling out first something in German, and then in French for Jacques, 'Forward, march!' The machine panted and snorted and tugged with all its might; the cannon jerked off with a clash of iron; and between the two rows of soldiers who accompanied it, it all proceeded slowly along the level highway.



"YOU'LL BE SHOT."

"We had run on to the village to announce the approach of the wonderful machine, and all our folk, men, women, and children, were out in the road to see it pass by. Soon were heard cries of 'It is coming! It's coming!' and there it appeared, clearly outlined against the sky, all black and smoking. Lean this way a little, sir: you can see the place from here. It was about ten feet from our house. You can see, just where the cobble-stones stop and the paving begins. That's where the

incline begins; there's a little slope before the big one.

"At that moment the commandant, who was prancing along on horseback, turned round to Jacques, and called out, 'Attention!'

"'Don't be alarmed,' sings out Jacques. 'I'm going to put the brake on.'

"Ah, sir, if I live to be a hundred, I shall never forget what happened then; no, nor will anyone who was there, and saw it all. Then I understood why Jacques had sent off his wife and the little one. Such a sight would have driven them crazy.

"Instead of slowing down, he put on all possible speed, jumped at the lieutenant, twisted his arms, so that the revolver fell out of his hands, and kept him fastened to the spot, shouting all the time, '*Vive la France!*' And the machine began to rush on down, leaping over the paving-stones; and the gun rushed after it, gun-carriage and all, making a very deuce of a noise. The commandant only just got out of the way in time to escape being crushed. He was yelling like a madman, and shouting out orders to his Prussians; which I expect meant: 'Stop him! Kill him!' But, all the same, they stood still, stupid with astonishment and terror. They might as well have tried to stop an express at full speed. The machine sped straight on, like a flash of lightning. The houses shook; the paving-stones were crushed under it, and sent out showers of sparks; it was a whirlwind crashing down the street with thunder and lightning. Jacques, clinging to his Prussian, looked a regular demon. Once more we heard him shout, '*Vive la France!*' Then, at the turn of the road, in a single bound through the hedge, everything rolled over into the ravine below. It was an awful crash. To have any idea of it, you must imagine a thunderbolt falling into the midst of this room. And then immediately there came a great silence. No one could speak; the women covered their heads with their aprons; we felt sick at heart.

"Can you believe it, sir? I can't think of it even yet, without creeping all over. And yet it's fifteen years now since then. I expect you'll despise me. But I can't help it.

"Well, to cut a long story short, the Prussians were more than six weeks over fishing up their big gun. At the bottom of the ravine was a horrible mess of twisted iron-work, dislocated wheels, ploughed-up soil, broken trees, and shattered stones. When at last it was all got up out of the débris, it was too late to be of any use in the bombardment—the siege of Paris was raised.

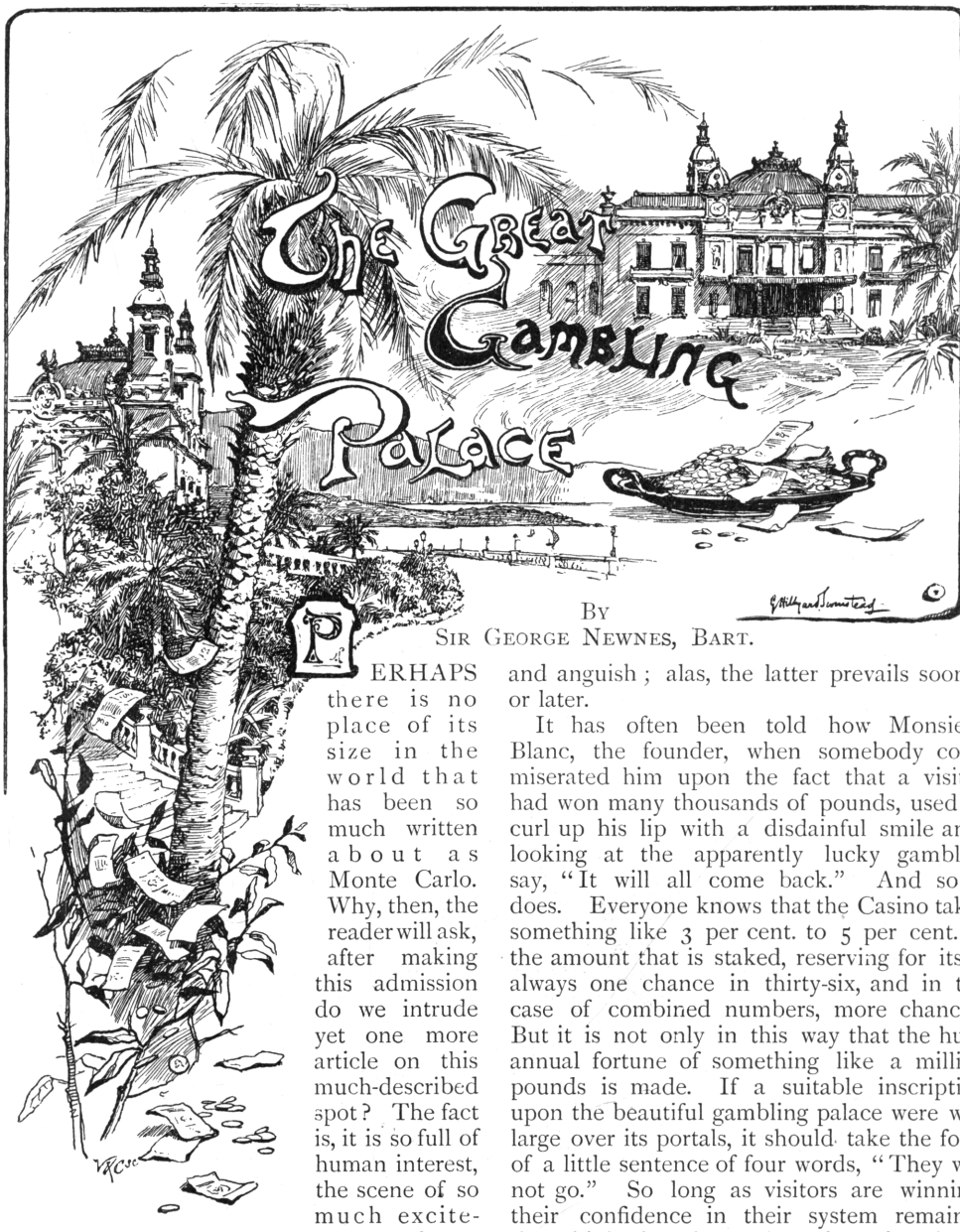
"Good old Jacques! That was what he had wished. And to think that we could never even give him a hero's funeral.

"He had been so completely crushed that nothing of him was found but a few mangled scraps of flesh some days after—one couldn't even tell if they belonged to him or the Prussian. Everything was carried off to the cemetery, almost without ceremony, for the Prussians were still in the village and furious after the smash. Later on we put up a little headstone over the grave, with the inscription, 'Died for his country,' under his name, then the date, and that was all. Thirty years hence, no one will remember who it was. The wife is dead, the house sold, the boy has gone for a soldier—now he is a sergeant in the line, and the Prussians will catch it pretty hot if ever he has a chance of getting at them. But he doesn't often get back to his old home, and with the exception of himself and a few old folk like me, who will remember Jacques Brulefert?

"I have it, sir: you, who are a scholar—you should write his story. It would only be justice to him. I tell you, spite of their great battalions, and their great guns, the Prussians would have had a bad time of it in 1870 if there had been many Frenchmen like our Jacques.

"And now, sir, I've been talking long enough. I must get to my work. Your health, sir!"

"*A la santé de la France, père Sauvage,* and the memory of Jacques Brulefert. I promise you to write his story."



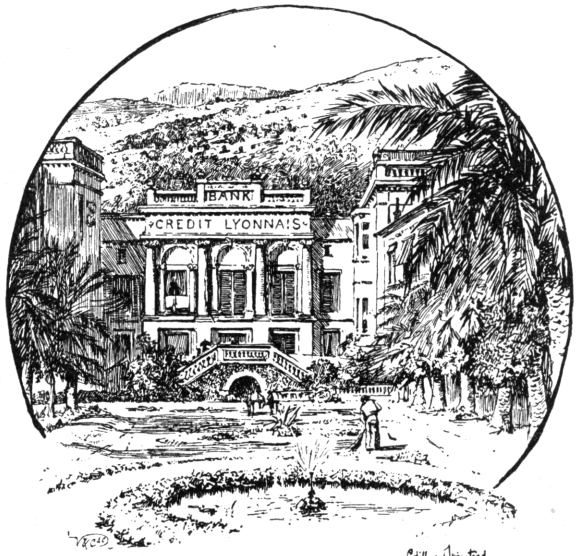
By
Sir George Newnes, Bart.

PERHAPS there is no place of its size in the world that has been so much written about as Monte Carlo. Why, then, the reader will ask, after making this admission do we intrude yet one more article on this much-described spot? The fact is, it is so full of human interest, the scene of so much excitement and passion, that there is always something fresh to be said about it. Everyone likes to hear about the great gambling palace beautifully situated on the bright blue Mediterranean shores, with the glorious Alps for a background, and right and left of it the loveliest scenery of the Riviera. It ought to be the home of peace and tranquillity; instead of that it is the scene of terrible, if suppressed, excitement, and of poignant excesses in joy and anguish; alas, the latter prevails sooner or later.

It has often been told how Monsieur Blanc, the founder, when somebody commiserated him upon the fact that a visitor had won many thousands of pounds, used to curl up his lip with a disdainful smile and, looking at the apparently lucky gambler, say, "It will all come back." And so it does. Everyone knows that the Casino takes something like 3 per cent. to 5 per cent. of the amount that is staked, reserving for itself always one chance in thirty-six, and in the case of combined numbers, more chances. But it is not only in this way that the huge annual fortune of something like a million pounds is made. If a suitable inscription upon the beautiful gambling palace were writ large over its portals, it should take the form of a little sentence of four words, "They will not go." So long as visitors are winning, their confidence in their system remains: they think that they at least have found out how really to break the bank; visions of untold wealth are before them, and they will not go! They only do so when their money is exhausted.

A clerk who had been for several years in a bank at Nice, which was largely used by gamblers, says that in all the time he was there he only knew of one case where a man left with any substantial winnings. He had come with £150, and was lucky enough to

make it £10,000, but was still luckier in being able to resist the temptation to go on; and he was the solitary instance in the knowledge of the bank clerk.



THE CRÉDIT LYONNAIS.

Talking of banking, there is a very curious state of things at Monte Carlo. The Government of Monaco made an agreement with a firm of bankers of the name of Smith that no other bank than theirs shall have premises in the Principality. As everyone knows, the Principality is a very tiny one, especially so far as its depth is concerned. About a quarter of a mile from the Casino towards the hills Monaco ends, and the territory beyond is French. Accordingly, the Crédit Lyonnais bought land just outside the Monaco boundary, and built a large bank upon it, sixteen entrance steps to which, and the road in front, are in the Principality, the building itself being in France. Thus the Crédit Lyonnais has outwitted the Smith family, and made of none effect their agreement. That it was artful and clever no one will deny, but that it also was dishonourable many will be disposed to assert. The ethics of French banking houses are evidently not very high. Having paid for a concession, the Smith family might reasonably hope to enjoy what they had purchased.

Representatives of the two banks attend daily in the large hall at the entrance of the Casino, and every now and then one sees some fortunate gambler come out through the fateful portals and hand over large sums in safe keeping.

One evening a young German, between seven and eleven o'clock, won £12,000. There was considerable excitement over his luck, and he was cheered as he left the Casino. Having put the huge roll of notes into his breast-pocket, he walked across to the Café de Paris and sat down to a champagne supper with several loose characters. "Surely he will be robbed," was the natural reflection, as he was seen to gulp down glass after glass of wine. "No," said one of the officials, "we shall keep too sharp an eye on him. No one will dare to touch that money in Monte Carlo. We shall have as many as half-a-dozen men shadowing him,


SUPPER AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS.

and he is all right as long as he stays here. If he were to go to Nice or elsewhere, he would be followed and robbed, as we should look after him no longer."

The Casino administration employ, all told, nearly 2,000 people. Each of the eight tables makes an average profit all the year round of

CERCLE DES ÉTRANGERS DE MONACO

N°.....

23 NOVEMBRE 189..

CARTE D'ADMISSION PERSONNELLE

valable pour Un Jour

délivrée a M.....

CERCLE DES ÉTRANGERS · MONACO · ADMINISTRATION

Le Commissaire Spécial.

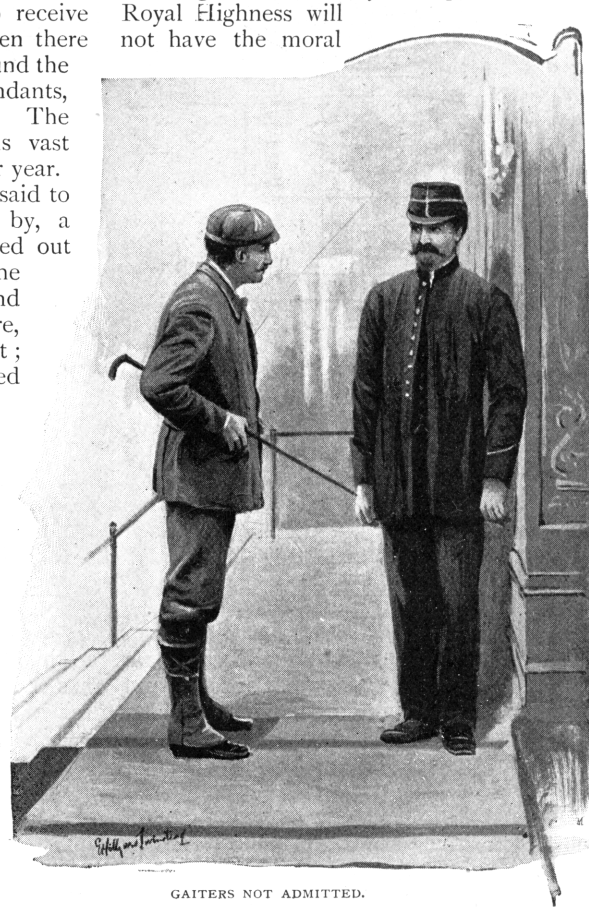
Cette Carte doit être présentée pour l'entrée dans les Salons et peut être retirée.

ADMISSION CARD.

£500 per day. There are 120 croupiers in connection with the eight tables; they are paid 250 francs a month, in addition to their food. Some of them are inspectors, who receive 600 to 1,000 francs a month. Then there is a little army of guards patrolling round the buildings, as well as gardeners, attendants, firemen, upholsterers, and others. The Director-General, who controls this vast institution, is paid 100,000 francs per year.

The buildings and the Casino are said to have cost £1,000,000, and, near by, a Palace of Fine Arts has been erected out of the bank winnings. There is in the Casino, besides extensive reading and writing rooms, a magnificent theatre, which is kept up at enormous cost; also, a permanent orchestra engaged all the year round of a hundred first-class instrumentalists, and during the season the most celebrated artists are engaged regardless of expense—Van Dyk, Sarah Bernhardt, Monegasque, and others; as much as 5,000 francs have been paid for a single night to one of these performers. All this is absolutely free. In the first place there is a little formality to be gone through to gain entrée to the rooms. You must give your name and address, and obtain a card which will last you for a week, but the administration distinctly impress upon visitors the fact, by notices in the entrance-hall, that they reserve to themselves the right to refuse admission to anyone if they so desire. They have certain rules about dress, but these are neither numerous nor strict. They draw the line, however, at gaiters, and some funny stories are told of men who, unaware of this rule, have gone from Nice and other places to find admission refused to them, and to put themselves in order have bribed waiters and others at the cafés to lend to them more or less ill-fitting trousers.

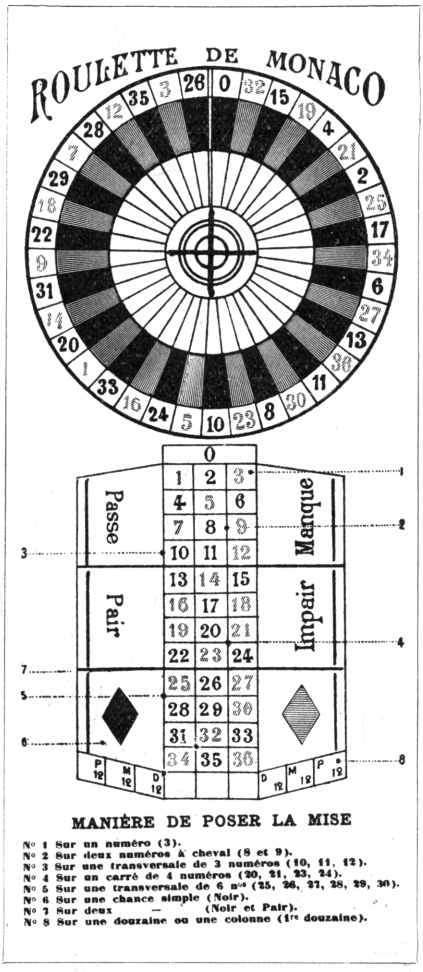
The lease expires in 1913, and it has been said that the Prince of Monaco has determined not to extend it, but as the shareholders are large property owners in the place, and as the bank pays all the taxes in addition to a sum of £50,000 a year to the Sovereign, it is shrewdly anticipated that His Royal Highness will not have the moral



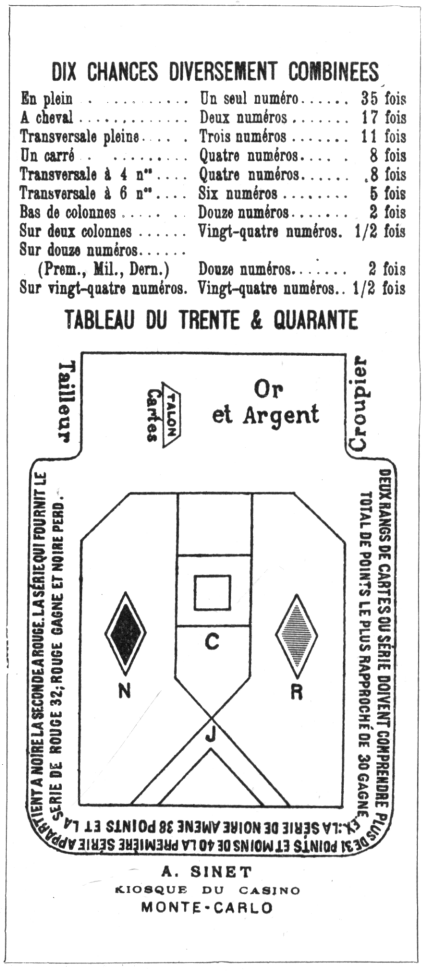
GAITERS NOT ADMITTED.

courage to forfeit all this for the sake of principle. Apart from the subsidy for the tables he is a rich man, and is married to a Jewish lady (the daughter of a wealthy banker), who brought him 20,000,000fr. Still, there is no one in Monte Carlo who seriously believes that the Prince at the end of the remaining seventeen years will shut up the Casino.

is twitching with excitement as the money comes and goes; the quiet-looking old lady, apparently cool, self-possessed, and dignified, whom you would think would be the last kind of person to be seen in such a place: all types, all ages, even very old men, whose trembling hands can hardly reach for the gold as it is passed to them, are there, spending almost the last hours of their lives



FRONT.

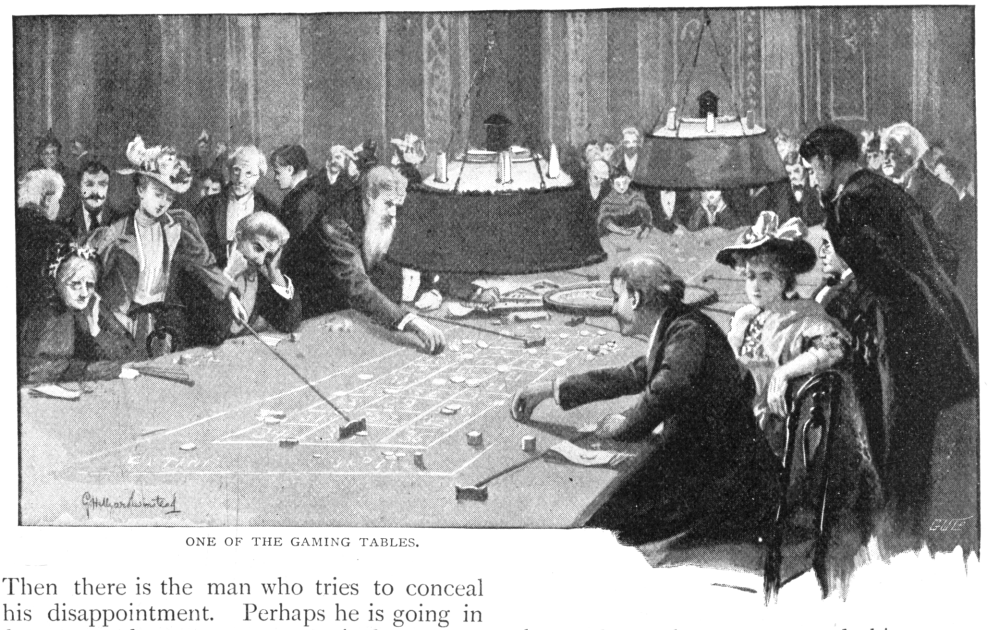


BACK.

For the information of the uninitiated, we publish a drawing of the roulette-table, and the trente and quarante. The first is decided by the spinning of a little ball, the second by the dealing of cards.

To those who do not care for gambling, it is most interesting to study character around the tables. The variety is endless. The fashionably dressed young woman, obviously suffering from the gambling fever, whose face

in this atmosphere. There is the man who has come with a large sum of money determined to have a big fling. He generally has seated by his side a pretty young woman. The true gambler has much superstition, and he thinks that to be accompanied and advised by a beautiful girl will bring him luck, and if at the end of the day he should prove a big winner, she will probably receive several notes of a thousand francs each.



ONE OF THE GAMING TABLES.

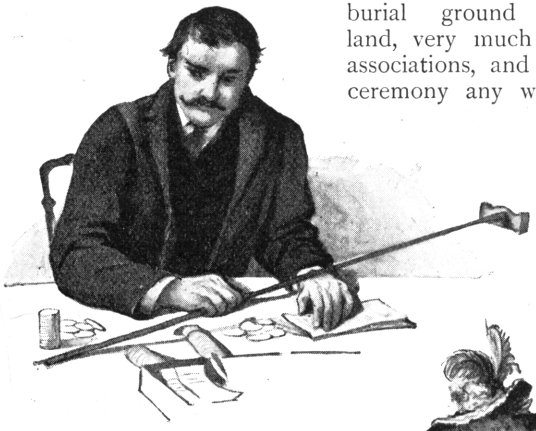
Then there is the man who tries to conceal his disappointment. Perhaps he is going in for a grand coup on a particular set of numbers. He wins the first time, and then puts all the money handed to him upon the same numbers. If he wins again he will have £500 to draw, and after a few seconds, during which the ball is spinning round and round, it is decided, the number is called out, and the croupiers sweep away his money. Lookers-on he knows are watching him, so he gives a sickly smile as though he would say, "It is nothing." Indeed, it is remarkable how, on the whole, the gamblers do conceal joy and sorrow. One young Englishman, who always bet on red or black and never upon the numbers, used to put a 1,000fr. note upon his favourite colour, and leave word if it turned up right it was to be left on with the winnings until he came back, and then he would slowly saunter round the room. As he came back to the table he might see that his note had gone, or that it had been added to by a dozen more. Five times one evening he took this curious round, and though he won during his absence, always when he got back the money had gone. So that he lost £200 in less than a quarter of an hour.

The persistency of many of the gamblers is tremendous. Having lost all the money they have taken with them, they telegraph to anyone from whom they think they can get some, with assurances that they are certain to retrieve all. As many as one hundred telegrams to different parts of Europe asking for more money have been sent off in one day from Monte Carlo. There are people there who make a very good thing out of lending money at enormous interest to gamblers. There is one man, a waiter at one of the hotels, who plies that calling only for the purposes of usury. He gets to know something about the visitors, and if he finds that they are substantial people at home he offers to lend them money should they be unlucky at the tables. One man came out five times one day in order to get from the wealthy waiter a loan of £100 a time, and at the end of the day he owed for interest to the knight of the napkin £100 according to the terms of the loans.

It is popularly supposed that if anyone has lost all their money the Casino authorities will send them back home. This is quite true, but only in such cases as they have reason to believe that the person has lost a fairly considerable amount—£80 is the sum fixed; then they will pay a first-class railway ticket to any part of Europe.

By the way, there seems to be an impression that if the bank has lost a certain sum of money on a particular day it closes its doors till the next morning. This is quite untrue. The bank never closes between twelve noon and eleven at night, no matter how much may be lost. The song about breaking the bank at Monte Carlo is responsible for a good deal of misapprehension. Each table starts in the morning with a certain sum of money, and when that is exhausted the play is stopped until a fresh supply is brought from the strong rooms. The man Wells, about whom the

song just referred to was written, caused the play to be stopped at one table two or three times whilst replenishments were obtained. No one, however, has caused them to close a table for more than a couple of minutes. The actual reserve at the bank ready for immediate use is a quarter of a million of money, and they are fully prepared for any and every emergency that may arise.



A CROUPIER.

Suicides in consequence of losses at the tables are said to be of frequent occurrence, but it is very difficult to get accurate information as to their number. People who live in Monte Carlo will tell you that the numbers are very much exaggerated, and that they rarely occur. On the other hand it is, of course, to the interest of the authorities to keep them quiet. During the writer's visit of a week it was said that there were no fewer than four suicides: one upon the hills, one in the gardens of the Casino, one in the sea, and one, a young woman, in her room in an hotel. But although the rumour was circulated it was, of course, promptly denied by every official in the place.

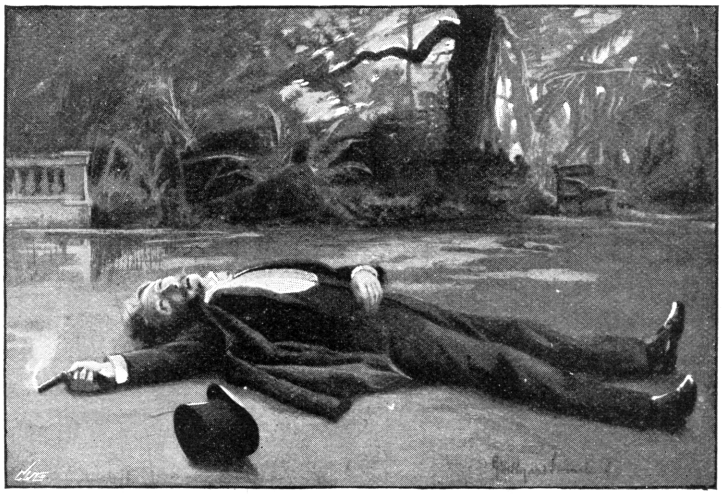
There is, however, a very sad sight to be witnessed at Monaco about a mile from the rooms, viz., the Suicides' Cemetery. It is situate above and apart from the ordinary burial ground in barren, uncultivated land, very much in keeping with its dire associations, and there are buried without ceremony any who have taken their lives through their losses at the Casino. Four blank walls forming a square inclose it, and the unfortunate one's resting-place is only marked by a piece of plain wood with a number on it.

THE GAMBLER'S CHARMER.

GAMBLING TO THE GRAVE.

LOST.

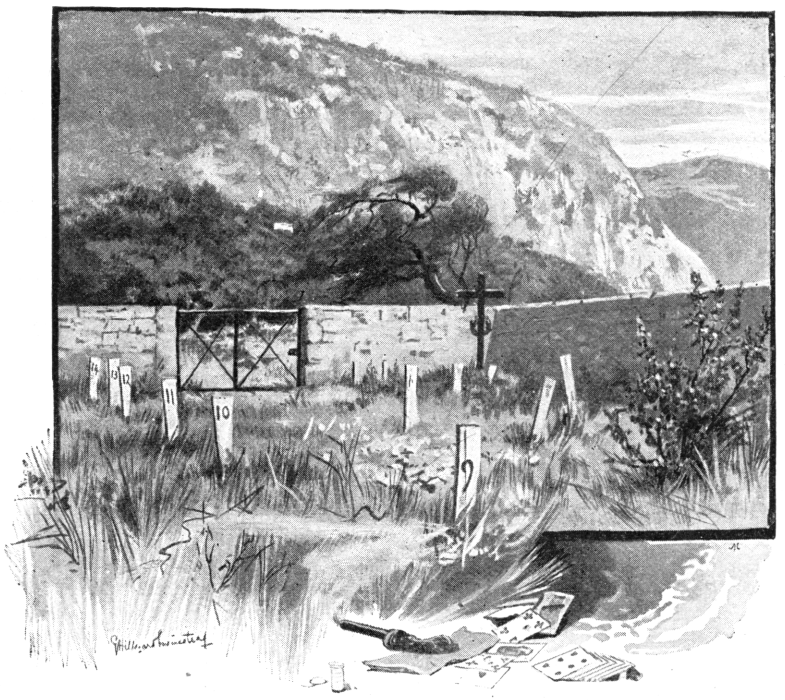
As the numbers only reach a little over thirty, one is apt to take comfort in thinking that there are not very many suicides; but



ALL LOST.

the frequent visits by the sorrowing relatives. But here, in this ghastly gamblers' acre, there is no sign that those who are buried have left behind them any to grieve at their death. Yes; there is just one. Some loving friend has taken the trouble to erect a black cross over one of the numbers, with a simple inscription of the Christian name of the deceased and the date of his death. One turns away, saddened, from this lonely cemetery, goes back into Monte Carlo, and enters again those gilded saloons, beautiful and bright as money can make them, and, oh! the contrast and the wonder if any of those who are placing their hundred or thousand-franc notes upon the numbers will some day have a number of their own up there, between those melancholy four stone walls.

when you are informed that the bodies are removed after a certain time, a feeling of dreadful depression comes. Below, in the main cemetery, the graves are marked by large monuments, setting forth the virtues of those who are gone and the love for them entertained by those left behind, whilst innumerable wreaths and flowers testify to



THE SUICIDES' CEMETERY.

How We Outwitted Napoleon.

TOLD IN 1843.

WHEN I was a junior clerk in the house of Richepin, in Paris, at 1,500 francs a year, the narrowness of my finances allowed me to indulge in no amusement but chess; and, as a constant *habitué* of the Café de la Régence, I had attained a certain degree of force: all my leisure time was spent over the chess-board. In order to conceal the poverty of my appointments, I maintained the most rigid secrecy at the Régence as to who or what I was, and was universally supposed to be living on my means—a mere Paris *flaneur*. Well, I bore my condition cheerfully, practised the most rigid economy as to ways and means, and sat early and late at my desk during business hours; *existing* on the present, *living* for the future; watching the opportunity to better my hard fate by seizing that critical moment (should it present itself) which they say Fortune offers once at least in the life of every man.

On the 5th of March, in the year 1815, we were all at our posts in the evening, making up the monthly mail for Constantinople. It was late—between eight and nine o'clock. I was rocking on my hard wooden stool, as usual, scribbling away for dear life in company with some nine or ten other clerks, when the door flew open and our chief, Richepin, stood before us, with a face as pale as a pretty woman's when the doctor says her aged husband *will* recover.

Every sound was hushed, every pen stopped scratching. Something important had evidently happened. Richepin spoke, and his voice quivered:—

"Gentlemen," said he, "France is no longer France! The whirlwind has smitten her! The thunder-cloud has burst upon our happy shores! I may be announcing to you the ruin of the house of Richepin and Brothers!"

Ruin and Richepin! The association of terms appeared *too* ridiculous. We thought the governor mad!

"Gentlemen," resumed the mighty Israelite, "hear me out. Napoleon Buonaparte has left Elba, has landed in France; the army join him, and his eagles are flying to Paris with lightning speed. Louis XVIII. will be off for Flanders in a few days, as fast as his fat will let him. The Ministers are drawing up a bombastic proclamation to issue to-morrow to the people, but I foresee their downfall is assured. The folly of the Bourbons again breaks the peace of Europe, and France is about to plunge anew into a thirty years' war!"

"Hurrah!" shouted two or three clerks, staunch Buonapartists.

"Forgive me, my dear sir," cried one of them to Richepin, "but this cannot touch the house. This alarm is surely premature. The Emperor must have money. He will want a loan. We shall have the Crown jewels, worth fourteen millions of gold in——"

"Sir," replied Richepin, sternly, "sir, you are a fool! The Emperor must have money instantly—true enough, too true! But Louis is even now packing up the crown jewels, and all his private treasure of gold and diamonds to boot. The Emperor will tender me his note of hand—bah! and the Congress of Vienna still sitting! and the armies of the allies not disbanded! and the Russians in Germany! and the Cossacks of the Don in sunny Europe, like vultures eager to whet their filthy beaks in the dearest blood of France! Sir, you talk like a child. Do you remember that in our vaults lie five millions of golden napoleons? And, doubtless, Talleyrand and Fouché will try to make their peace with Buonaparte, by advising that this sum should be seized as a forced loan. Yes," continued Richepin, "five millions in gold, one hundred millions of francs! My brain reels—the house must go! Nothing but a miracle can save us. Five millions!"

"But," asked the Imperialist clerk, "can we not hide the gold?"

"Where can we hide it," impetuously interrupted Richepin, "that its place of concealment will not be known? I must give up this vast sum, or, perhaps, be tried by court-martial and shot for petty treason. Remember the active part I have taken in arranging the affairs of these Bourbons. A hundred millions! Oh, brother! my dear brother! Of all men on earth, you alone could save me by your counsel; and I am in Paris and you are in London."

"The Emperor cannot be here yet: why not send to your brother?" asked the Imperialist.

"The barriers are closed, and guarded by the artillery with loaded guns. I applied myself for a passport and was refused. The

gratitude of Kings! None may pass but one courier for each Ambassador. The messenger of the English Embassy this moment leaves with despatches for the Court of St. James. He is a German, named Schmidt. I have spoken with him and have offered him £500 to bear a letter to my brother, and the man refuses. May he break his neck on the road! The moment he communicates his news in London, the British funds fall 10 per cent., as they will do here to-morrow morning, and in both cities we hold consols to an immense amount. Five millions of napoleons in our cellars! Oh, my brother, why cannot the spirit of our father arise and stand before thee in London ere the arrival of this courier?"

The climax had arrived. Richepin's heart was full. He sank into a chair and hid his face in his hands. A deep silence prevailed through the office.

Now, whatever was the feeling of my fellow-clerks, I cannot convey the slightest idea of the revolution which had sprung up in my breast during the foregoing conversation. I had not spoken, but eagerly watched and devoured every word, every look, of the several speakers. Never was there more burning genius of inspiration for an enterprising man than an income limited to 1,500 francs! Anyhow, I jumped up, kicked my wooden stool away, and presented myself before Richepin.

"If being in London three hours before the courier may advantage the house," cried I, "here do I undertake the task. Give me some token of credence to hand your brother, sir, gold for my expenses on the road, and trust to me!"

"What mean you? Are you mad?" said Richepin, surprised, while my fellow-clerks began to mutter at my pretensions.

"I have my plan," returned I. "Oh, do but trust me. I am acquainted with this courier—with Schmidt. I have a hold on him—a certain hold, believe me. Though I am but the junior here, I will travel with Schmidt, aye, in his very carriage, and will win the race, though I should be guillotined afterwards for strangling him by the way. Time flies, sir—trust me—say I may go."

Richepin hesitated.

"Is he trustworthy?" asked he of the head clerk, with whom I was luckily a favourite, because I was in the habit of mending his pens and taking his children bon-bons on New Year's Day.

"He is steady as time," answered the head clerk. "I would trust him with my children—and wife too!"

There was little time for parley. Great men decide quickly. The truth was, I presented myself as a *pis-aller*—a sort of forlorn hope. Even if I went over to the enemy, nothing could be lost, matters being evidently at their worst, and the critical moment all but on the wane. Richepin resolved to trust me. All was the work of a few seconds of time. He took from his finger the carbuncle I now wear and placed it in my hand.

"Show the ring to my brother," said he; "he knows it well; and, stay—quick—give me ink."

Snatching up a slip of paper, our chief wrote in the Hebrew character, "Believe the bearer!"

"Put that in his hands. What your plan is, I know not. You have *carte blanche*. Explain all to my brother. He is the genius of the family. The fortunes of the house of Richepin are this day in your keeping. The

"TIME FLIES, SIR—SAY I MAY GO."

courier starts at the stroke of ten. It wants twelve minutes!"

"He goes, of course, from the house of the Embassy?" I asked, clapping on my hat, snatching a cloak from the wall, and pocketing a heavy bag of gold all in a breath.

"He does—he does—away with you—away!" and Richepin literally pushed me out of the door, amid the varied exclamations of the clerks. I took the steep staircase at half-a-dozen bounds, and in half-a-dozen more found myself in the Place du Palais Royal.

Here I must explain the nature of the relations that existed between me and Schmidt. We were both frequenters of the Café de la Régence. Schmidt was the slowest chess-player I have ever seen. He has been known to sit for three-quarters of an hour over a move, his head covered in his hands. We had mostly singled out each other as antagonists because prettly evenly matched. Schmidt loved me, as I knew, because it was not every man who would play with him. Nobody but a chess-player can appreciate the strong tie of brotherhood which links its amateurs. I had managed to do many little favours for Schmidt in other matters, and so he regarded me as more than a friend. He no more suspected me of being a banker's clerk than of being King of the Sandwich Islands.

The English Embassy at this time occupied an hotel adjoining the Café de la Régence, at the door of which latter temple of fame I planted myself in a careless-looking attitude, with my pulse beating like a sledge-hammer. The night was dark above, but bright below, shining forth in all the glory of lamplight. At the *porte-cochère* of the British envoy's hotel stood a light travelling-carriage. I was in the nick of time. Schmidt was ready; five horses were being caparisoned for the journey. I went up to the carriage and addressed my friend:—

"How's this, Schmidt? No chess to-night? I've been looking for you in the Régence!"

"Chess! Have you not heard the news? It's no secret. Buonaparte has landed from Elba on the coast of France. Paris will ring with the tidings in an hour or two. I'm off this moment for London with despatches."

"I don't envy you the journey!" said I. "What a bore, shut up in that machine all night; to be sure, you can read all the way, and——yes, you can study our new gambit!"

"What a pity you can't go with me!" responded Schmidt, in the pride of five horses and a carriage all to himself; "we'd play chess all the way!"

My heart leaped to my mouth. The trout was gorging the bait. Schmidt had drawn the marked card!

"Don't invite me twice!" said I, laughing, "for I am in a very lazy humour, and have no one earthly thing to do in Paris for the next few days." This was true enough.

"Come along, then, my dear fellow!" replied Schmidt; "make the jest earnest. I've a famous night-lamp, and am in no humour to sleep. I must drop you on the frontiers, because I dare not let the authorities of Calais or Boulogne see that I have a companion, lest I should be suspected of stock-jobbing, but I'll pick you up on my return. Now, are the horses ready, there?"

"Do you really mean what you say, Schmidt?"

"Indeed, I do."

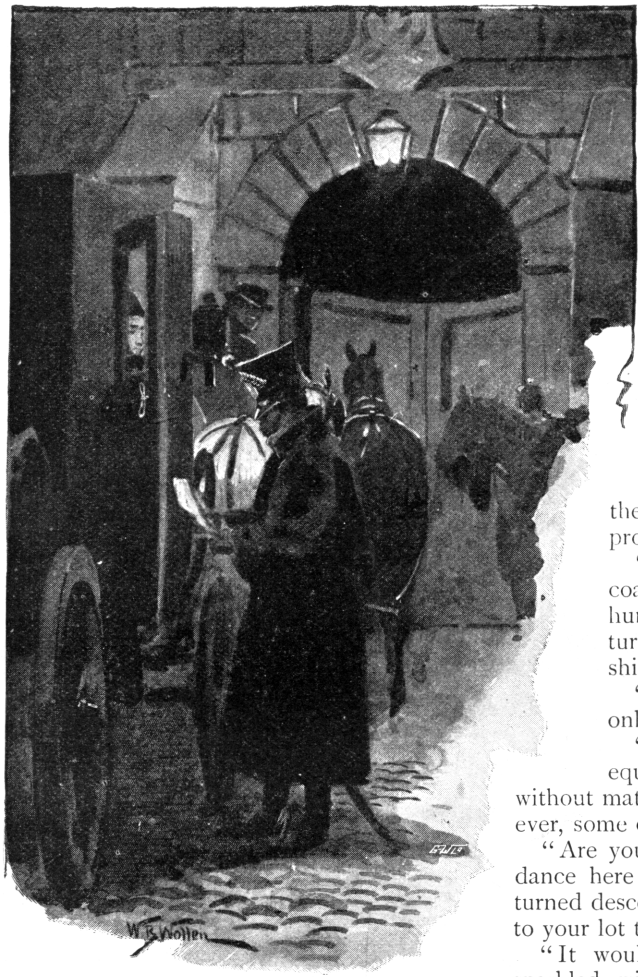
"Then I'll tell you what," said I, "I'm your man, and famous fun we'll have."

I darted into the café, snatched up the first chess-board and men that came to hand, and stood in a moment again by the side of my friend. The postillions were in their saddles. In we leaped, bang went the door, round rolled the wheels, and away bounded our light calash at the rate of ten French miles an hour. For a moment we were stopped at the barrier of St. Denis. The gates were closed, and a heavy force of horse and foot drawn up by the portals. My friend's passport was strictly examined, and we learned that no other carriage could pass that night, the order being special. I may here say that, throughout the route, thanks to the telegraph, our horses were always changed at the various post-houses with lightning speed.

"Good-night, gentlemen!" cried the officer on guard, and away we went. Schmidt, poor fellow, was setting up the chess-men. By-the-bye, if ever you play chess in a carriage, and cannot make the men stand, wet the board with a little *vin de Grave*, as we did, and you'll find no difficulty.

We played chess all night, talked, laughed, and enjoyed ourselves. We supped *en route* in the carriage, and, as my courteous antagonist was busily discussing a bottle of old Markbrunner, I could but sigh that time had been denied me to put a vial of laudanum in my pocket. Schmidt should have slept so soundly!

Time wore on. "Shall I pitch him out by main force?" I reflected. "Too hazardous.



"MY FRIEND'S PASSPORT WAS STRICTLY EXAMINED."

I must take care not to find my way into that dirty old gaol at Calais. Shall I tell Schmidt the whole truth, and throw myself on his friendship? No; I should be checked and checkmated." We have rattled through Abbeville: we are even passing Montreuil, and I am just where I was. But, stop! a thought lights up my brain. Will it do?

Luckily, my adversary was the slowest of all slow players. This gave me time to ruminate, and my scheme, such as it was, became at length matured. By this time we had reached that little village, I forget the name of the dog-hole, seven miles on the Paris side of Boulogne. It was half-past four in the afternoon, and we had eaten nothing since our scanty breakfast at eight in the morning. I easily prevailed on Schmidt to alight at the little inn of the village, which was also the post-house, for a quarter of an hour to snatch a hot dinner — which I assured him was far better than his dining at Boulogne and crossing on a full stomach—so, chess-board in hand, Schmidt went into a dark, back little room to study his coming move while dinner was dishing. I rushed outside and demanded—what think you? A blacksmith! I was gazing on our carriage when the man stood before me. No one was within hearing.

"What a curious thing is a carriage like this, friend!" said I, musingly. "Now, what would follow were that large screw there taken out? Answer me promptly."

"What would follow? Why, the coach would go on very well for a few hundred yards, and then would overturn with a crash, and smash all to shivers."

"Hum!" said I. "And what if only that tiny screw were drawn?"

"The body of the vehicle would equally fall upon the hind axle, but without material consequences, causing, however, some considerable delay."

"Are you the blacksmith always in attendance here? I mean, if this carriage overturned descending yonder hill, would it fall to your lot to right it?"

"It would!" and the Frenchman's eye sparkled with intelligence. I could have hugged the swarthy man to my bosom. I adore a blacksmith!

"Here are ten napoleons. Give me out that little screw, I have a fancy for it." And the screw was in my hand. "I *hope* no accident will happen," I continued; "but, should the carriage overturn, have it brought back here to repair. And take a couple of hours to finish the job in, that you may be sure the work is done properly, you know. And remember that a man who earns ten napoleons so lightly has two ears, but only one tongue."

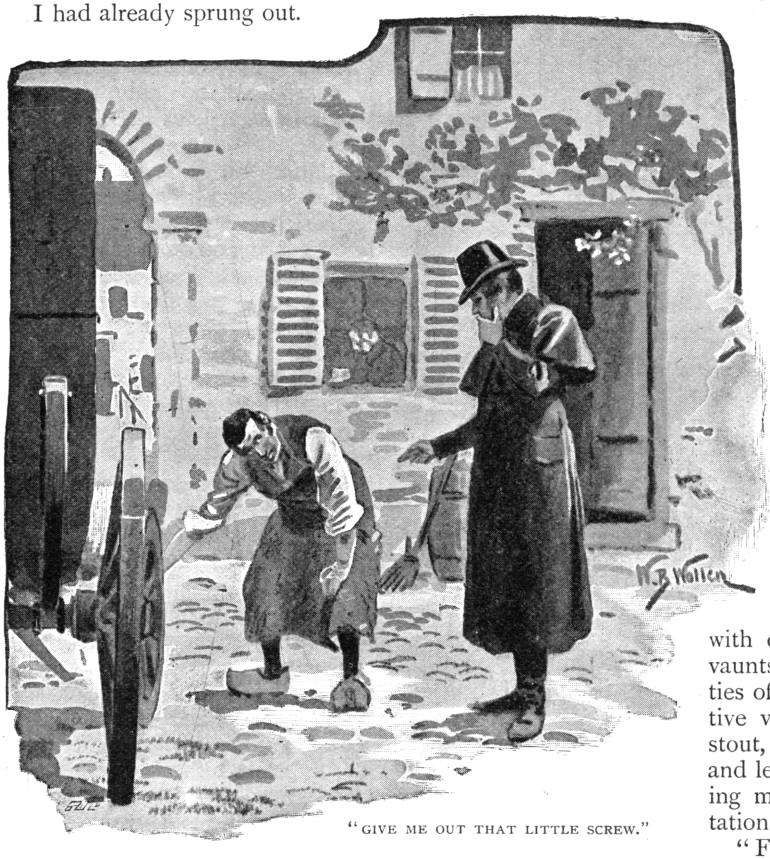
"I understand," grinned Vulcan; "*soyez tranquille!*"

I pocketed the precious screw, and rushed in to dinner while the horses were putting to. I intend that screw to go down in my family as a heirloom. We left the inn at full gallop. A very small quantity of a pace like ours proved a dose. The postillions pulled up.

"We are overset!" I cried.

"God forbid!" said Schmidt. "What's to be done?"

I had already sprung out.



"GIVE ME OUT THAT LITTLE SCREW."

"There seems to be little the matter, Schmidt. Back the carriage to the inn, and all will be right in a twinkling."

My friend the blacksmith assured us he would repair all damage directly; and, while he began to hammer away, we philosophers coolly resumed our chess in the inn-parlour. The position of the game was now highly critical both for Richepin and Napoleon, and also for me and Schmidt. I felt my antagonist must occupy twenty heavenly minutes over his coming move. I left the room and darted to the stable. A groom was busy at his work.

"Have you a saddle-horse ready for the road? I am sent on in advance. Tell the landlord my friend within settles all. Give me the bridle."

I mounted and galloped off like the wind.

"Boulogne! Boulogne!" cried I, aloud, as I raced through the village in a state of ungovernable excitement. In a few minutes more I had alighted at the water-side. If that horse yet lives, be sure he recollects me. The soldiers shouted behind for my passport. I threw them some gold, which they were vulgar enough to pick up from the beach. I cast my eyes around. It was six o'clock and the scene was deeply interesting. The breeze had set in well from the west. The evening was cold but bright; the air slightly frosty. It was known already that Napoleon had escaped from his prison-house, and was marching on Paris; and the English residents were flying from France like sheep before the wolf. I was hailed in a moment by several bronzed fishermen, with offers of service and vaunts of the superior qualities of their several respective vessels. I selected a stout, trim-looking boat, and leaped on board, leaving my horse to his meditations.

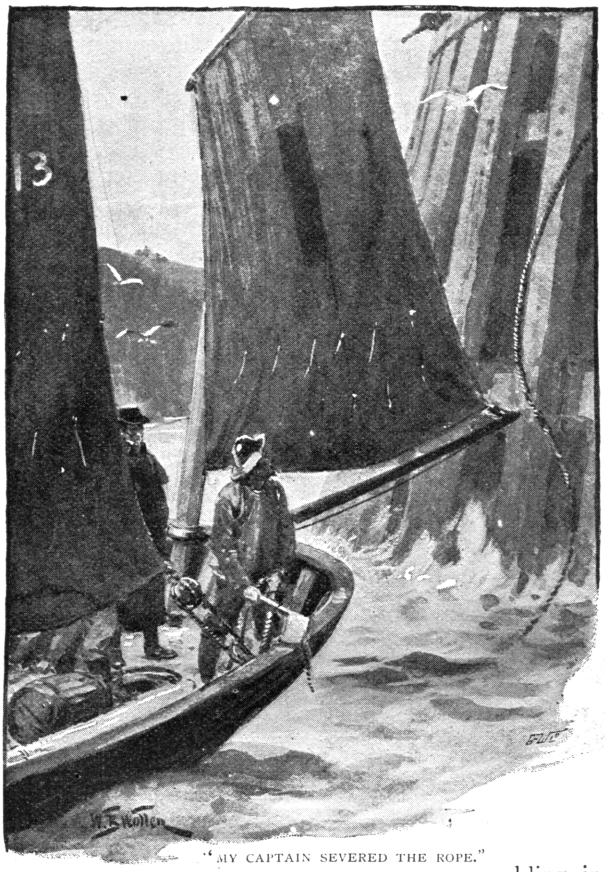
"For Dover!" cried I to the master of the boat. "My pay is five guineas a man; I must have eight men on board in case it comes on to blow. Be smart, fellows, and away!"

The men were as active as eels. The police were about to detain me with some infernal jargon about my passport again.

"Cut off," I cried, eagerly.

My captain (if I may so term a Breton sailor, half-smuggler, half-fisherman) severed the rope which held us to the pier-head, our heavy brown sails were flung to the wind, and we were sweeping across the waters. We dashed under the bows of a large English-built packet, straining at her lashings like mad. The captain was reading the very stones and windows of the town impatiently through a glass. The mob of idle spectators were so busily engaged watching his proceedings, I was hardly noticed.

"A nice craft, that, sir," said one of our men to me; "waiting for the English courier. If he don't make haste she'll lose her tide."



"MY CAPTAIN SEVERED THE ROPE."

We went ahead. Every bit of canvas we could stretch was spread, and the billows washed our deck from stem to stern. The little vessel answered gloriously to the call. At one moment I verily thought we should have been swamped. My fellows, themselves, hesitated, and seemed inclined to take in sail.

"Carry on," cried our captain.

A little more washing and we were in comparatively smooth water, under the chalk cliffs of Albion. By half-past nine I had left Dover, and was tearing along the London road behind four fleet horses. Canterbury and Rochester were won and lost. I took the direction of London, and my carriage pulled up before the gates of Richepin's villa before five o'clock in the morning. I had come from Paris in thirty hours.

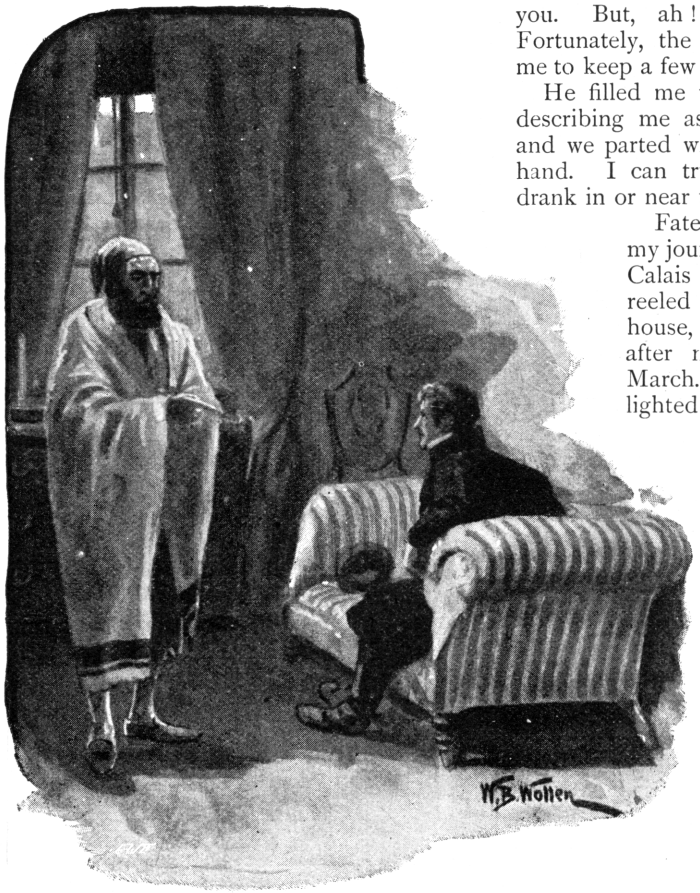
The inmates must have thought I had come to take the mansion by storm, so powerful were my appeals to the great bell, as I stood at the gates in the early morning. In five minutes more I found myself by the conjugal bed of Richepin. God only knows how I got there.

By the time Richepin was fully wakened up, I handed in my credentials. I rapidly explained the circumstances of the case, and minutely detailed the situation of our Paris house. What words I used I cannot remember. Indeed, I spoke as in a state of delirium. I had not slept for two days and nights, and my brain began to reel for want of rest.

"Go into my dressing-room there," said Richepin, with the most imperturbable *sang froid*. "Do me the favour to open the shutters, and in three minutes I shall be with you."

I retired mechanically. A heavy load seemed removed already from my chest. In every tone of the great man's voice there was something more than authority: there was genius, talent, power. I threw myself upon a sofa. Richepin joined me. He wore a scarlet night-cap, and, enveloped in the blanket he had hastily dragged off the bed, looked, with his grisly beard and massive throat, like an Indian chief about to give the war-whoop. Startled abruptly from his sleep, informed that the whole fortunes of his house were trembling in the balance, that name and fame were being rent asunder, he was still Richepin.

"Return to France," said he, "to my brother with all speed. Spare no exertion to be at Paris some little time before Napoleon enters. Your services in this affair will not be forgotten by our house. To thank you here were waste of time. Now mark my words: The Napoleon dynasty will not last long. The army will declare in his favour, but the nation, torn by war, will not stand by him. The problem to be solved is this: To keep the gold out of his hands, and yet to remain friends with him. And thus would I have my brother proceed. We have undue bills to the amount of millions and millions flying about Paris. Every holder of a note of hand will be glad to allow 10 per cent. discount for gold. Any premium will be given for gold to hoard during the crisis. Seek out the holders of our paper, call it all in, and pay it off in gold. Call in all. Lock your paper in your desk, and the ship will ride out the storm. The bills will be useless to Napoleon; gold alone will meet his views.



"SEEK OUT THE HOLDERS OF OUR PAPER."

Meanwhile, bid my brother be foremost at the Tuileries' *levées*, and profuse in his assurances of devotion to the Emperor, with regret that he has no gold. And now away with you, sir, on the wings of the winds; but, hold! What is the earliest hour at which the courier of the English Embassy can be at the Foreign Office here?"

"I should say, eight or nine."

"Ha!" said Richepin; "then stop a moment."

Seating himself, Richepin hastily wrote and sealed a short note, addressed to Lord C——.

"Leave London by Westminster, and hand in this note as you pass Downing Street (of course, you know London), to be delivered as early as possible. Return by Calais. The Boulonnois might lay hold of you. But, ah! you have no passport! Fortunately, the English Government allow me to keep a few blanks for emergencies."

He filled me up a passport ready signed, describing me as on "a special mission"; and we parted with a cordial squeeze of the hand. I can truly say, I neither ate nor drank in or near the British Metropolis.

Fate was constant throughout my journey. I reached Dover and Calais without an accident, and reeled into our Paris counting-house, more dead than alive, soon after noon on the 8th day of March. I need not say how delighted was our French Richepin at the counsel I brought. All hands went immediately to work to carry out the scheme. As for me, I went to bed. The success of the house of Richepin was complete: all our gold was paid away; barely a single twenty-franc piece remained in our treasure-vaults. We stood upon our bills and waited the event.

Buonaparte had landed in France on March 1st; on the 21st of March the Emperor had a grand *levée* at the Palace of the Tuileries, to which our chief went, though with a trembling heart. Buonaparte looked at him from head to foot, with anything but a pleasant expression of countenance, and turned on his heel with this significant phrase: "I see there are two Napoleons in Europe."

The Emperor took no further notice of the matter, but subsequently alluded to it at St. Helena, in his conversation with Las Casas. He then laughed at the trick, and owned we had completely foiled him. A Napoleon to confess himself beaten is twice vanquished.

My friend, Schmidt the heavy, never can have forgotten the last game of chess we played together. We have never seen each other since I left him studying how to parry the impending checkmate; should we ever meet, I shall be happy to finish the game.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXVII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

MR. CHILDERS.

AMONGST the audience listening last year to Sir William Harcourt's exposition of his famous Death Duties Budget was Mr. Childers, paying what turned out to be his last visit to the House of Commons. Thirty-five years earlier he entered it as member for Pontefract. It was an odd coincidence that, in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry of 1868, prominent place should have been found for two returned emigrants from Australia. Mr. Lowe, member for Sydney in 1848, was, just twenty years later, Chancellor of the Exchequer of the Empire. Mr. Childers, about the same time a member of the Victorian Government, with a seat in the Cabinet as Commissioner of Trade and Customs, was Mr. Gladstone's First Lord of the Admiralty. He, too, became Chancellor of the Exchequer when, in 1882, Mr. Gladstone reached the conclusion that dual office, one being that of Leader of the House, was too much even for a comparatively young man like himself.

THE LATE MR. CHILDERS, UNDER THE GALLERY.

It was the boast of the late Lord Cottesloe that for something like half a century he had heard every Budget speech made in the House of Commons. Thomas Francis Fremantle began as Secretary to the Treasury, passed through higher Ministerial offices, and settled down with a peerage to the Chairmanship of the Board of Customs. Whether on the Treasury Bench, under the Gallery, where Treasury officials not being members sit, or in the Peers' Gallery, Lord Cottesloe, born at the close of the eighteenth century, advancing step by step with the ageing nineteenth century, was always in his place on Budget Night. Mr. Childers developed the same passion, and since he retired from Parliamentary life he was, when health permitted, ever found under the Gallery on Budget Night.

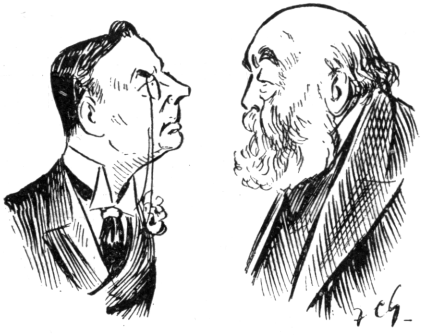
He began Ministerial life in this country as one of Mr. Gladstone's Young Men. It is true Lord Palmerston first picked him out, making him Civil Lord of the Admiralty as far back as the year 1864. When Mr. Gladstone came into office four years later he, at a bound, made the member for Pontefract First Lord of the Admiralty. Thereafter, till failing health compelled retirement, Mr. Gladstone in successive Premierships always offered Cabinet office to his whilom Secretary at the Treasury.

Mr. Childers was a type of member of Parliament not likely in present circumstances, or in the near future, to rise to the heights he reached and along which, for many years, he safely walked. He was a good head-clerk kind of a man, plodding, safe, rather than brilliant. He contributed long speeches to debate, but there was no sparkle in the ponderous mass. His social manner, like his Parliamentary style, had a fine old-world flavour about it. His portly presence, urbane but slightly pompous manner, was hit off during the Parliament of 1880 by a political and personal friend, one of a group conversing in the old smoking-room opening on to the Terrace. The worn-out senators were whiling away the time by a genial game consisting of filling up the initials of prominent men with words more or less descriptive of their personal appearance and manner. Hugh Culling Eardley Childers was the appropriately sonorous name of the then Secretary of State for War. "Here Comes Everybody Childers" was suggested as even better. As one thinks of him, with head thrown back, chest protuberant, sailing along the corridors, or marching up the floor of the House, the prefix seems not ill-fitted.

LORD SALISBURY'S MANNER OF SPEECH.

With reference to some recent remarks in this page, on the extraordinary gift possessed by the Marquis of Salisbury of delivering an important speech without the assistance of notes, a correspondent, who speaks as one having authority, writes: "I can confirm, by a remarkable instance, the accuracy of your statement. I happened to be in close communication with Lord Salisbury when he delivered his

famous speech at Newport, in October, 1885. A critical stage had been reached in the battle then raging between the advanced Radicals, led by Mr. Chamberlain, under the banner of the unauthorized programme, and the Conservative Party. The speech covered a wide range of topics at home and abroad. It contains the passage in which Lord Salisbury cautiously but significantly responded to Mr. Parnell's reference to the position of Austria and Hungary as bearing on the Irish Question. Such a manifesto, made at such a time by the leader of a great party, might well have suggested the desirability of the assistance of manuscript notes. What happened was just this: Lord Salisbury retired to his private room at the hotel where he stopped, and remained there for three-quarters of an hour thinking over his speech. When he appeared on the platform he had for sole note a few lines written on the back of a visiting-card, containing a quotation of a speech by Mr. Chamberlain. This he read in its proper place. For the rest, he went unfalteringly on, speaking for upwards of an hour, a weighty, polished, historic oration, delivered without the assistance of a single note."



ANTAGONISM.

THE EXTRACT.

It is interesting to know what was the extract from Mr. Chamberlain's speech which thus interested Lord Salisbury and introduced a variation in his oratorical habit. I have looked up the Newport speech and find what was written on the visiting-card. The Government of Lord Salisbury, "the Stopgap Government," as Mr. Chamberlain wittily and graphically described it, had, at the date of this Newport speech, been a few months in office. Almost at the outset of his speech, Lord Salisbury replies to his critics. "Some orators," he says, "describe our conduct as slavish, others call it submissive. Lord Hartington says we have been guilty of gross political immorality—he, the great maintainer of principle, who never yielded an opinion in his life—and Mr. Chamberlain reproaches us in language so categorical that I will quote it. Mr. Chamberlain says this: 'What is the complaint that I have to make against the present Government? It is that they act and speak in office in absolute contradiction to all that they said and did in Opposition.' And then he proceeded to single me out. Well, now, as he has singled me out, I will speak for myself. I will say that this is an absolute libel; that it has not a shadow or shred of truth, and that I defy him to point out the language I used in Opposition which in office I am contradicting by my deeds. It is a simple test. If he can prove it, he confounds me. If he does not prove it, the reproach he makes recoils upon himself, and covers with the charge of dishonesty the tactics which he pursues. (A Voice: 'Affidavits!') Unfortunately, Mr. Chamberlain is not very strong on affidavits; at least, he is not very strong with affidavits that are of any value. The affidavits that he has to use his friends are obliged to purchase."

RAPPROCHEMENT.

This last barbed shot is a reference to an episode in the history of the Aston Park Riots, upon which repeated debate took place in the House of Commons night after night. Mr. Chamberlain stood at bay, Lord Randolph Churchill leading the envenomed attack of the Conservative Party upon the statesman who at the time had eclipsed Mr. Bright, and even Mr. Gladstone, in power to excite their ire.

MR. BRIGHT'S NOTES.

Another correspondent challenges the statement in the same article which affirmed that Mr. Bright, whilst he observed the precaution of supplying himself with catch notes of points in his speech, enlarged them only by writing out the full text of his peroration. My informant mentions the interesting fact that he possesses the manuscript of one of the last speeches Mr. Bright delivered in

the country. "It runs to many folios," he says, "all written in the Tribune's neat handwriting, much interlined. Not only is the peroration written out in full, but many of the more important sentences forming earlier portions of the speech."

That being so, obviously does not clash with the remark challenged. I spoke of Mr. Bright's life-long habit, more especially when he was in his prime, in the plenitude of his mental and physical power. It is probable enough that, as years advanced and the grasshopper became a burden, he realized the desirability of refreshing his memory with full notes.

I well remember his appearance and manner when, in 1874, he came back to Parliamentary life after an interval forced upon him by illness. He broke the silence of many years when he unexpectedly appeared at the table and offered to share with Mr. Whalley the duty of escorting to the table Dr. Kenealy. The then redoubtable Doctor, just returned for Stoke, found himself solitary in the crowded Chamber save for the friendship of the chivalrous-minded, if wrong-headed, Mr. Whalley. The new member, holding a stout gingham umbrella in the one hand and his hat in the other, essayed to walk up the floor under their escort and so take the oath. The Speaker demurred on the ground that custom did not recognise either the umbrella or the hat, it being required that a new member should be introduced by two sitting members, prepared to testify to his identity. Only Mr. Whalley was ready to associate himself with the elect of Stoke-on-Trent.

STATUE OF JOHN BRIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Then, from the lower end of the bench, where he was modestly seated, Mr. Bright rose, and in voice so low and tongue so faltering that it was with difficulty he was heard, offered, as he said in deference to the will of a large constituency, to walk with the new member to the table.

Later in the same Parliament he, as he told a friend, frequently came down to the House prepared to take part in the current debate. I have often noticed him sitting on the front bench with notes in his hand, apparently waiting for the member on his legs to resume his seat, and provide opportunity for his interposition. When the moment arrived, Mr. Bright failed to rise to his feet, and so opportunity was lost. Mr. Bright told his friend that, when the very moment came that he might have spoken, his nerve failed him, and he gratefully permitted himself to be passed over.

He conquered this weakness as the Sessions passed, and regained that ancient command over the Chamber which enabled him to dispense with the assistance of all but a few notes. From first to last the peroration was fairly written out.

ROOM FOR A STATUE.

Within the walls of the Palace at Westminster, and on the grass-plots in its immediate neighbourhood, statues are appropriately raised to great Parliament men. The muster will surely be incomplete if place be not found for a counterfeit presentment of Lord Randolph Churchill. He was not great in the sense the title may be bestowed upon Lord Palmerston and Lord Beaconsfield, whose statues stand without, or Earl Russell and Mr. Bright, but lately added to the mementos of great Parliament men near the approaches to the House of Commons. He was not their equal in the race, since, in respect of years, he fell out of the track at half their age. But, as far as he went, his career will equal in brilliance that of any compeer.

The pity of it is that there does not seem to be left any group of men in the House of Commons, or in political ranks outside it, who are likely to move in the direction indicated. Lord Randolph, with all his brilliant talent and some lovable qualities, had a fatal gift of estrangement. He was much more ready to wound the susceptibilities of an individual or a party than he was to cajole. Naturally of imperious nature and of impatient habits, he could not endure mediocrity. Often when he might have been content

quietly to ignore it, he must needs cut it with knives or beat it about its respectable head. As there is a large leaven of mediocrity in humanity, even in the House of Commons, it will be understood that Lord Randolph made many enemies, and has left behind him undying resentments. These must fade away under the merciful influence of time, and the House of Commons will not always refrain from doing honour to one of its most brilliant, if one of its most wilful, sons.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Some day there will probably be published—as doubtless there is already fairly written out—a full account of the negotiations that followed on the retirement, at the beginning of the Session of 1884, of Mr. Brand from the Speaker's Chair. It is already well known in the inner circle of Parliamentary life that the happy chance by which the choice fell on Mr. Arthur Peel was unexpected. I believe the man really designated at the close of diversified proceedings was Mr. Campbell-Bannerman. That was a selection which as universally commended itself in 1884 as it did in 1895. Mr. Gladstone, not less than his colleagues, approved the choice. But he desired to pay a compliment to the son of his old chief, and insisted that, in the first instance, the post should be offered to Mr. Arthur Peel.

THE LATE LORD HAMPDEN.

That such a procedure meant the shelving of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's claims no one believed. Mr. Peel had a place found for him in the Home Office when, in 1880, Mr. Gladstone formed his Government. He had filled it only for a single Session, relinquishing it on the score of ill-health. A man not physically strong enough to perform the duties of Under Secretary of State could hardly be expected to face the storm and stress that hurtle round the Speaker's Chair. Fortunately for the House of Commons, Mr. Peel, after careful consideration, felt able to undertake the office, and through eleven Sessions presided over the proceedings of the House of Commons with incomparable dignity and commanding vigour.

MR. GOSCHEN.

Another former colleague turned to by Mr. Gladstone at this interesting time was Mr. Goschen. Not being able to approve certain reform projects to which the Ministry of 1880 were committed, Mr. Goschen was not included in the Ministry. But he still ranked as a Liberal, sat in friendly contiguity behind his old colleagues on the Treasury Bench, and upon occasion vigorously trounced right hon. gentlemen opposite. He had shown his loyalty to the new Ministry by accepting, at Mr. Gladstone's hand, in May, 1880, a special mission to Constantinople.

When, towards the close of the Session of 1883, Mr. Brand intimated his intention of retiring, Mr. Goschen was the first man turned to by Mr. Gladstone with invitation to step into the vacant Chair. He was by no means indisposed to undertake the duties of the high position. Only one thing debarred him. That was the physical shortsightedness which makes it difficult for him to recognise friends even on benches immediately opposite. It is hard enough for a member in ordinary circumstances to catch the Speaker's eye. Mr. Goschen felt that in his case the difficulty would be unduly increased, and therefore begged to be excused.

LORD HERSCHELL.

Mr. Gladstone next turned to Sir Farrer Herschell, at the time Solicitor-General. Inklings of overtures made to Mr. Goschen and to Mr. Campbell-Bannerman found currency in political gossip of the hour. It is, I fancy, known only within a narrow circle that in the winter of 1883–4 the Speakership was offered to Sir Farrer. It was a tempting prize to dangle before a man still comparatively young to Parliamentary life, and holding no higher position than the Solicitor-Generalship. Sir Farrer had, however, other views, and boldly declined to be drawn aside by this allurement.

Just two years later his courage was rewarded by appointment to the Woolsack. When, in 1884, he had to consider whether he would forthwith take the Chair in the Commons or live on in the hope of

presiding over the House of Lords, there was not in prospect any indication of that disruption of the Liberal Party which worked so many miracles and turned aside the current of so many lives. Sir Henry James was Attorney-General, and in the natural order of things would have next succeeded to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer when a vacancy was at the disposal of the Liberal Premier. It has been proved by events in the House of Peers that Sir Farrer Herschell would have made an admirable Speaker. As it was he stood aside, so contributing to the remarkable train of circumstances that led Mr. Arthur Peel to the Chair.

SPEAKERS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

THE SPEAKER'S PERQUISITES.

Among the quaint privileges that pertain to the office and dignity of the Speaker is that of receiving every year from the Master of the Buckhounds a buck and a doe killed in the Royal preserves. The buck duly arrives in September, the doe coyly following in November. The custom goes back as far as records remain, and with it is established a fixed fee by way of honorarium to the official (of course, not the Master of the Buckhounds) who forwards the beast. There is no embarrassing modesty about the transaction. Here is the buck presented by command of her gracious Majesty, and here is a little bill for £1 15s., being the perquisites of the huntsman. Both buck and doe come from Bushey Park, said among connoisseurs to produce the daintiest venison Great Britain yields.

Later in the year, somewhere about Christmas time, the Speaker receives another tribute, the donors on this occasion being the Clothworkers' Company of London, who send a present of a generous width of the best broadcloth. I believe that one or two of Her Majesty's Ministers share with the Speaker this timely beneficence. The Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General are certainly kept in broadcloth by this annual and honourable charity.

THE ELECTROPHONE.

During the recess the Speaker received a communication from a well-known private member begging his assent to a proposal to connect the House of Commons with a public telephone service. The idea was that subscribers to the service, sitting at home at ease, should be enabled to follow the debates. It was represented that the agency already had communication with some of the principal theatres, concert-halls, and churches. All that was wanted to complete the happiness of their subscribers was that they should at will be able to "turn on" the House of Commons.

In view of the unremitted pressure for seats in the Strangers' Gallery, there is no doubt that hundreds of thousands of people would be willing to pay a reasonable sum to be placed on terms of permanent intimacy with the House of Commons. It is probable that a very brief experience would convince the householder that the new luxury was scarcely worth the cost. Take it throughout, hour by hour, minute by minute, of a long Session, the House of Commons is a sadly dreary place. There are whole hours during which a Scottish conventicle in a remote country district would, by comparison, be a hall of dazzling excitement.

It is true that in descriptive articles the House is presented as a place in which one moment of breathless excitement succeeds another. That is, however, a delusion kept up by the device of picking out bits here and there and stringing them together with such skill as is given to the artist. What the unfortunate man who thus ministers to the instruction and entertainment of the public suffers is a matter never talked about. He has to sit it out from beginning to end, patiently awaiting some phrase or incident that will serve his purpose.

There are times, when a big speech is in course of delivery, when the House of Commons telephone might be a prized adjunct to family life. Taken on the average, the householder would be wise to remain content with the more or less severely sifted and condensed accounts of Parliamentary proceedings given by the morning papers.

FIRST NIGHTS ON THE TREASURY BENCH.

An interesting book might be compiled if it were possible to obtain from Ministers an account of their feelings, reflections, and experiences on the first occasion they are privileged to take their seat on the Treasury Bench. It is an enormous stride (generally, by the way, taken across the gangway) when a man quits the benches where private members sit and finds himself enrolled as one of Her Majesty's Ministers. Once launched on those waters he may steer his course in various directions, and sometimes hits upon currents that carry him into the office of Prime Minister.

BOB LOWE.

Talking with a member of the late Ministry on the epoch as it affected him, the conversation took an unexpected turn.

"I don't remember anything about the first night," he said, "except that after I had been sitting on the Treasury Bench a quarter of an hour Bob Lowe dropped in, and gave me enough to think of for the rest of the night. It was early in the Session, a nasty, wet evening, the pavements thick with mud. Lowe had evidently walked, at least part of the way, for his boots were all muddy. As he crossed one leg over the other I became painfully conscious of a piece of once white tape hanging out from the trouser by the heel, evidently connected with some undergarment. He wore a curious coat, with big pockets outside below the hips, such as in quiet country places one associates with the working poacher. I should not have been at all surprised if he had brought out of one of these huge receptacles a fine hare, and out of the other a brace of pheasants. There was evidently something there. I guessed that by a certain bulkiness. In fact, as the bench filled up, I was conscious of pressing against it.

THE LATE LORD SHERBROOKE.

"With the ardour of a novice, I sat in my new place till close upon the dinner-hour. So did Lowe. Just before eight o'clock I said I would go and get some dinner. Lowe said he thought he wouldn't trouble. Then he dived into the recesses of the pocket next to me, dragged out a chunk of bread, and ate it on the Treasury Bench. That, I fancy, was his dinner."

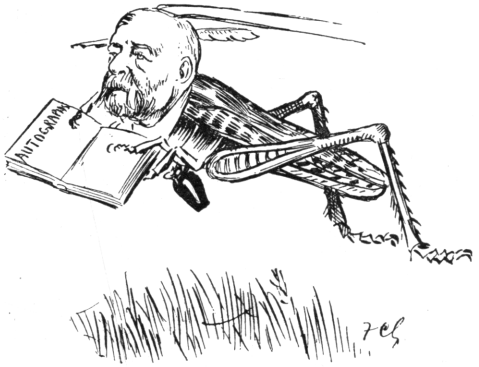
MAKING A BOOK.

The gathering of a new Parliament provides Mr. Biddulph Martin with another world to conquer. During the existence of the House dissolved at the General Election of July, the figure of the member for Droitwich, with a stout volume under his arm, was familiar in the lobby and corridors of the House. He always seemed to be looking for someone. When he found his quarry, the book was opened, a pen produced, and an autograph added to the long list.

Mr. Martin's Parliamentary history does not date farther back than 1892. Soon after his appearance on the scene he conceived the notable idea of possessing himself of the autograph of every one of his colleagues in the memorable House of Commons that passed a Home Rule Bill for Ireland. When the Dissolution came he was able to congratulate himself upon possessing the signature of every man in the House except eight. One thus distinguished was Mr. C. P. Villiers, whose rare attendance made him hard to catch.

In some cases Mr. Martin has enriched his volume with the photograph of a member with the signature appended. As the autographs accumulated, and the value of the book increased, he became anxious for its security. It was suggested to him that, taking a hint from the customs of the peregrinating clerks of his own and other firms of bankers, he should, as he went his rounds, have the book attached to his person by a steel chain. Mr. Martin, however, resolved to trust to the honesty of his fellow-members, which was in the end triumphantly vindicated. No one stole or, as far as it is known, attempted to steal the precious volume.

It is the second book Mr. Martin has compiled. The first, published under the title, "The Grasshopper in Lombard Street," is a history of the great banking-house in which he is a partner.



MR. BIDDULPH MARTIN, THE LOMBARD STREET GRASSHOPPER.

A CIPHER DESPATCH.

Among many pretty stories of Lord Granville's Lord Wardenship which linger round Walmer Castle is one about a cipher despatch. Being suddenly called to London, Lord Granville, at the time Foreign Minister, assured himself that one of his secretaries who was staying at the Castle had with him the key to the cipher used in the private official communications of the Secretary of State. At dinner-time Lady Granville was startled by receipt of a long message from her husband. Being in cipher, it was evidently of great importance, and the secretary hastened off to hunt up the key in order to translate it.

When the task was complete, the portentous looking despatch turned out to be a playful note to his wife which, amid the complications of foreign affairs and the pressure of State work, Lord Granville had found time to compose and dispatch.

THE SPEAKER'S DINNERS.

There is a vague impression outside that the Speaker in the course of a Session dines the whole House of Commons in batches. His state is far more gracious. He gives six formal dinners in the course of a Session, assuming the Session runs its ordinary length. At one of these, just before the close of the Session, the guests are exclusively the high officials of the House, no members of Parliament being present. Other two are given to Her Majesty's Ministers and to the Leaders of the Opposition respectively. Thus there remains for ordinary members only a chance of inclusion in one of three dinners. As the guests at any one banquet do not exceed forty, it is obvious the process of exhausting the list is prolonged. As a matter of fact, it is, I believe, thought to be a reasonable matter if in a Parliament of average duration the list has been run through. Some hundreds of members elected to the Parliament of 1892, for example, returned to their constituents without having dined with the Speaker.

Pressure of competition is to some extent relieved by the fact that, still preserving the tradition of Mr. Parnell, the several sections of Irish members are united at least in this, that they do not dine with Mr. Speaker. In the later Parliaments over which he presided, Mr. Peel refrained from going through the form of inviting them. Nor were the Labour members, who figured largely in the last Parliament, at any time the Speaker's guests. With them the great Clothes Difficulty was an insuperable barrier. The only exception made in this respect was in the person of Mr. Burt. Whilst he was Secretary to the Board of Trade he was present at more than one Ministerial banquet given by the Speaker, and was distinguished amid the uniforms by wearing the dinner-dress of a private citizen.

The mover and seconder of the Address are always included in the first of the Speaker's Sessional dinner-parties. It will be remembered that a couple of years ago, when Mr. Fenwick seconded the Address, he was, in due course, invited to Speaker's house, but not having Court dress or uniform, he felt constrained to forego the privilege.

SIR DONALD MACFARLANE'S OFFICIAL COSTUME.

"Flotsam": An Ocean Incident.

By Herbert Russell.

DAWN at sea is the dreariest, bleakest, and most weird of effects which this wide world has to offer. I can conceive of nothing comparable to the sense of utter desolation produced upon the mind by the first sifting of the faint greenish streak upon the black eastern sky, and the gradual stealing out of the wide circle of waters to the slow broadening of the early twilight. So cold, so ashen, so unspeakably lonely does the ocean appear in the grey and ghostly glimmering. Of course, with the flashing of the firmament into the wide splendour of morning, the aspect of Nature changes as though by magic. But during the brief period which heralds the approach of sunrise at sea, the mind is subdued by a feeling almost of awe and sadness, such as no hour ashore could possibly exercise.

I recollect that, on the particular September morning which is the date of the opening of my story, I thought I had never beheld such a scene of solitude as was revealed by the breaking of the dawn. It was my watch on deck from four till eight; and here I may as well tell you at once that I was chief mate of the barque *Jessie*, of London, and that my name is Stanley Gordon. We were deep in the heart of the Atlantic, lying-up on a sharp bowline to the brisk gushing of the south-east trades, with our jib-boom pointing fair for Cape Town, whither we were bound.

The small hours had been uncommonly dark, with a note of storm occasionally booming through the hoarse piping of the wind, that split into a thousand wild songs amidst the invisible rigging on high; and several times I had been on the verge of reducing sail, but kept all fast on recollecting that the barometer stood pretty high, and that we were in latitudes where the wind usually holds tolerably steady. The breeze lulled suddenly just before the eastern horizon commenced to open, and sunrise found the barque pitching with uncomfortable, jerky movements upon the heavy, foamless swell that came shouldering up to her weather-bow; nearly upright, and the short, oily wake astern plainly showing that she was doing nothing over four knots an hour.

"Going to be a calm presently, Mr. Gordon, think you?" said the voice of the skipper at my elbow. The men were washing down, and in watching them swill the buckets of water along, I had not noticed him come on deck.

"Why, sir, I don't quite know what to make of the look of the weather. The sky has a sort of stony stare about it, so to speak, which I should reckon to mean more wind presently."

"Or rain," he answered. "The glass don't give indications of anything dirty."

Just then a man who was on the foreyard, doing some job or other up there, hailed the quarter-deck.

"Halloa!" cried Captain Dudley.

"There's a sail right ahead, sir, about four miles off. Looks to me to be something wrong aboard of her, as she don't seem to be heading on any perticler course."

We crossed to the bulwarks and peered ahead. Right in a line with our jib-boom end lay a small black object, looking to be upon the horizon from the comparatively low level of the barque's decks. The seaman on the foreyard must have had marvellous sight to detect anything uncommon in her appearance at that distance: to me she was just a little smudge against the dull grey of the sky. The skipper stepped to the companion-hatch, and fetched the ship's glass from the rack. He levelled it, took a long stare, and then passed the telescope on to me with the exclamation, "A derelict, or I'm mistaken!"

I pointed the tube, and after a short spell of searching, there leapt fair into the circle of weltering waters a small brig, with her fore-topmast gone, her sails in great confusion, and lying with her head right up in the wind's eye, all aback. Whether she was abandoned or not, we were as yet too far distant to perceive. The spectacle of that disabled vessel sent a thrill through me. It was impossible to conjecture of what scenes of destitution and misery she had been, or might even still be, the little floating theatre. Few sailors can view a derelict in mid-ocean without emotion,

and although this brig ahead was not a total wreck, yet her appearance was sufficiently forlorn to appeal to the mind as a tolerably complete picture of maritime distress.

We neared her slowly, and meanwhile the captain and myself continued alternately to watch her through the spy-glass for any signs of life, but never once saw any indication that there were human beings on board. When we were within a quarter of a league of her to leeward, Captain Dudley motioned to the man at the wheel to put the helm down, and the *Jessie* came slowly round, head to wind, and lay without way, curtseying in long floating plunges upon the surges.

"THE DISABLED VESSEL."

"Mr. Gordon," said the captain, "will you take a couple of hands in a boat and go and overhaul that vessel? I've a notion that she's a sound ship, abandoned for some reason, which, perhaps, you'll find out. If so, there may be a tidy salvage job for us all in her. Anyhow, go you and see what you can make of her."

"Aye, aye, sir," I answered, and sang out for some men to lay aft and lower the port quarter-boat. The little fabric sank from the davits into the water. I took my seat in the stern-sheets, and two fellows pulled with powerful strokes towards the brig. As we drew near, I looked narrowly at the vessel to try and discover what was amiss with her. She sat fairly high upon the water, and it was evident that her hold was pretty dry. I seemed to find scarcely sufficient cause in her broken fore-topmast to account for her abandonment. We rounded under her stern, upon which was painted in large white letters the name, *Wanderer*, Liverpool. The quarter-boat floated under the main-chains, and the seamen tossed their oars. Watching my chance, I sprang, and gained the deck.

I was satisfied in my own mind that the brig was abandoned before I boarded her, and the scene of her decks confirmed me in this belief. There were no signs of life anywhere to be seen. Yet between the bulwarks she looked as sound as though she had just come out of dock, and I began to think with Captain Dudley that there might be a tidy sum of money to be earnt as salvage if we should carry her safely into some port.

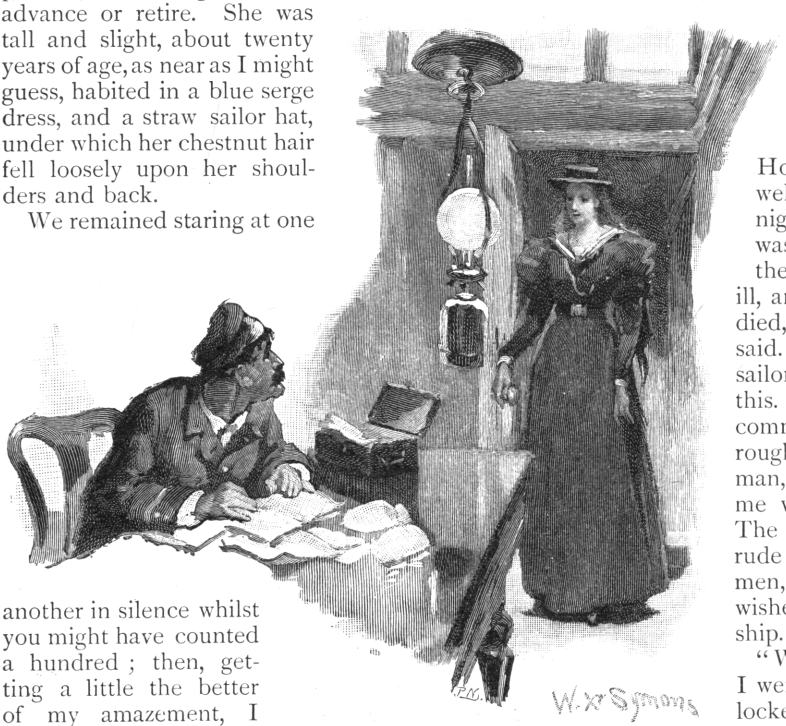
Stepping to the side, I called down to the two seamen to hitch the painter of the boat to a ring-bolt and let her ride alongside whilst I overhauled the brig below. I walked to the companion, and paused a moment gazing round at the weather. It looked rather black and dirty to windward, but I never reckoned that any change would be coming along for the present, seeing that, according to Captain Dudley, the glass stood high, and we were in tolerably dependable parallels.

I put my foot upon the ladder and descended. The cabin in which I found myself was a small, plain, seagoing interior, lighted by a skylight in the deck overhead; a narrow gangway or passage opened out of the after-end of it, which I supposed led to the sleeping berths. A row of lockers ran on either hand, serving as seats, and I began exploring these to see whether I could come across the ship's papers. I rummaged three or four of them without finding anything of note, but presently, in a corner locker, I discovered a black tin case, with the name of the vessel painted upon the lid of it. I immediately guessed that this would contain just what I wanted, and, lifting it out, placed it upon the table. The lid was

secured by a small brass padlock, but by pushing the pin out of the hinge with the point of my penknife, I succeeded in lifting the cover. The case contained a little bundle of blue and white papers, bound together with a piece of spunyarn, and looking through them, I presently found that this brig was the *Wanderer*, of 178 tons, of Liverpool, to which port she was bound from Calcutta with a general cargo, of which a large proportion consisted of palm oil; that Abraham Williams was the name of her master; and that the vessel and cargo were insured for £23,500. I whistled low when I read these figures. They gave me some idea of the value of the prize we had fallen in with.

I had probably been seated at that cabin table for about a quarter of an hour, perusing those papers, when, lifting my eyes in the direction of the passage leading aft, I half started from my chair at the spectacle which greeted me. Standing in the narrow doorway, framed in it, and forming a striking living picture, was the figure of a young girl, regarding me fixedly, in a startled, undecided posture, as though not sure whether to advance or retire. She was tall and slight, about twenty years of age, as near as I might guess, habited in a blue serge dress, and a straw sailor hat, under which her chestnut hair fell loosely upon her shoulders and back.

We remained staring at one another in silence whilst you might have counted a hundred; then, getting a little the better of my amazement, I said:—



"WE REMAINED STARING AT ONE ANOTHER IN SILENCE."

"Are you alone in this vessel, miss? I thought she was abandoned."

She brought her hands together with a convulsive gesture, and cried, hysterically, "Oh, I am so glad you speak English. I was afraid you might be a foreigner. Yes, I am alone here, and have been for the last three days. Oh, it has been frightfully lonely—fit to drive one mad at night."

She advanced into the cabin and seated herself on one of the lockers fronting me.

"How came you to be left alone here?" I inquired. "What has become of the crew?"

"I will tell you the story," said she, pushing back her hair with a little, apologetic smile. "My father is a merchant in Calcutta, and this is his ship. My mother lives in England; they are not on very good terms—in fact," she added, hesitatingly, "they are separated. I always visit my mother once a year, and have usually gone home in one of the big passenger steamers. But this time my father wanted me to come in this ship. I had been ailing for some while, and the doctor said that a long sea voyage would do me a great deal of good.

"Captain Williams, who commanded this vessel, was a very old servant of my father's, and a man under whose charge he had not the least hesitation in placing me. We sailed away from the Hooghly, and all went well for the first fortnight, except that I was very sea-sick. Then the captain was taken ill, and in three days he died, of cholera, so they said. Two more of the sailors died soon after this. The mate took command. He was a rough, horrid sort of man, but used to treat me with proper civility. The sailors, too, were a rude and coarse lot of men, and I frequently wished myself out of the ship.

"Well, three nights ago I went to my cabin, and locked the door as usual. It was very dark and stormy, and the vessel was pitching a great deal, but I was well seasoned now, and the noise and movement did not trouble me much. I got into my bunk and

went to sleep. Presently I was awakened by a crash. You know how confused one's wits usually are on being suddenly awakened, and I lay for a few minutes before I gathered my senses together. I then sat up to listen, but heard nothing except the dull roaring of the wind and the booming of the waves against the hull outside. So I thought no more of the crash that had aroused me, being pretty well accustomed to all sorts of alarming noises by this time, and presently I fell asleep again. When I awoke it was daylight, and the sun shining in at my porthole. I got up, dressed, and went on deck. To my astonishment the ship was deserted, the boats gone, and her mast broken. There was nothing in sight upon the sea, as far as I could see. That is all I can tell you."

"The only solution I can offer is that another ship must have been in collision with this vessel," said I, "and that the crew, fancying she was foundering, hastily abandoned her, and took refuge upon the other craft. Yet she shows no traces of having been run into. Anyhow, the seamen who manned this vessel must have been a noble set of fellows to have deserted her, leaving you behind to perish."

"They were cowards — ruffians!" she exclaimed, with a little, angry stamp of her foot. Then changing her voice she said: "You belong to a ship somewhere near?"

"Aye, to the barque *Jessie*, lying hove-to within a mile. My captain sent me on board to overhaul this vessel. Lucky he did!"

"You are one of the officers?"

"Yes, miss; Stanley Gordon, chief mate, at your service. May I inquire your name?"

"Violet Carey." After a pause, she continued: "Will you take me with you on board your ship?"

I was about to reply when my ear caught a muffled roaring sound, and now for the first time I observed that the heavens—or as much of them as was visible through the square of the skylight—had turned black as ink. I said, "Excuse me a moment: I think a squall is coming down upon us," and clapping my cap on to my head, I sprang up the companion ladder. The instant I gained the deck, I beheld a white smother of wind and wet bearing down upon us, not above a hundred yards away, churning the sea at its base into a race of froth. To leeward, the *Jessie* was clewing up her topgallant-sails, and had a flag flying at her peak, doubtless as a signal of recall. I sprang to the bulwark to look for the boat: she had gone adrift, and was blowing away at the distance of a cable's length from the brig. I made a funnel of my hands, and roared through them to the fellows in her. They heard me and turned their heads, and one of them held up an oar with which he was sculling over the stern. I guessed the rest. They had lost the other oar overboard, had cast off the painter to pick it up, and now the wind and the send of the waves were drifting the little quarter-boat away.

But even in the brief instant in which I stood thus gazing, the squall was hooting through the rigging of the brig, and the wet blowing along like clouds of steam, hissing sharply upon the decks. The vessel was under topsail and forecourse, and under the pressure of these spaces of canvas she heeled over, and over, and yet over, till the force of the first outfly had borne her nearly down to her beam-ends. I sprang to the wheel and put it hard up, that the vessel might have a chance to pay off. The sea was shrouded by the squall to within biscuit-toss of the brig, and the boat swallowed up by the flying wet gloom. The girl was standing in the companion, with her head and shoulders just above the level of the hatch, clinging with both hands and gazing around her, but with no appearance of alarm. For my own part, I felt no particular uneasiness. I reckoned this was but a passing squall, and that when it cleared away the *Jessie* would still be within sight, ready to bear up again and take us off. Indeed, I felt more immediate anxiety for the two men in the boat than for the safety of the girl and myself.

The brig's head fell off presently, and away she went scudding before it, regaining a level deck as her veering brought the weight of the wind right astern. Miss Carey quitted the shelter of the companion, and came to my side.

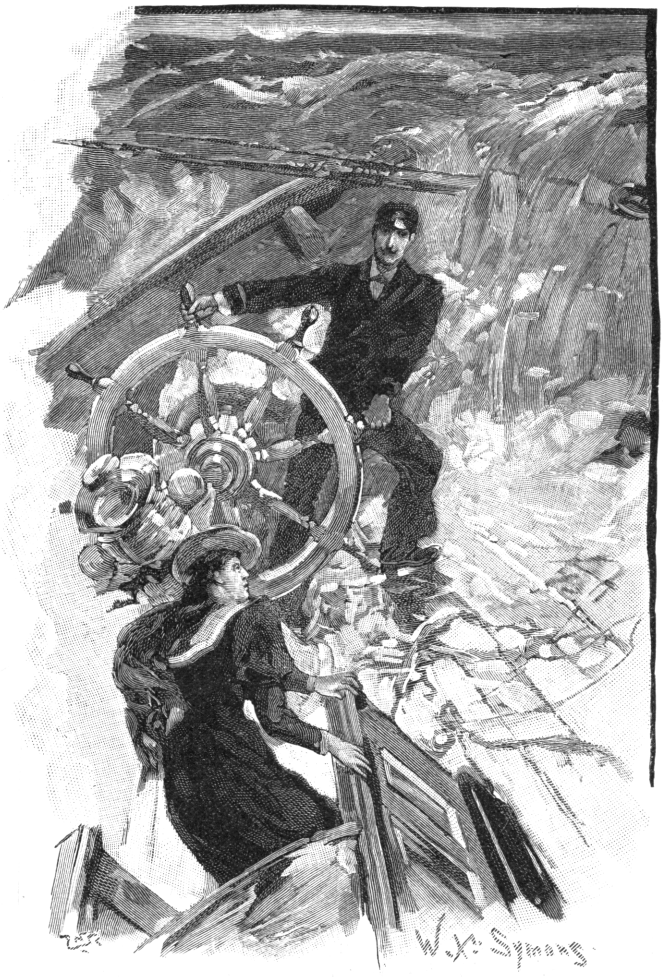
"Where is your ship?" said she.

"We have lost sight of her in the thickness of this squall. The weather will be clearing again presently, and then we shall sight her afresh. Won't you go below? You will be drenched to the skin if you remain on deck."

"I will go and put on my mackintosh."

She disappeared and presently emerged again, clad in a waterproof, and bearing a seaman's oilskin overall, which she extended to me.

"Put this on; it will keep you dry," said she.



"I SPRANG TO THE WHEEL AND PUT IT HARD UP"

I was grateful for the little act of attention, and proceeded to swathe myself in the painted coat. The sea was beginning to rise under the furious rush of the wind, but as yet the waves were nothing to take notice of. I eyed the masts anxiously, not knowing but that they might have been damaged beyond the mere breaking off of the fore-topmast. But although the sails were swollen rigid as iron to the wet pouring of the blast, the spars seemed to stand the strain staunchly enough.

I continued to grasp the wheel and keep an amidship helm. It seemed to me, after we had been scudding in this fashion for about a quarter of an hour, that instead of abating, the wind slightly increased in violence, and the atmosphere remained thick as a feather bed with the clouds of wet driving along. The girl sat down on the grating just abaft the wheel, and we continued to talk. I said I was surprised that the men should have abandoned the brig so readily, seeing what a valuable freight she carried, and how trifling the damage was. She answered that she supposed they hurried away in a panic.

"But," said she, "since the damage is so slight, as you say, wouldn't it be a pity to desert the poor old *Wanderer?* How far off is the nearest port?"

"Buenos Ayres will be about 500 miles west-sou'-west from here. It is not my intention to abandon the brig. I was sent on board to report whether she was sound and tight, with a view to carrying her to the nearest port. When the weather moderates, we will communicate with my ship, into which you can transfer if you wish, and Captain Dudley will send three or four men on board to help navigate the *Wanderer.*"

"Where is your vessel bound?"

"Cape Town. You could easily take steamer there for England."

"When is it going to clear up?" she asked, rising and shaking a shower of sparkling raindrops off her mackintosh. "If this storm is going to last, we may be blown out of sight of your ship."

"I was just beginning to fear the same thing," I answered, noticing with admiration the length of her hair, which, being loose, streamed in the wind in sinuous chestnut folds. A thought entered my head. I said, "Are you not hungry or thirsty?"

"I have not had any breakfast yet," she replied, "but there is plenty of food and drink in the little pantry downstairs."

In this wise we chatted. As time went on, and the weather showed no signs of clearing, I began to feel a trifle anxious. Unless the *Jessie* were making a free wind of it like ourselves, the pace at which we were surging

through the seas would soon carry us out of the sphere of her horizon. I wondered whether the two men in the boat had succeeded in fetching the barque, because if not their chances of keeping their tiny fabric afloat in such a sea as was beginning to mount would be small. Running dead before it as we were took much of the spite out of the wind, and enabled us to carry the canvas which the brig had been under when I boarded her. But to have altered the course, so as to bring the weight of the blow abeam, would have been as much as the spars were worth; and I durst not leave the wheel to start any halliards or sheets lest the vessel should broach-to.

"'NO SIGNS OF YOUR SHIP,' SAID THE GIRL."

It might have been about nine o'clock when the first of this dirty weather burst down upon us, and not until after the hour of noon did it show any signs of mending. Miss Carey had brought me a plate of salt beef and some ship's biscuits, along with a mug of sherry and water, and I contrived to make something of a meal, although the sea was running heavily. The helm kicked viciously, and needed close attention to prevent the brig coming-to. The wind was about north, with a touch of easterly in it, and therefore our course was slightly to the westwards of south. Well, as I have said, the blinding smother continued to shroud the ocean to within pistol-shot of us until past noon, by which time I guessed we could not have run less than five-and-twenty miles; it then suddenly ceased to rain, and the horizon opened for a league around. I anxiously swept the sea with my sight, but there was nothing in view. The wind lost none of its violence with this clearing of the weather, the heavens were dark with low-flying vapour, and the gale looked like lasting.

"No signs of your ship," said the girl, shading her eyes with a delicate little hand and scanning the circle around.

"Not yet. We cannot see more than three miles on every side, and it would be strange indeed if we had not run more than that distance apart in all this time. It will clear still further presently, I expect, and then we may sight her."

"And suppose we don't?"

"Then, so far as I can see, we shall not be very badly off. We have a good staunch hull under our feet—at least, she seems sound enough — with plenty of provisions below, and we are in a well-navigated ocean, where ships are abundant."

"I wish I could relieve you at the wheel," said she.

"My dear young lady, the kick of the spokes would fling you to the deck. I can manage very well for the present; but if a very heavy sea is going to mount presently, we must try and heave-to, at the risk of losing our spars. Fortunately, the wind is fair for the South American coast."

I should but weary you, besides spinning out my story to unreasonable limits, were I to detail in full the passage of the hours of that day. Suffice it, then, if I tell you that, until sunset, the gale continued to blow with unabated force. The horizon, during all this while, remained hazy, and we sighted nothing —eagerly as I swept the circle around every few minutes. A long, regular sea chased us, and my arms ached again to the strain of

keeping the wheel steady. Yet it would have imperilled the safety of the brig had I quitted my post. But shortly before the going of the sun, the scowling heavens opened into a number of patches of watery blue; a few misty beams shot slantwise across the western sky, and the weight of the wind very sensibly diminished.

"I cannot make up my mind," said I, looking into the binnacle to see that the lamp was trimmed, "whether to lash the helm amidships, and continue blowing away towards the South American coast all through the night; or whether to heave-to on the chance that any ship may be in sight when the morning breaks."

"You talked of heading for Buenos Ayres in any case," said Miss Carey.

"Aye, it's not my intention to quit this ship until her anchor is down in port. We have been blown so far to the west-'ards that I look upon the chances of our falling in with the *Jessie* as very small now. I shall make up my mind to continue running. The wind is dropping fast, and it will presently be quite safe for me to leave the helm."

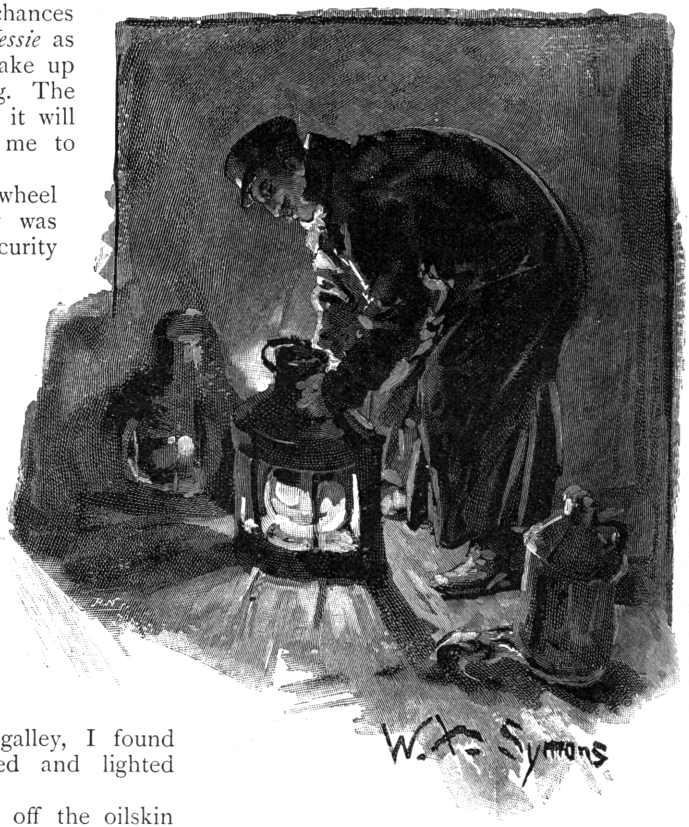
So I remained at the wheel until the dusk of evening was fast changing into the obscurity of night, by which time the stars were shining brightly over our mast-heads, and the wind was no more than a stiff breeze. I then secured the helm amidships, and stood aside to watch whether the vessel would continue to run without attention. To my satisfaction I found that the amount of head-sail she carried held her as true as a hair before the wind. The side-lights were in their screens, but had burnt out; however, after rummaging awhile in the galley, I found a can of oil, and trimmed and lighted them.

"Now," said I, throwing off the oilskin overall I had worn all day, "I think we may leave the ship to take care of herself for a little while, Miss Carey, and go below and rest."

Without a moment's hesitation she led the way to the companion and descended. I followed. A swing lamp was slung under the skylight, which I lighted.

"If you will excuse me, I will go to my cabin for a few minutes," said the girl, passing her hand over her long tresses of hair. "Really, my appearance must be quite disgraceful."

She vanished through the little passage; and thinking I might find a few conveniences in the captain's or mate's cabin, I went exploring, and the first door I opened proved to be that of the late skipper's berth. Here I refreshed myself, exchanged the wet jacket I wore for a decent-looking pea-coat hanging against the bulkhead, and made myself as presentable as the means at my disposal would admit. I then returned to the cabin, and was almost immediately rejoined by the young lady. She had removed her mackintosh and hat, twisted her hair into a pile upon the top of her head, surmounted by a comb; and now—perhaps because I had more leisure than heretofore to observe her—I seemed suddenly to discover that she



"I TRIMMED AND LIGHTED THEM."

was a very pretty young woman. She noted my change of attire, and said, with a smile :—

"I am glad to see you have been making yourself at home. I will go and get the materials for a meal."

Whilst she was putting some food upon the table, I stepped on deck for a few moments, and found the brig still running all right; the weather continued to moderate, and the night was dark, but clear for a league ahead. The side-lights burnt brightly, and no vessel in the neighbourhood could fail to see us.

We sat down to quite a sumptuous meal, evidently furnished forth from delicacies shipped specially by the Calcutta merchant for the use of his daughter. The girl was in good spirits, and chatted much to me about her home in India and such-like matters. It was a queer situation, and one which well illustrates the vicissitudes of a sailor's life. I felt wearied. Apart from the fact that I had been up since four o'clock in the morning, it had been a most fatiguing day for me, standing at the wheel, and steering the brig throughout the height of the gale. The young lady, too, told me she had scarcely closed her eyes during the two nights in which she had been alone on board the *Wanderer*.

"It will not be safe for me to leave the brig entirely to herself," said I, "so I shall make a bed for myself at the foot of the companion-ladder, in order that I can be up and down at intervals during the night."

"But it will be very uncomfortable for you, Mr. Gordon," said she.

I laughed, and answered that people in our plight mustn't trouble too much about comfort. Shortly after this she arose with a little yawn, and bidding me good-night, added that she should sleep with a feeling of security to-night, and went to her berth. I stepped on deck to take a last look around, and found all well; the brig bowling along with much seething of foam all about her sides, rolling in regular swaying motions, and holding her course with scarcely a couple of points of yawing. On this I returned below, and going to the captain's cabin, dragged the mattress from the bunk, and was about to make myself a shake-down upon it, when, recollecting that Miss Carey had told me he had died of cholera, I dropped the thing as if I had been stung, and went and lay down upon one of the lockers, using my jacket as a pillow.

Hard and uncomfortable as my bed was, I slept well—that is to say, for a sailor. Several times during the night I was up and down. The morning broke fine and clear, with a smart breeze, which showed a tendency to veer into the south-east, the proper quarter for the trade wind. There was nothing in sight, although I mounted as high as the main cross-trees, when it was light enough to see the horizon around, and swept the sea with my sight. But, in truth, I was not very much concerned by this discovery, for already I had formed some tolerably definite notions of the practicability of navigating the brig to Buenos Ayres single-handed, always supposing, of course, that the weather favoured me. I gathered in the slack of the braces, which were allowing the yards too much play, shifted the wheel by a spoke or so, and returned to the cabin, where I found Miss Carey, looking wonderfully fresh and pretty, engaged in getting some breakfast. She inquired if my ship was in sight, and I said, "No, I did not suppose she would be. We have been running dead on the American coast right through the night, and have made great progress." And then, whilst we sat down to eat, I told her of my scheme to carry the ship to port single-handed.

It was bright and clear at noon on this day, and I succeeded in getting an observation by the aid of a sextant I found in the captain's cabin, making our position to be 37° 20′ S., and about 45° W.; for the chronometer had stopped, and I had only my watch to go by. I set course for the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, but this change of direction brought the wind more abeam, and I found the vessel would not steer herself as she had done whilst running. This was awkward, as unless the breeze shifted again, it meant I should have to stand at the wheel all the time.

But our troubles were nearer ending than I had supposed, for, at about four o'clock this same afternoon, we sighted the smoke of a steamer coming up astern; and a couple of hours later a British man-of-war, on surveying service, lay floating within hailing distance of us. A boat put off, and a lieutenant stepped on board. I told him my story, and after he had looked at the brig's papers, he said his captain would gladly lend me half-a-dozen men to carry the brig to Buenos Ayres, whither they themselves were bound. And, to cut this part of my narrative short, half an hour later we were buzzing merrily along in the wake of the war-ship, with a couple of hands aloft loosing the main-royal, and the foam sluicing into cataracts astern.

Three days later I brought the *Wanderer* to anchor off the city of Buenos Ayres, close alongside H.M.S. *C——o*, which had arrived the night before. Miss Carey and myself immediately went ashore, and after visiting the British Consul, who received us very pleasantly, and promised us any assistance in his power that we might need, the young lady cabled to her father a brief account of the disaster which had befallen his ship, stating that the vessel was safe and sound at Buenos Ayres, in my charge, and that she herself proposed proceeding to England by steamer. On the following day came back the reply: "Arrange with the gentleman to carry *Wanderer* to Liverpool, and go in her yourself."

I was willing enough to undertake the job, and Miss Carey said she would sooner go home in the brig than have to wait a fortnight for the next steamer. There was no trouble in shipping a crew, as Buenos Ayres seemed full of seamen out of employ. I found that the rules of the service precluded the men-of-warsmen who had assisted me from making any claims for salvage; so, on our arrival, I made each of them a substantial gift from a bag of money I had discovered in the captain's cabin, making a note of the circumstance in the log-book. Whilst we lay at Buenos Ayres, I had such repairs executed as were necessary, and a week later, with a fair wind, a stout ship, and a good crew, we got under way, and put to sea.

Our voyage home was uneventful enough, lasting just one month to the day. At least, when I say it was uneventful, I mean that it was productive of nothing in the shape of maritime adventure; but to me it proved very eventful, to be sure, for long before the *Wanderer* arrived in the Mersey, Violet Carey and I were in love with one another. I never put in any claim for salvage of the ship, for the reason that eventually old Mr. Carey settled £10,000 upon his daughter and me; gave us his blessing; and said that I ought to consider myself a very lucky fellow; which I certainly did, and, thank God, have never yet found occasion to change my opinion.

The Silver Greyhound.

An Account of the Queen's Foreign Messenger Service.

By J. Holt Schooling.

THE silver greyhound has been from time immemorial the badge set apart for the Queen's (or King's) Foreign Service Messengers. Most of us know that such persons exist, but there is only a very hazy notion of who Queen's Messengers are, and, beyond the fact that "they carry the despatches," very little is generally known about these gentlemen and their duties.

Catching a Queen's messenger is not the easiest thing in the world, as there are only nine of them, and, moreover, they are kept fairly actively employed — fifty to sixty thousand miles per annum is the average "mileage" of a Royal Courier. However, I have been finding out all I can about a very interesting and out-of-the-way bit of Foreign Office work, and I am now going to condense the results of my inquiries and interviews into a short account of the Queen's Foreign Messenger Service.

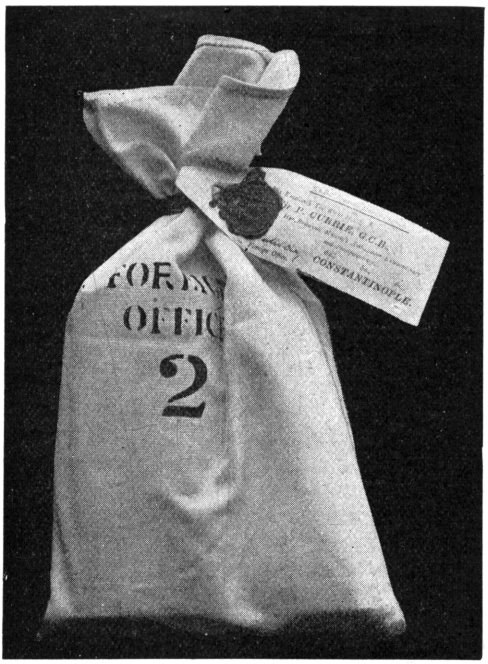
A "Q.F.S.M." is not to be had by any system of competitive examination as yet known to the official torturers of candidates for Government service. The very nature of their duties makes it imperative that these messengers should be men of good social position, and of whom something is known; for they carry the actual despatches sent to and fro our Foreign Office and the Embassies abroad, which are not in cipher, and which, on occasions, are big with the fate of nations. A slip in diplomacy, a single card prematurely played, or accidentally shown to an opposing Power, and—Poof! There might be a European war before the unlucky messenger could get back to Downing Street. The Turkey-Armenia-Venezuela-United-States-Transvaal-Germanic difficulty of last January showed us how very thin the diplomatic ice sometimes becomes, and how delicate are these little matters of International controversy.

No. 1.—The Badge always carried on the person by a Queen's Foreign Service Messenger when on duty.

But there *is* an examination to be passed before a man can be appointed Queen's Foreign Service Messenger: after a candidate has been nominated by the Secretary of State, he must satisfy the Civil Service Commissioner that he is between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five; that he is a British subject; that he has a good knowledge of either French, German, or Italian; that he has such a knowledge of the first four rules of arithmetic as will enable him to make out his accounts in the simplest form; that he possesses sound bodily health [the physical examination is a very severe one]; and that he is able to ride and to perform journeys on horseback. The necessity for expert horsemanship is not, of course, so great now as it was before the extension of railways, when a Queen's Messenger would ride continuously for five or six days.

On one occasion, and in the depth of winter, a Q.M., bearing very important despatches to the British Ambassador at Constantinople, covered the last 820 miles of his journey on horseback, in the record time of five days and eleven hours. However, and as one of these Royal Couriers told me just after his return from St. Petersburg, the continuous and prolonged railway travelling is very trying to even the strongest man: an average of one thousand miles per week, year in and year out, is travelling enough to glut the appetite of the most hardened traveller, and this fact may perhaps be one of the reasons why retired Queen's Messengers go and bury themselves in quiet, out-of-the-way country places.

The badge shown in No. 1 is a handsome piece of silver-gilt work, with a silver greyhound



No. 2.—A Foreign Office Despatch-bag, sealed, and addressed to the British Ambassador at Constantinople; ready for delivery to a Queen's Foreign Service Messenger.

hanging to it, and the whole thing is just over five inches long. At the back there is engraved the "No." of the Messenger who carries the badge, and "Foreign Office, V.R. 1876" (the date of the appointment). By the Foreign Office Regulations which apply to Queen's Messengers this badge is to be worn round the neck—a regulation more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Also by the Regulations, a special uniform ought to be worn when on duty—but it never is, except in war-time. The uniform consists of a dark blue cloth double-breasted frock-coat, with turn-down collar; blue single-breasted waistcoat, buttoned up to the throat, with edging of gold lace; trousers of Oxford mixture, with a scarlet cord down the side seams; gilt buttons embossed with the Royal Cipher, encircled by the Crown and Garter, and having a greyhound pendant; blue cloth cap with leather peak, band of black braid, and the Royal Cipher and Crown gilt in front.

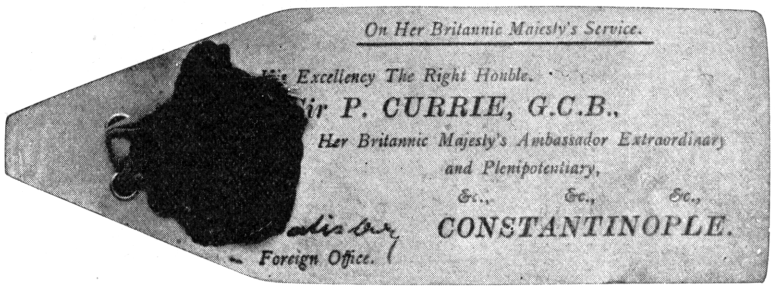
The pay of a Queen's Messenger is £400 a year, with an allowance of £1 per day for subsistence whilst on actual duty, all travelling expenses being, of course, paid by Government. A messenger is engaged on actual service during rather less than one-half of the days in a year, for we must omit annual holidays and the intervals between each journey, so that he would thus receive about £150+£400=£550 per annum. There is also the advantage of a pension on retirement from the Service.

In No. 2 we have a picture of a bag of despatches sealed and addressed to Sir Philip Currie, Ambassador at Constantinople, and ready to be handed over to a Queen's Messenger. This bag was done up just at the time when the Turkish-Armenian trouble was at its height, and I dare say a good many bags similar to that shown here were handed to Queen's Messengers for safe bestowal in their large leather bag. This one is of fine white canvas, about eighteen inches long, and, like all these despatch-bags, it was tied and sealed by the Chief Clerk at the F.O., Henry A. W. Hervey, Esquire, whose courteous assistance was of great value in the preparation of this article.

I asked Mr. Hervey if a despatch-bag had ever been lost by a Queen's Messenger, and I learnt that there was no record of this having happened. Many years ago, when Mr. Hervey was, as a F.O. clerk, acting as substitute for a Royal Courier, his travelling carriage was upset in the snow near Berlin, and he and his despatches were temporarily separated—but the bag was found and the journey completed.

No. 3 shows the label attached to the bag in No. 2, and Lord Salisbury's signature can be read at the left hand, partly covered by the Royal Seal.

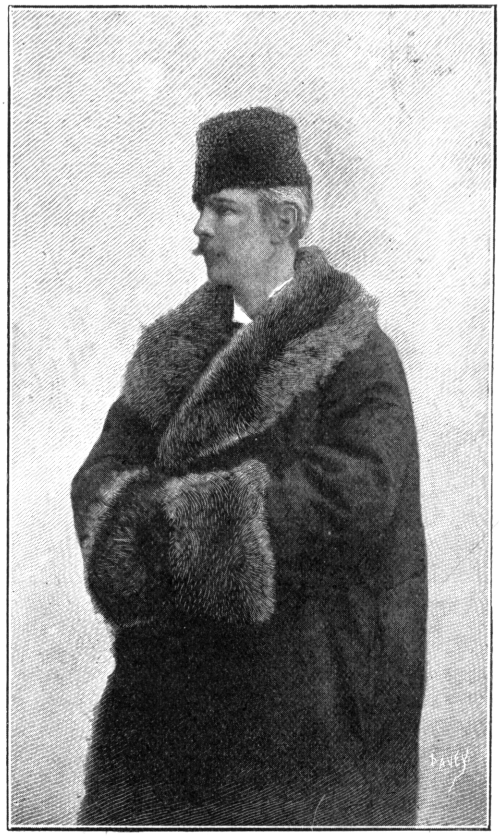
I have described the uniform that *ought* to be worn by these Royal Messengers, and in No. 4 there is a picture of Mr. Harry Taylor ready for a Russian journey with despatches



No. 3.—The Label on the Foreign Office Despatch-bag shown in No. 2.

—not much uniform, but the badge is in his pocket. Mr. Taylor told me that, with one exception, he and his comrades receive the utmost attention and civility on the European railways. The one exception is the Paris-Mediterranean line that runs south to the Riviera; and Mr. Taylor evidently has some cause to dislike the management of this line, for he asked me to mention the fact just stated.

Another thing which Mr. Taylor said ought to be known is the remarkable hospitality received by Queen's Messengers from the Ambassadors abroad, and, indeed, from society generally in all the European cities. So fêted are these gentlemen when they arrive in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, etc., and so onerous are their social duties, that one Q.M. is reputed to keep a new silk hat in every European capital ready to don when he gets rid of his travelling gear.



No. 4.—HARRY A. TAYLOR, Esquire, ready for a St. Petersburg journey.
From a Photo. by C. Vandyk.

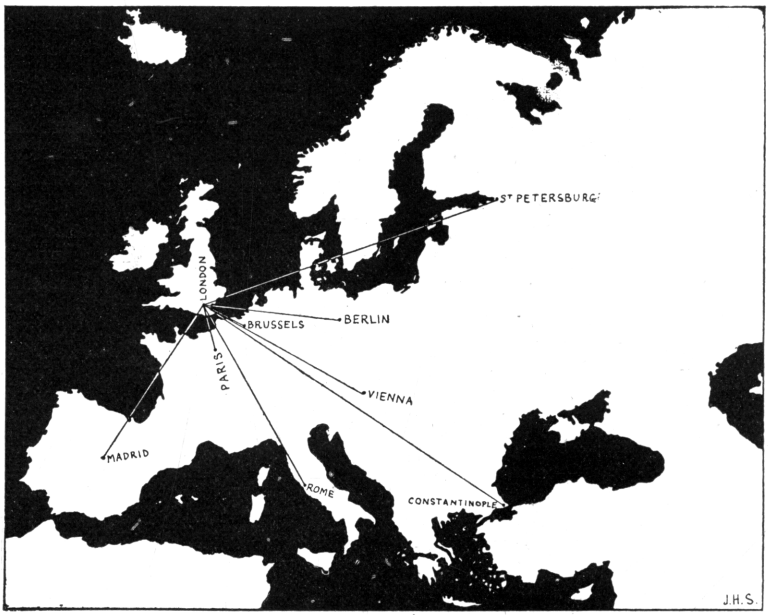
Queen's Messengers are largely recruited from officers in the Army, and this, with the very responsible nature of their duties, may go some way to account for the fact that, when on duty, they are very important personages. Perhaps some of my older readers who have chanced to be at Charing Cross Station when the outward Continental mail has been at the platform, have seen a great, big man marching down the platform, shouting "Room for Her Majesty's Despatches!" The late Cecil Johnstone had this idiosyncrasy, and he it was who, when in charge of despatches to the United States, was invited to visit Niagara, rooms in the hotel being reserved for him which had the best view of the Falls. The burly Q.M. marched into his room, followed by an attendant and by two porters with his luggage. He strode up to the window overlooking the Falls, and then, turning to the obsequious attendant, exclaimed, "Does that d——d thing never stop?" as he pointed to the rushing water. History does not record the man's reply.

Three or four years ago, the Q.M. who told me this Niagara story was travelling on a French railway, and had reserved a compartment for himself and his despatches. The German Ambassador in Constantinople, Herr Von Radowitz, son-in-law of Prince Bismarck, happened to be travelling along the same line, and, on the arrival of the train which contained our Queen's Messenger, the Ambassador was very anxious to secure a compartment. The station-master went along the train, and then reported to His Excellency's private secretary that there was only one reserved compartment, and only one occupant of it—"but he is a Queen's Messenger, something more than an Ambassador"; the actual words spoken to the discomfited German Ambassador by his private secretary being: "J'ai fait demander, M'sieur l'Ambassadeur, mais il parait que sur ce train ci les Ambassadeurs et les Couriers de la Reine sont sur le même plan." *(I have made inquiry, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, but it seems that on this train Ambassadors and Queen's Messengers are on the same footing).*

Just now, I referred to a journey with despatches to the United States. For a good many years, about fifteen, the Foreign Office has ceased to send Queen's Messengers to Washington: the despatches are now sent in the care of the captain of one of the liners, who hands them over to an official from the British Embassy.

"Our orders are: 'Go the shortest way in the shortest time'"—said to me a Q.M. who once had to start for Constantinople in his dress clothes; and, in No. 5, I show a diagram of Europe which emphasizes this order, and which illustrates the lines of travel most often frequented by these "silver greyhounds."

Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Brussels, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, are the cities most frequently visited; there are occasional journeys to Madrid and Rome, and once a month a Q.M. sets out for Teheran. Messengers are dispatched every Wednesday to Brussels and Berlin, every alternate Wednesday to St. Petersburg, and every alternate Tuesday to Constantinople. There is a long list printed each month for use at the Foreign Office, which contains the details of every F.O. despatch-bag and Q.M. to be sent away during the month.



No. 5.—"Our orders are: 'Go the shortest way in the shortest time . . . .'"

As a rule, the Queen's Messengers are not called upon to start so suddenly as was the gentleman who had to rush off to Constantinople without having time to change his clothes: each of them knows that, in ordinary circumstances, he will, on such and such a date, be due to start for one or other of the European centres, and as those messengers who have just returned are placed at the bottom of the list of future despatches to be sent away, only the two or three gentlemen whose names are at the top of the list hold themselves in readiness to start at a moment's notice. Sometimes, of course, there is a run on all available Messengers, and, in this connection, I may relate an amusing incident that happened to one of them.

Captain A., having just returned from St. Petersburg, saw his name placed at the bottom of the list of Messengers ready for duty, and decided to spend his anticipated fortnight in the south of France. About a week after his arrival at Monte Carlo, he was startled and annoyed by the receipt of the following strange and apparently impertinent telegram from head-quarters: "*Chief Clerk, Foreign Office, to Captain A. You are fast and dirty. Return at once.*"

Having puzzled awhile over this enigma, it occurred to Captain A. that, whatever might be the explanation of the first sentence, the last was an order which his sense of duty compelled him to obey. So he packed his traps and returned forthwith, to find on his arrival at Downing Street, that the telegram, as originally dispatched, ran as follows: "*You are first on duty. Return at once.*"

The most famous Queen's Messenger now living is the gentleman whose portrait is shown in No. 6—Conway F. C. Seymour, Esquire. The most notable Q.M. of modern days, and who is no longer living, was the Cecil Johnstone about whom I have narrated the little Niagara story as it was told to me by a present member of this honourable corps. He was a man of immense physique, and his personal demeanour commanded the greatest respect and attention from officials of every class and nationality. To him the most difficult journey might be intrusted, with the certainty that he would turn up at the desired spot at any given moment, true to time. When at length the cruel hand of time brought about the moment

for the gallant Q.M. to retire upon a pension, it is said that he was loth to quit his long familiar work, and that, seeking an interview with the Foreign Secretary, he said, "Well, my lord, if I must retire, I must; but all I can say is that I am willing to ride, swim, walk, or run with any man of my age in the three kingdoms for a thousand pounds!"—and there is little doubt that he would have won his wager.

I have already mentioned the answer I received at the Foreign Office to my inquiry about the loss of despatch-bags by Queen's Messengers, and, among the adventures of these trusty couriers, there is included the following incident, which went very near to being a most serious diplomatic "accident."

Once, when Great Britain was on the verge of a war with a great Continental Power, a certain Q.M. was intrusted with despatches of the highest importance, and was instructed to make the best of his way *viâ* Athens to Constantinople, in order to deliver them to the British Ambassador in the latter city. The route chosen was by Marseilles, and thence by sea to Athens, where, the messenger was told, an English man-of-war would be on the look out, and take him on to Constantinople. The Q.M. embarked in due time at Marseilles on board a vessel bound for Athens, and after a good voyage was approaching his destination. When, however, the vessel was just rounding the point of land some little distance before the harbour of the Piræus is reached, a man-of-war's boat, manned by sailors in the British uniform, and flying the British flag, was seen coming round the opposite point, and signalling the in-coming vessel. The Queen's Messenger accordingly asked the captain to heave to, in order that he might be put on board the boat sent to fetch him. The captain at first demurred, saying it was an inconvenient spot to stop in, that the British man-of-war must be in the harbour of the Piræus, and that the Q.M. could more easily go on board of her there. Ultimately, however, at the messenger's renewed request, the captain was about to stop his ship, when, from the opposite direction, was seen coming from the harbour *a second British man-of-war's boat*, rowing towards them at full speed, and signalling violently. Immediately this second boat came into view, the first boat turned round, and rowing quickly round the opposite point, disappeared from sight. The second boat on nearing the vessel was found to be in command of a British naval officer, and the Q.M. was soon safely deposited on board the British man-of-war in the harbour. Subsequent investigation is said to have made it evident that an attempt had been made to kidnap the Queen's Messenger with his important despatches, by means of a boat got up under false colours! I cannot, of course, personally vouch for the whole truth of this strange incident, but a Q.M. of fifteen years' service told me that the authority responsible for it is someone behind the scenes of Foreign Office experience.

No. 6.—CONWAY F. C. SEYMOUR, Esquire, the *doyen* of Queen's Messengers.
By permission of the Editor of "Vanity Fair."

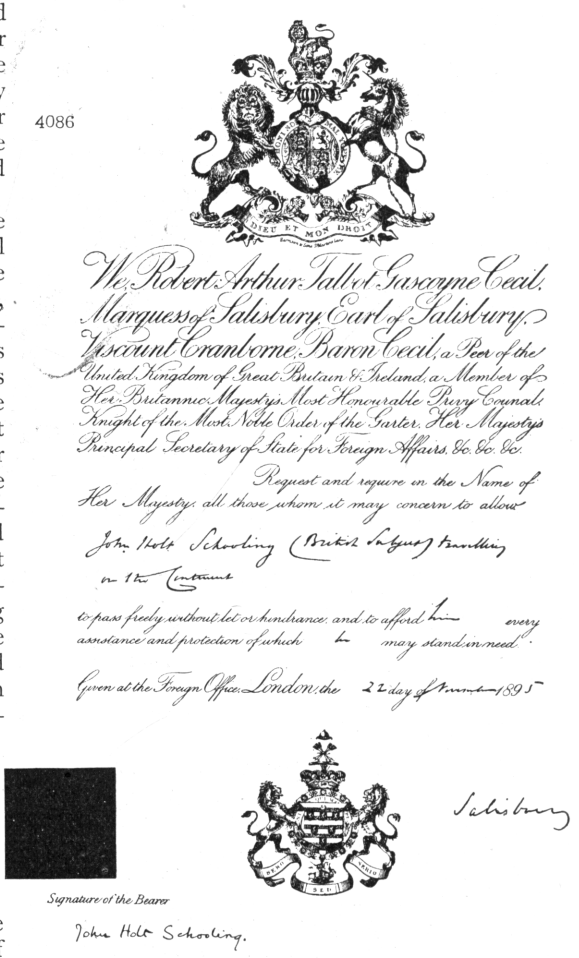
Ready wit, prompt courage, and quick resource in difficulty are some of the cardinal points of a good Messenger, and in this connection I may tell a little tale of one of our Queen's Messengers which, although it refers to events of many years ago, is yet a

sample of what might even nowadays be expected from a Q.M. in times of political disturbance and anxiety.

A burning political question had arisen at a certain European capital, in which question both Great Britain and another great Power were largely interested. Two messengers were dispatched from that capital one evening. One, an English Foreign Service Messenger, conveying despatches of a most pressing nature, regarding the pending controversy, to be delivered in Downing Street to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; the other, a courier of the great Power in question, charged with the conveyance of similar intelligence to his Ambassador in London. Both messengers were strictly enjoined not to lose a moment on the road, but to press on at the highest possible rate of speed. The Englishman, however, was privately informed that if he could by any means outstrip his colleague, or delay him on the way, so as to place the despatches in the hands of the Secretary of State before the Foreign Ambassador in London could have received the same information, the time thus gained would be of great advantage to England.

The two messengers fraternized on the journey to London, the Englishman all the while casting about for any scheme whereby he might delay his companion, or advance himself. No possible opening presented itself until Calais was reached, when fortune favoured his enterprise in the shape of a severe storm, which prevented the mail-boat from getting away from Calais harbour that night. The astute Q.M. at once saw and grasped his chance. Approaching his travelling companion, he proposed that, as the boat could not start that evening, they should at once seek quarters for the night at the neighbouring hotel. No sooner said than done; the foreign courier seeing no help for it, and easy in the thought that his English colleague was in the same plight as himself, willingly consented, in the circumstances, to take a night's rest, and the two speedily reached the hotel and engaged their beds. Directly, however, the English messenger had seen his foreign companion safe into his bedroom, he himself, instead of going to his room, quietly slipped out of the hotel. By dint of liberal offers of money he at length succeeded in persuading the owner of a lugger in port to face the stormy passage to Dover. A start was soon made, and, after a very rough passage, this stout-hearted Queen's Messenger had the satisfaction to place his foot on British soil a good twelve hours ahead of his rival. He hurried up to London, and safely delivered his precious despatches. It is said that the Foreign Secretary gave this Q.M. an honorarium of 100 guineas, on the spot, as a token of his admiration for the pluck and resourceful energy displayed by the feat, the success of which enabled the Minister to deal with a critical International question as the sole possessor—for twelve hours—of most important information, and in such a way as to secure the best interests of this country.

This episode serves to illustrate the very important duties of these Royal couriers,



No. 7.—A Foreign Office Passport, nearly identical with that carried by a Queen's Messenger when carrying despatches.
[*The black patch covers a stamp which cannot legally be shown here.*]

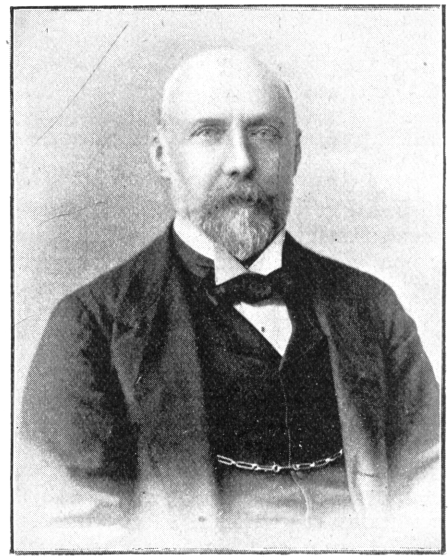
No. 8.—Captain PHILIP H. M. WYNTER, Queen's Messenger.
From a Photo. by W. Forshaw, Oxford.

and if such incidents do not occur as part of the daily routine of a Queen's Messenger's life, the outbreak of war between European Powers may at any time render the Service one of danger, and expose the Messenger to hairbreadth escapes and to all the vicissitudes of war. During the Franco-German War, in 1870, Captain Robbins, when employed on Queen's Messenger Service, was as nearly as possible shot as a spy by the French. The badge he produced (see No. 1), and his passport (see No. 7), were totally disregarded as evidences of his official mission, and he was saved from death only by the friendly action of the landlord of his hotel, aided by a lucky chance.

The passport in No. 7 is not quite identical with that always carried by a Q.M. when he is on duty, but the difference is very slight. A Queen's Messenger's special passport has the Royal Arms in red instead of in black, as in No. 7, and the words "Courier's Passport" appear above the crown. In all other respects—so I am told by one of the messengers—these special passports for the Silver Greyhounds of the Foreign Office are identical with that facsimiled in No. 7. The coat of arms at the bottom, at the left of Lord Salisbury's signature, is that of the great House of Cecil, and Lord Salisbury's motto, which is seen on the scroll, *Sero sed Serio*, means *Late, but in earnest.* The black patch in the bottom left-hand corner of No. 7 covers the stamp, to show which, I am told, might entail the confiscation of the whole of the present issue of this Magazine, besides being the possible cause of other calamities too dreadful to mention.

By the way, it may be useful to say that a passport is always worth taking abroad when one travels. We may not have occasion to use it, but if any difficulty arise [and in these days of amateur photographers and jealous French and German sentries, difficulties *do* arise] the possession of a passport goes a long way to smooth things down, and to prove to a suspicious military or police official that you are really an English tourist, and not a spy in the disguise of one.

In Nos. 8 and 9 are two more portraits of Queen's Messengers, Captain Philip H. M. Wynter and Captain the Hon. Hugh H. Hare. Inspection of these photographs suggests that neither of these gentlemen, and especially Captain Wynter, could be easily deterred or circumvented in the delivery of the despatches intrusted to them. Incidentally, I may say that the duties of a Q.M. are not entirely confined to the conveyance of the despatch-bags to and fro our Foreign Office in Downing Street and the British Embassies abroad. For example, when the Queen or the Secretary for Foreign Affairs is out of England, one or more of these "silver greyhounds" is constantly travelling to and fro with Royal and official despatches; similarly, when the Prince of Wales is travelling as the Prince of Wales [not when he travels as Count ——] the duties of a Queen's Messenger extend to the conveyance of despatches to and from the Prince.



No. 9.—Captain the Hon. HUGH H. HARE, Queen's Messenger.
From a Photo. by Abdullah Frères, Constantinople.

The 8.15 p.m. Continental mail from Charing Cross is the train most used by Queen's Messengers for setting out on their journeys, and sometimes when political affairs are strained, and when there is a high degree of diplomatic pressure, as in January last, a scanty "grace" of ten minutes or so is allowed for the departing courier to catch this 8.15 train to the Continent. In the case of illness or accident interfering with the fulfilment of his duty by a Q.M., one of the Foreign Office clerks would be sent with the despatches if no other Queen's Messenger were immediately available; and a Park Lane physician is retained by the Foreign Office for special service in connection with the Queen's Foreign Messenger Service.

Some of the incidents I have narrated show that the bearers of these important despatches—which, as I have already stated, are not in cipher—must not only be well supplied with ready money for travelling expenses, but that they must have considerable latitude allowed to them as regards the mode of travelling, especially when on urgent business. I asked one of the Messengers if members of the corps were allowed by the Regulations to charter a special train or a special steamer, and his answer was: "Yes, if there's cause for it, but if we engage a special train without due necessity, we have the pleasure of paying for it ourselves." The late Major Byng Hall was no less famous as a collector of works of art and of curios than as a Queen's Messenger. His house at Petersham was stored with the fruits of his many travels, and, in No. 10, I show a picture of the gallant Major surrounded by his treasures.

As regards the future of this very interesting Queen's Foreign Message Service, it may be safely said that so long as we have diplomatists to look after our interests abroad, so long shall we have Queen's Messengers. But if a time should come when Ambassadors are improved out of existence, why then we shall have no despatches to send to them. It may be that the Foreign Secretary of State will, at some future date, sit in his chair at Downing Street, surrounded by Continental telephone tubes, and, speaking an International volapuk, will personally settle with Foreign States all those affairs which are now handled by our Ambassadors abroad: meanwhile, and until this ideal state of things is realized, the "Silver Greyhounds" of the Foreign Office will continue to perform their many journeys, and to combine with the fulfilment of their duties the very important capacity of "being silent in five languages"—a gift of the highest value to a Queen's Messenger.

No. 10.—The late Major H. Byng Hall, Queen's Messenger, surrounded by the fruits of his many travels.

Rodney Stone.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HOPE OF ENGLAND.

MY uncle drove for some time in silence, but I was conscious that his eye was always coming round to me, and I had an uneasy conviction that he was already beginning to ask himself whether he could make anything of me, or whether he had been betrayed into an indiscretion when he had allowed his sister to persuade him to show her son something of the grand world in which he lived.

"You sing, don't you, nephew?" he asked, suddenly.

"Yes, sir, a little."

"A baritone, I should fancy?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your mother tells me that you play the fiddle. These things will be of service to you with the Prince. Music runs in his family. Your education has been what you could get at a village school. Well, you are not examined in Greek roots in polite society, which is lucky for some of us. It is as well just to have a tag or two of Horace or Virgil: 'sub tegmine fagi,' or 'habet fœnum in cornu,' which gives a flavour to one's conversation like the touch of garlic in a salad. It is not *bon ton* to be learned, but it is a graceful thing to indicate that you have forgotten a good deal. Can you write verse?"

"I fear not, sir."

"A small book of rhymes may be had for half a crown. Vers de Société are a great assistance to a young man. If you have the ladies on your side, it does not matter whom you have against you. You must learn to open a door, to enter a room, to present a snuff-box, raising the lid with the forefinger of the hand in which you hold it. You must acquire the bow for a man, with its necessary touch of dignity, and that for a lady, which cannot be too humble, and should still contain the least suspicion of abandon. You must cultivate a manner with women which shall be deprecating and yet audacious. Have you any eccentricity?"

It made me laugh, the easy way in which he asked the question, as if it were a most natural thing to possess.

"You have a pleasant, catching laugh, at all events," said he. "But an eccentricity is very *bon ton* at present, and if you feel any leaning towards one, I should certainly advise you to let it run its course. Peterham would have remained a mere peer all his life had it not come out that he had a snuff-box for every day in the year, and that he had caught cold through a mistake of his valet, who sent him out on a bitter winter day with a thin Sèvres china box instead of a thick tortoiseshell. That brought him out of the ruck, you see, and people remember him. Even some small characteristic, such as having an apricot tart on your sideboard all the year round, or putting your candle out at night by stuffing it under your pillow, serves to separate you from your neighbour. In my own case, it is my precise judgment upon matters of dress and decorum which has placed me where I am. I do not profess to follow a law. I set one. For example, I am taking you to-day to see the Prince in a nankeen vest. What do you think will be the consequence of that?"

My fears told me that it might be my own very great discomfiture, but I did not say so.

"Why, the night coach will carry the news to London. It will be in Brookes's and White's to-morrow morning. Within a week St. James's Street and the Mall will be full of nankeen waistcoats. A most painful incident happened to me once. My cravat came undone in the street, and I actually walked from Carlton House to Watier's in Bruton Street with the two ends hanging loose. Do you suppose it shook my position? The same evening there were dozens of young bloods walking the streets of London with their cravats loose. If I had not re-arranged mine there would not be one tied in the whole kingdom now, and a great art would have been prematurely lost. You have not yet began to practise it?"

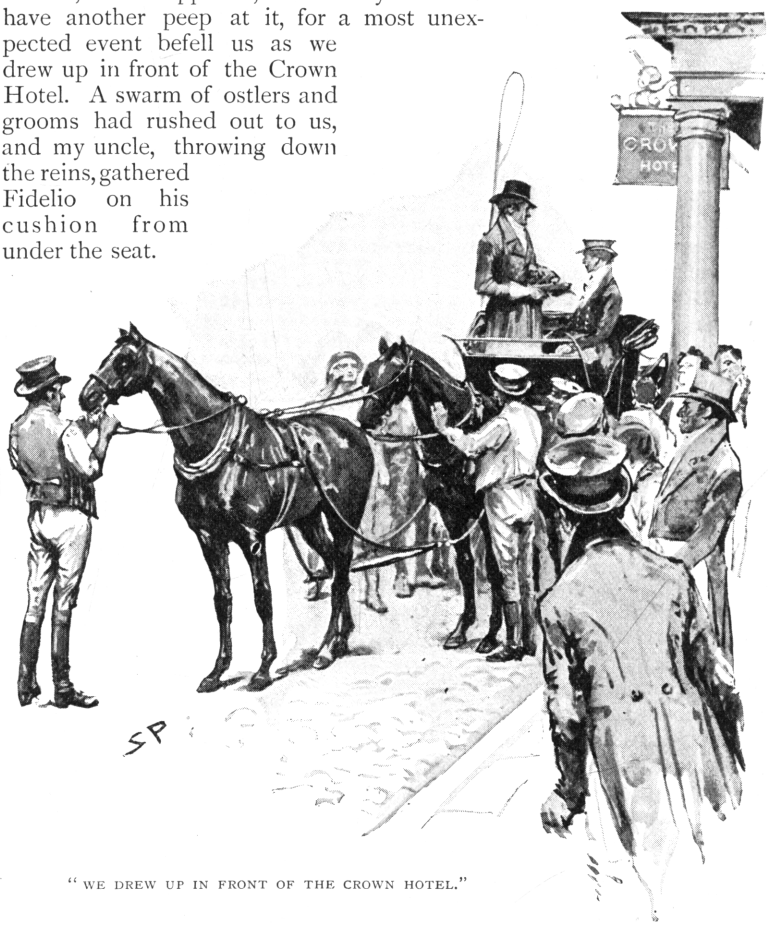
I confessed that I had not.

"You should begin now in your youth. I will myself teach you the *coup d'archet*. By using a few hours in each day which would otherwise be wasted, you may hope to have excellent cravats in middle life. The whole knack lies in pointing your chin to the sky, and then arranging your folds by the gradual descent of your lower jaw."

When my uncle spoke like this there was always that dancing, mischievous light in his large blue eyes, which showed me that this

humour of his was a conscious eccentricity, depending, as I believe, upon a natural fastidiousness of taste, but wilfully driven to grotesque lengths for the very reason which made him recommend me also to develop some peculiarity of my own. When I thought of the way in which he had spoken of his unhappy friend, Lord Avon, upon the evening before, and of the emotion which he showed as he told the horrible story, I was glad to think that there was the heart of a man there, however much it might please him to conceal it.

And, as it happened, I was very soon to have another peep at it, for a most unexpected event befell us as we drew up in front of the Crown Hotel. A swarm of ostlers and grooms had rushed out to us, and my uncle, throwing down the reins, gathered Fidelio on his cushion from under the seat.



"WE DREW UP IN FRONT OF THE CROWN HOTEL."

"Ambrose," he cried, "you may take Fidelio."

But there came no answer. The seat behind was unoccupied. Ambrose was gone.

We could hardly believe our eyes when we alighted and found that it was really so. He had most certainly taken his seat there at Friar's Oak, and from there on we had come without a break as fast as the mares could travel. Where, then, could he have vanished to?

"He's fallen off in a fit!" cried my uncle. "I'd drive back, but the Prince is expecting us. Where's the landlord? Here, Coppinger, send your best man back to Friar's Oak as fast as his horse can go, to find news of my valet, Ambrose. See that no pains be spared. Now, nephew, we shall lunch, and then go up to the Pavilion."

My uncle was much disturbed by the strange loss of his valet, the more so as it was his custom to go through a whole series of washings and changings after even the shortest journey. For my own part, mindful of my mother's advice, I carefully brushed the dust from my clothes and made myself as neat as possible. My heart was down in the soles of my little silver-buckled shoes now that I had the immediate prospect of meeting so great and terrible a person as the Prince of Wales. I had seen his flaring yellow barouche flying through Friar's Oak many a time, and had halloaed and waved my hat with the others as it passed, but never in my wildest dreams had it entered my head that I should ever be called upon to look him in the face and answer his questions. My mother had taught me to regard him with reverence, as one of those whom God had placed to rule over us, but my uncle laughed when I told him of her teaching.

"You are old enough to see things as they are, nephew," said he, "and your knowledge of them is the badge that you are in that inner circle where I mean to place you. There is no one who knows the Prince

better than I do, and there is no one who trusts him less. A stranger contradiction of qualities was never gathered under one hat. He is a man who is always in a hurry, and yet has never anything to do. He fusses about things with which he has no concern, and he neglects every obvious duty. He is generous to those who have no claim upon him, but he has ruined his tradesmen by refusing to pay his just debts. He is affectionate to casual acquaintances, but he dislikes his father, loathes his mother, and is not on speaking terms with his wife. He claims to be the first gentleman of England, but the gentlemen of England have responded by blackballing his friends at their clubs, and by warning him off from Newmarket under suspicion of having tampered with a horse. He spends his days in uttering noble sentiments, and contradicting them by ignoble actions. He tells stories of his own doings which are so grotesque that they can only be explained by the madness which runs in his blood. And yet with all this, he can be courteous, dignified and kindly upon occasion, and I have seen an impulsive goodheartedness in the man which has made me overlook faults which come mainly from his being placed in a position which no one upon this earth was ever less fitted to fill. But this is between ourselves, nephew; and now you will come with me and you will form an opinion for yourself."

"MY UNCLE STALKED ALONG WITH GREAT DIGNITY."

It was but a short walk, and yet it took us some time, for my uncle stalked along with great dignity, his lace-bordered handkerchief in one hand, and his cane with the clouded amber head dangling from the other. Everyone that we met seemed to know him, and their hats flew from their heads as we passed. He took little notice of these greetings save to give a nod to one, or to slightly raise his forefinger to another. It chanced, however, that as we turned into the Pavilion Grounds, we met a magnificent team of four coal-black horses, driven by a rough-looking, middle-aged fellow in an old, weather-stained cape. There was nothing that I could see to distinguish him from any professional driver, save that he was chatting very freely with a dainty little woman who was perched on the box beside him.

"Halloa, Charlie! Good drive down?" he cried.

My uncle bowed and smiled to the lady.

"Broke it at Friar's Oak," said he. "I've my light curricle and two new mares, half thorough bred, half Cleveland bay."

"What d'ye think of my team of blacks?" cried the other.

"Yes, Sir Charles, what d'ye think of them? Ain't they damnation smart?" cried the little woman.

"Plenty of power. Good horses for the Sussex clay. Too thick about the fetlocks for me. I like to travel."

"Travel!" cried the woman, with extraordinary vehemence. "Why, what the——" and she broke into such language as I had never heard from a man's lips before. "We'd start with our swingle-bars touching, and we'd have your dinner ordered, cooked, laid and eaten before you were there to claim it."

"By George, yes, Letty is right!" cried the man. "D'you start to-morrow?"

"Yes, Jack."

"Well, I'll make you an offer. Look ye here, Charlie! I'll spring my cattle from the Castle Square at quarter before nine. You can follow as the clock strikes. I've double the horses and double the weight. If you so much as see me before we cross

Westminster Bridge, I'll pay you a cool hundred. If not, it's my money—play or pay. Is it a match?"

"Very good," said my uncle, and, raising his hat, he led the way into the grounds. As I followed, I saw the woman take the reins, while the man looked after us, and squirted a jet of tobacco-juice from between his teeth in coachman fashion.

"That's Sir John Lade," said my uncle, "one of the richest men and best whips in England. There isn't a professional on the road that can handle either his tongue or his ribbons better; but his wife, Lady Letty, is his match with the one or the other."

"It was dreadful to hear her," said I.

"Oh, it's her eccentricity. We all have them, and she amuses the Prince. Now, nephew, keep close at my elbow, and have your eyes open and your mouth shut."

Two lines of magnificent red and gold footmen who guarded the door bowed deeply as my uncle and I passed between them, he with his head in the air and a manner as if he entered into his own, whilst I tried to look assured though my heart was beating thin and fast. Within there was a high and large hall, ornamented with Eastern decorations, which harmonized with the domes and minarets of the exterior. A number of people were moving quietly about, forming into groups and whispering to each other. One of these, a short, burly, red-faced man, full of fuss and self-importance, came hurrying up to my uncle.

"I have de goot news, Sir Charles," said he, sinking his voice as one who speaks of weighty measures. "*Es ist vollendet*—dat is, I have it at last thoroughly done."

"Well, serve it hot," said my uncle, coldly, "and see that the sauces are a little better than when last I dined at Carlton House."

"Ah, mine Gott, you tink I talk of de cuisine. It is de affair of de Prince dat I speak of. Dat is one little *vol-au-vent* dat is worth one hundred tousand pound. Ten per cent. and double to be repaid when de Royal pappa die. *Alles ist fertig.* Goldshmidt of de Hague have took it up, and de Dutch public has subscribe de money."

"God help the Dutch public!" muttered my uncle, as the fat little man bustled off with his news to some new-comer. "That's the Prince's famous cook, nephew. He has not his equal in England for a *filet sauté aux champignons.* He manages his master's money affairs."

"The cook!" I exclaimed, in bewilderment.

"You look surprised, nephew."

"I should have thought that some respectable banking firm——"

My uncle inclined his lips to my ear.

"No respectable house would touch them," he whispered. "Ah, Mellish, is the Prince within?"

"In the private saloon, Sir Charles," said the gentleman addressed.

"Anyone with him?"

"Sheridan and Francis. He said he expected you."

"Then we shall go through."

I followed him through the strangest succession of rooms, full of curious barbaric splendour which impressed me as being very rich and wonderful, though perhaps I should think differently now. Gold and scarlet in arabesque designs gleamed upon the walls, with gilt dragons and monsters writhing along cornices and out of corners. Look where I would, on panel or ceiling, a score of mirrors flashed back the picture of the tall, proud, white-faced man, and the youth who walked so demurely at his elbow. Finally, a footman opened a door, and we found ourselves in the Prince's own private apartment.

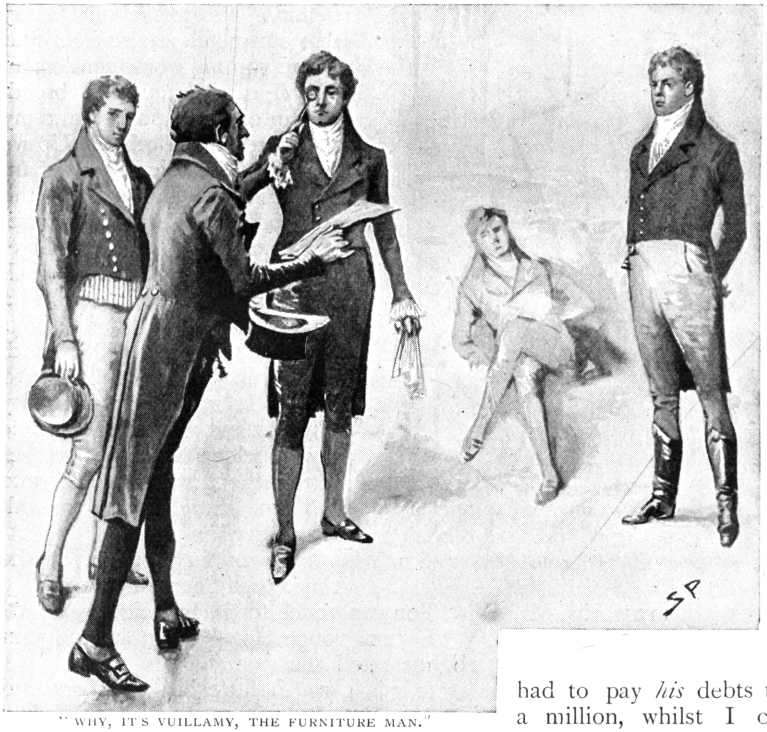
Two gentlemen were lounging in a very easy fashion upon luxurious fauteuils at the further end of the room, and a third stood between them, his thick, well-formed legs somewhat apart and his hands clasped behind him. The sun was shining in upon them through a side-window, and I can see the three faces now—one in the dusk, one in the light, and one cut across by the shadow. Of those at the sides, I recall the reddish nose and dark, flashing eyes of the one, and the hard, austere face of the other, with the high coat-collars and many-wreathed cravats. These I took in at a glance, but it was upon the man in the centre that my gaze was fixed, for this I knew must be the Prince of Wales.

George was then in his forty-first year, and with the help of his tailor and his hairdresser, he might have passed as somewhat less. The sight of him put me at my ease, for he was a merry-looking man, handsome too in a portly, full-blooded way, with laughing eyes and pouting, sensitive lips. His nose was turned upwards, which increased the good-humoured effect of his countenance at the expense of its dignity. His cheeks were pale and sodden like those of a man who lived too well and took too little exercise. He was dressed in a single-breasted black coat buttoned up, a pair of leather pantaloons stretched tightly across his broad thighs, polished Hessian boots, and a huge white neckcloth.

"Halloa, Tregellis!" he cried, in the cheeriest fashion, as my uncle crossed the threshold, and then suddenly the smile faded from his face, and his eyes gleamed with resentment. "What the deuce is this?" he shouted, angrily.

A thrill of fear passed through me as I thought that it was my appearance which had produced this outburst. But his eyes were gazing past us, and glancing round we saw that a man in a brown coat and scratch wig had followed so closely at our heels, that the footmen had let him pass under the impression that he was of our party. His face was very red, and the folded blue paper which he carried in his hand shook and crackled in his excitement.

"Why, it's Vuillamy, the furniture man,"



"WHY, IT'S VUILLAMY, THE FURNITURE MAN."

cried the Prince. "What, am I to be dunned in my own private room? Where's Mellish? Where's Townshend? What the deuce is Tom Tring doing?"

"I wouldn't have intruded, your Royal Highness, but I must have the money—or even a thousand on account would do."

"Must have it, must you, Vuillamy? That's a fine word to use. I pay my debts in my own time, and I'm not to be bullied. Turn him out, footman! Take him away!"

"If I don't get it by Monday, I shall be in your papa's Bench," wailed the little man, and as the footman led him out we could hear him, amidst shouts of laughter, still protesting that he would wind up in "papa's Bench."

"That's the very place for a furniture man," said the man with the red nose.

"It should be the longest bench in the world, Sherry," answered the Prince, "for a good many of his subjects will want seats on it. Very glad to see you back, Tregellis, but you must really be more careful what you bring in upon your skirts. It was only yesterday that we had an infernal Dutchman here howling about some arrears of interest and the deuce knows what. 'My good fellow,' said I, 'as long as the Commons starve me, I have to starve you,' and so the matter ended."

"I think, sir, that the Commons would respond now if the matter were fairly put before them by Charlie Fox or myself," said Sheridan.

The Prince burst out against the Commons with an energy of hatred that one would scarce expect from that chubby, good-humoured face.

"Why, curse them!" he cried. "After all their preaching and throwing my father's model life, as they called it, in my teeth, they had to pay *his* debts to the tune of nearly a million, whilst I can't get a hundred thousand out of them. And look at all they've done for my brothers! York is Commander-in-Chief. Clarence is Admiral. What am I? Colonel of a paltry dragoon regiment under the orders of my own younger brother. It's my mother that's at the bottom of it all. She always tried to hold me back. But what's this you've brought, Tregellis, eh?"

My uncle put his hand on my sleeve and led me forward.

"This is my sister's son, sir; Rodney Stone by name," said he. "He is coming with me

to London, and I thought it right to begin by presenting him to your Royal Highness."

"Quite right! Quite right!" said the Prince, with a good-natured smile, patting me in a friendly way upon the shoulder. "Is your mother living?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"If you are a good son to her you will never go wrong. And, mark my words, Mr. Rodney Stone, you should honour the King, love your country, and uphold the glorious British Constitution."

"IF YOU ARE A GOOD SON TO HER YOU WILL NEVER GO WRONG."

When I thought of the energy with which he had just been cursing the House of Commons, I could scarce keep from smiling, and I saw Sheridan put his hand up to his lips.

"You have only to do this, to show a regard for your word, and to keep out of debt in order to insure a happy and respected life. What is your father, Mr. Stone? Royal Navy! Well, it is a glorious service. I have had a touch of it myself. Did I ever tell you how we laid aboard the French sloop of war *Minerve*—eh, Tregellis?"

"No, sir," said my uncle. Sheridan and Francis exchanged glances behind the Prince's back.

"She was flying her tricolour out there within sight of my pavilion windows. Never saw such monstrous impudence in my life! It would take a man of less mettle than me to stand it. Out I went in my little cock-boat—you know my sixty-ton yawl, Charlie?—with two four-pounders on each side and a six-pounder in the bows."

"Well, sir! Well, sir! And what then, sir?" cried Francis, who appeared to be an irascible, rough-tongued man.

"You will permit me to tell the story in my own way, Sir Phillip," said the Prince, with dignity. "I was about to say that our metal was so light that I give you my word, gentlemen, that I carried my port broadside in one coat pocket, and my starboard in the other. Up we came to the big Frenchman, took her fire, and scraped the paint off her before we let drive. But it was no use. By George, gentlemen, our balls just stuck in her timbers like stones in a mud wall. She had her nettings up, but we scrambled aboard, and at it we went hammer and anvil. It was a sharp twenty minutes, but we beat her people down below, made the hatches fast on them, and towed her into Seaham. Surely you were with us, Sherry?"

"I was in London at the time," said Sheridan, gravely.

"You can vouch for it, Francis!"

"I can vouch to having heard your Highness tell the story."

"It was a rough little bit of cutlass and pistol work. But, for my own part, I like the rapier. It's a gentleman's weapon. You heard of my bout with the Chevalier d'Eon? I had him at my sword-point for forty minutes at Angelo's. He was one of the best blades in Europe, but I was a little too supple in the wrist for him. 'I thank God there was a button on your Highness's foil,' said he, when we had finished our breather. By the way, you're a bit of a duellist yourself, Tregellis. How often have you been out?"

"I used to go when I needed exercise," said my uncle, carelessly. "But I have

taken to tennis now instead. A painful incident happened the last time that I was out, and it sickened me of it."

"You killed your man——?"

"No, no, sir, it was worse than that. I had a coat that Weston has never equalled. To say that it fitted me is not to express it. It *was* me—like the hide on a horse. I've had sixty from him since, but he could never approach it. The sit of the collar brought tears into my eyes, sir, when first I saw it, and as to the waist——"

"But the duel, Tregellis!" cried the Prince.

"Well, sir, I wore it at the duel, like the thoughtless fool that I was. It was Major Hunter of the Guards, with whom I had had a little *tracasserie*, because I hinted that he should not come into Brookes's smelling of the stables. I fired first and missed. He fired, and I shrieked in despair. 'He's hit! A surgeon! A surgeon!' they cried. 'A tailor! A tailor!' said I, for there was a double hole through the tails of my masterpiece. No, it was past all repair. You may laugh, sir, but I'll never see the like of it again."

I had seated myself on a settee in the corner, upon the Prince's invitation, and very glad I was to remain quiet and unnoticed, listening to the talk of these men. It was all in the same extravagant vein, garnished with many senseless oaths; but I observed this difference, that, whereas my uncle and Sheridan had something of humour in their exaggeration, Francis tended always to ill-nature, and the Prince to self-glorification. Finally, the conversation turned to music—I am not sure that my uncle did not artfully bring it there, and the Prince, hearing from him of my tastes, would have it that I should then and there sit down at the wonderful little piano, all inlaid with mother-of-pearl, which stood in the corner, and play him the accompaniment to his song. It was called, as I remember, "The Briton Conquers but to Save," and he rolled it out in a very fair bass voice, the others joining into the chorus, and clapping vigorously when he finished.

"Bravo, Mr. Stone," said he; "you have an excellent touch, and I know what I am talking about when I speak of music. Cramer of the opera said only the other day that he had rather hand his bâton to me than to any amateur in England. Halloa, it's Charlie Fox, by all that's wonderful!"

He had run forward with much warmth and was shaking the hand of a singular-looking person who had just entered the room. The new-comer was a stout, square-built man, plainly and almost carelessly dressed, with an uncouth manner and a rolling gait. His age might have been something over fifty, and his swarthy, harshly-featured face was already deeply lined either by his years or by his excesses. I have never in all my life seen a countenance in which the angel and the devil were more obviously wedded. Above, was the high, broad forehead of the philosopher, with keen, humorous eyes looking out from under thick, strong brows. Below, was the heavy jowl of the sensualist curving in a broad crease over his cravat. That brow was the brow of the public Charles Fox, the thinker, the philanthropist, the man who rallied and led the Liberal party during the twenty most hazardous years of its existence. That jaw was the jaw of the private Charles Fox, the gambler, the libertine, the drunkard. Yet to his sins he never added the crowning one of hypocrisy. His vices were as open as his virtues. In some quaint freak of Nature, two spirits seemed to have been joined in one body, and the same frame to contain the best and the worst man of his age.

"I've run down from Chertsey, sir, just to shake you by the hand, and to make sure that the Tories have not carried you off."

"Hang it, Charlie, you know that I sink or swim with my friends! A Whig I started, and a Whig I shall remain."

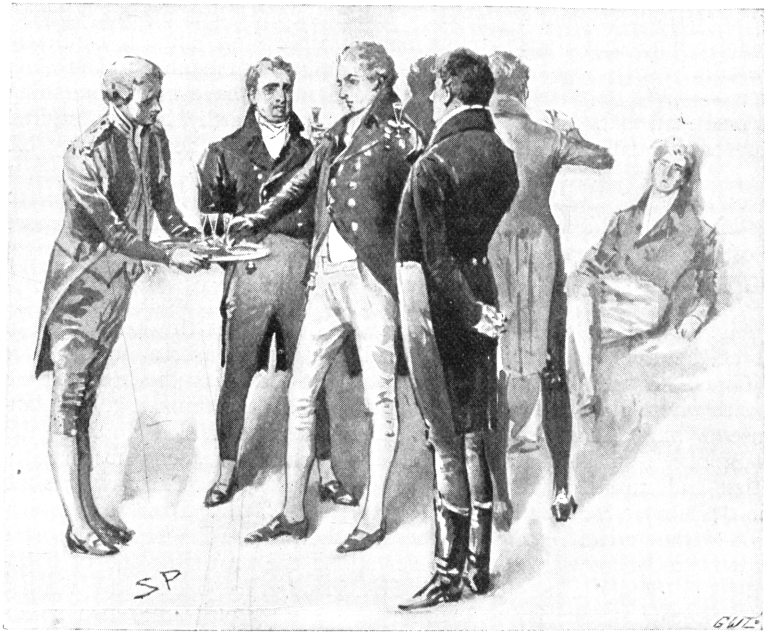
I thought that I could read upon Fox's dark face that he was by no means so confident about the Prince's principles.

"Pitt has been at you, sir, I understand?"

"Yes, confound him! I hate the sight of that sharp-pointed snout of his which he wants to be ever poking into my affairs. He and Addington have been boggling about the debts again. Why, look ye, Charlie, if Pitt held me in contempt he could not behave different."

I gathered from the smile which flitted over Sheridan's expressive face that this was exactly what Pitt did do. But straightway they all plunged into politics, varied by the drinking of sweet-maraschino which a footman brought round upon a salver. The King, the Queen, the Lords, and the Commons were each in succession cursed by the Prince, in spite of the excellent advice which he had given me about the British Constitution.

"Why, they allow me so little that I can't look after my own people. There are a dozen annuities to old servants and the like, and it's all I can do to scrape the money



"THEY ALL PLUNGED INTO POLITICS."

together to pay them. However, my——" he pulled himself up and coughed in a consequential way—"my financial agent has arranged for a loan, repayable upon the King's death. This liqueur isn't good for either of us, Charlie. We're both getting monstrous stout."

"I can't get any exercise for the gout," said Fox.

"I am blooded fifty ounces a month, but the more I take the more I make. You wouldn't think, to look at us, Tregellis, that we could do what we have done. We've had some days and nights together, Charlie!"

Fox smiled and shook his head.

"You remember how we posted to Newmarket before the races. We took a public coach, Tregellis, clapped the postillions into the rumble, and jumped on to their places. Charlie rode the leader and I the wheeler. One fellow wouldn't let us through his turnpike, and Charlie hopped off, and had his coat off in a minute. The fellow thought he had to do with a fighting man, and soon cleared the way for us."

"By the way, sir, speaking of fighting men, I give a supper to the Fancy at the 'Waggon and Horses' on Friday next," said my uncle. "If you should chance to be in town, they would think it a great honour if you should condescend to look in upon us."

"I've not seen a fight since I saw Tom Tyne, the tailor, kill Earl fourteen years ago. I swore off then, and you know me as a man of my word, Tregellis. Of course, I've been at the ringside *incog.* many a time, but never as the Prince of Wales."

"We should be vastly honoured if you would come *incog.* to our supper, sir."

"Well, well, Sherry, make a note of it. We'll be at Carlton House on Friday. The Prince can't come, you know, Tregellis, but you might reserve a chair for the Earl of Chester."

"Sir, we shall be proud to see the Earl of Chester there," said my uncle.

"By the way, Tregellis," said Fox, "there's some rumour about your having a sporting bet with Sir Lothian Hume. What's the truth of it?"

"Only a small matter of a couple of thous to a thou, he giving the odds. He has a fancy to this new Gloucester man, Crab Wilson, and I'm to find a man to beat him. Anything under twenty or over thirty-five, at or about thirteen stone."

"You take Charlie Fox's advice, then," cried the Prince. "When it comes to handicapping a horse, playing a hand, matching a cock, or picking a man, he has the best judgment in England. Now, Charlie, whom have we upon the list who can beat Crab Wilson, of Gloucester?"

I was amazed at the interest and knowledge which all these great people showed about the ring, for they not only had the deeds of the principal men of the time—Belcher, Mendoza, Jackson, or Dutch Sam—at their fingers' ends, but there was no fighting man so obscure that they did not know the details of his deeds and prospects. The old ones and then the young were discussed—their weight, their gameness, their hitting power, and their constitution. Who, as he saw Sheridan and Fox eagerly arguing as to whether Caleb Baldwin, the Westminster costermonger, could hold his own with Isaac Bittoon, the Jew, would have guessed that

the one was the deepest political philosopher in Europe, and that the other would be remembered as the author of the wittiest comedy and of the finest speech of his generation?

The name of Champion Harrison came very early into the discussion, and Fox, who had a high idea of Crab Wilson's powers, was of opinion that my uncle's only chance lay in the veteran taking the field again. "He may be slow on his pins, but he fights with his head, and he hits like the kick of a horse. When he finished Black Baruk the man flew across the outer ring as well as the inner, and fell among the spectators. If he isn't absolutely stale, Tregellis, he is your best chance."

My uncle shrugged his shoulders.

"If poor Avon were here we might do something with him, for he was Harrison's first patron, and the man was devoted to him. But his wife is too strong for me. And now, sir, I must leave you, for I have had the misfortune to-day to lose the best valet in England, and I must make inquiry for him. I thank your Royal Highness for your kindness in receiving my nephew in so gracious a fashion."

"Till Friday, then," said the Prince, holding out his hand. "I have to go up to town in any case, for there is a poor devil of an East India Company's officer who has written to me in his distress. If I can raise a few hundreds, I shall see him and set things right for him. Now, Mr. Stone, you have your life before you, and I hope it will be one which your uncle may be proud of. You will honour the King and show respect for the Constitution, Mr. Stone. And, hark ye, you will avoid debt and bear in mind that your honour is a sacred thing."

So I carried away a last impression of his sensual, good-humoured face, his high cravat, and his broad leather thighs. Again we passed the strange rooms, the gilded monsters, and the gorgeous footmen, and it was with relief that I found myself out in the open air once more, with the broad blue sea in front of us, and the fresh evening breeze upon our faces.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BRIGHTON ROAD.

My uncle and I were up betimes next morning, but he was much out of temper, for no news had been heard of his valet Ambrose. He had indeed become like one of those ants of which I have read, who are so accustomed to be fed by smaller ants that when they are left to themselves they die of hunger. It was only by the aid of a man whom the landlord procured, and of Fox's valet, who had been sent expressly across, that his toilet was at last performed.

"I must win this race, nephew," said he, when we had finished breakfast; "I can't afford to be beat. Look out of the window and see if the Lades are there."

"I see a red four-in-hand in the square, and there is a crowd round it. Yes, I see the lady upon the box seat."

"Is our tandem out?"

"It is at the door."

"Come, then, and you shall have such a drive as you never had before."

He stood at the door pulling on his long brown driving gauntlets and giving his orders to the ostlers.

"Every ounce will tell," said he. "We'll leave that dinner-basket behind. And you can keep my dog for me, Coppinger. You know him and understand him. Let him have his warm milk and curaçoa the same as usual. Whoa, my darlings, you'll have your fill of it before you see Westminster Bridge."

"Shall I put in the toilet case?" asked the landlord.

I saw the struggle upon my uncle's face, but he was true to his principles.

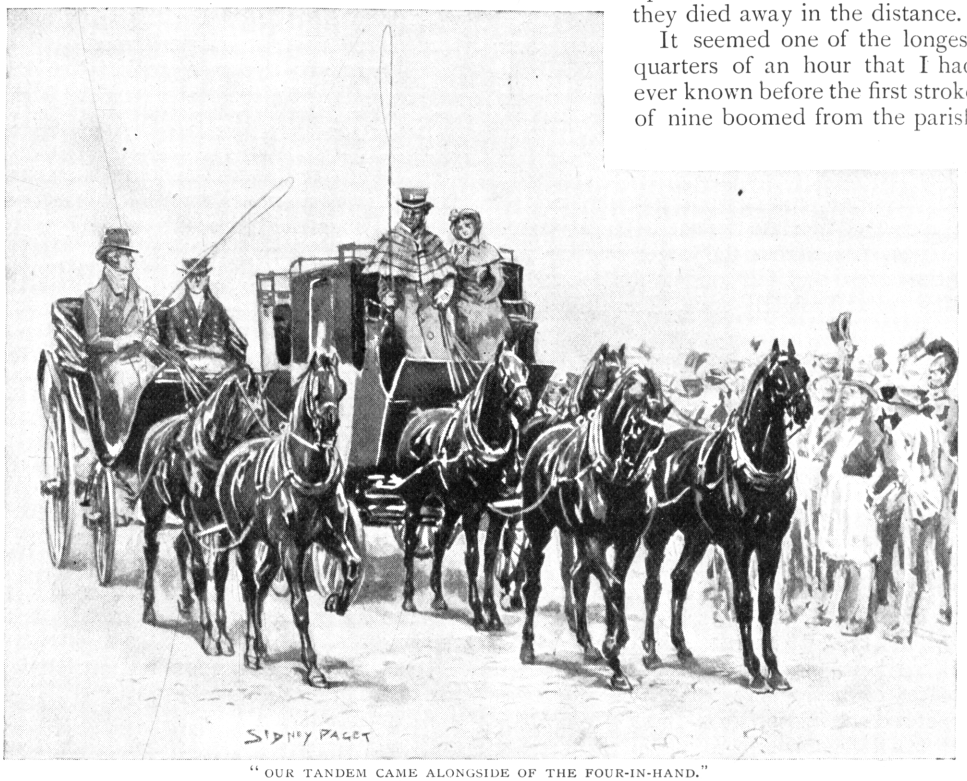
"Put it under the seat—the front seat," said he. "Nephew, you must keep your weight as far forward as possible. Can you do anything on a yard of tin? Well, if you can't, we'll leave the trumpet. Buckle that girth up, Thomas. Have you greased the hubs, as I told you? Well, jump up, nephew, and we'll see them off."

Quite a crowd had gathered in the Old Square: men and women, dark-coated tradesmen, bucks from the Prince's Court, and officers from Hove, all in a buzz of excitement; for Sir John Lade and my uncle were two of the most famous whips of the time, and a match between them was a thing to talk of for many a long day.

"The Prince will be sorry to have missed the start," said my uncle. "He doesn't show before mid-day. Ah, Jack, good-morning! Your servant, madam! It's a fine day for a little bit of waggoning."

As our tandem came alongside of the four-in-hand, with the two bonny bay mares gleaming like shot-silk in the sunshine, a murmur of admiration rose from the crowd. My uncle in his fawn-coloured driving-coat, with all his harness of the same tint, looked the ideal of a Corinthian whip;

while Sir John Lade, with his many-caped coat, his white hat, and his rough, weather-beaten face, might have taken his seat with



"OUR TANDEM CAME ALONGSIDE OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND."

a line of professionals upon any alehouse bench without anyone being able to pick him out as one of the wealthiest landowners in England. It was an age of eccentricity, but he had carried his peculiarities to a length which surprised even the out-and-outers by marrying the sweetheart of a famous highwayman when the gallows had come between her and her lover. She was perched by his side, looking very smart in a flowered bonnet and a grey travelling dress, while in front of them the four splendid coal-black horses, with a flickering touch of gold upon their powerful, well-curved quarters, were pawing the dust in their eagerness to be off.

"It's a hundred that you don't see us before Westminster with quarter of an hour's start," said Sir John.

"I'll take you another hundred that we pass you," answered my uncle.

"Very good. Time's up. Good-bye!" He gave a *tchk* of the tongue, shook his reins, saluted with his whip, in true coachman's style, and away he went, taking the curve out of the square in a workmanlike fashion that fetched a cheer from the crowd. We heard the dwindling roar of his wheels upon the cobblestones until they died away in the distance.

It seemed one of the longest quarters of an hour that I had ever known before the first stroke of nine boomed from the parish clock. For my part, I was fidgeting in my seat in my impatience, but my uncle's calm, pale face and large, blue eyes were as tranquil and demure as those of the most unconcerned spectator. He was keenly on the alert, however, and it seemed to me that the stroke of the clock and the thong of his whip fell together—not in a blow, but in a sharp snap over the leader, which sent us flying with a jingle and a rattle upon our fifty miles journey. I heard a roar from behind us, saw the gliding lines of windows with staring faces and waving handkerchiefs, and then we were off the stones and on to the good white road which curved away in front of us, with the sweep of the green downs upon either side.

I had been provided with shillings that the turnpike-gate might not stop us, but my uncle reined in the mares and took them at a very easy trot up all the heavy stretch which ends in Clayton Hill. He let them go then, and we flashed through Friar's Oak and across St. John's Common without more than catching a glimpse of the yellow cottage

which contained all that I loved best. Never have I travelled at such a pace, and never have I felt such a sense of exhilaration from the rush of keen upland air upon our faces, and from the sight of those two glorious creatures stretched to their utmost, with the roar of their hoofs and the rattle of our wheels as the light curricle bounded and swayed behind them.

"It's a long four miles uphill from here to Hand Cross," said my uncle, as we flew through Cuckfield. "I must ease them a bit, for I cannot afford to break the hearts of my cattle. They have the right blood in them, and they would gallop until they dropped if I were brute enough to let them. Stand up on the seat, nephew, and see if you can get a glimpse of them."

I stood up, steadying myself upon my uncle's shoulder, but though I could see for a mile, or perhaps a quarter more, there was not a sign of the four-in-hand.

"If he has sprung his cattle up all these hills they'll be spent ere they see Croydon," said he.

"They have four to two," said I.

"*J'en suis bien aisé.* Sir John's black strain makes a good, honest creature, but not fliers like these. There lies Cuckfield Place, where the towers are, yonder. Get your weight right forward on the splashboard now that we are going uphill, nephew. Look at the action of that leader: did ever you see anything more easy and more beautiful?"

We were taking the hill at a quiet trot, but even so, we made the carrier, walking in the shadow of his huge, broad-wheeled, canvas-covered waggon, stare at us in amazement. Close to Hand Cross we passed the Royal Brighton stage, which had left at half-past seven, dragging heavily up the slope, and its passengers, toiling along through the dust behind, gave us a cheer as we whirled by. At Hand Cross we caught a glimpse of the old landlord, hurrying out with his gin and his gingerbread, but the dip of the ground was downwards now, and away we flew as fast as eight gallant hoofs could take us.

"STEADYING MYSELF UPON MY UNCLE'S SHOULDER."

"Do you drive, nephew?"

"Very little, sir."

"There is no driving on the Brighton Road."

"How is that, sir?"

"Too good a road, nephew. I have only to give them their heads, and they will race me into Westminster. It wasn't always so. When I was a very young man one might

learn to handle his twenty yards of tape here as well as elsewhere. There's not much really good waggoning now south of Leicestershire. Show me a man who can hit 'em and hold 'em on a Yorkshire dale-side, and that's the man who comes from the right school."

We had raced over Crawley Down and into the broad main street of Crawley village, flying between two country waggons in a way which showed me that even now a driver might do something on the road. With every turn I peered ahead, looking for our opponents, but my uncle seemed to concern himself very little about them, and occupied himself in giving me advice mixed up with so many phrases of the craft that it was all that I could do to follow him.

"Keep a finger for each, or you will have your reins clubbed," said he. "As to the whip, the less fanning the better if you have willing cattle; but when you want to put a little life into a coach, see that you get your thong on to the one that needs it, and don't let it fly round after you've hit. I've seen a driver warm up the off-side passenger on the roof behind him every time he tried to cut his off-side wheeler. I believe that is their dust over yonder."

A long stretch of road lay before us, barred with the shadows of wayside trees. Through the green fields a lazy blue river was drawing itself slowly along, passing under a bridge in front of us. Beyond was a young fir plantation, and over its olive line there rose a white whirl which drifted swiftly, like a cloud-scud on a breezy day.

"Yes, yes, it's they!" cried my uncle. "No one else would travel as fast. Come, nephew, we're half-way when we cross the mole at Kimberham Bridge, and we've done it in two hours and fourteen minutes. The Prince drove to Carlton House with a three tandem in four hours and a half. The first half is the worst half, and we might cut his time if all goes well. We should make up between this and Reigate."

And we flew. The bay mares seemed to know what that white puff in front of us signified, and they stretched themselves like greyhounds. We passed a phaeton and pair London-bound, and we left it behind as if it had been standing still. Trees, gates, cottages went dancing by. We heard the folks shouting from the fields, under the impression that we were a runaway. Faster and faster yet they raced, the hoofs rattling like castanets, the yellow manes flying, the wheels buzzing, and every joint and rivet creaking and groaning, while the curricle swung and swayed until I found myself clutching to the side-rail. My uncle eased them and glanced at his watch as we saw the grey tiles and dingy red houses of Reigate in the hollow beneath us.

"We did the last six well under twenty minutes," said he. "We've time in hand now, and a little water at the Red Lion will do them no harm. Red four-in-hand passed, ostler?"

"Just gone, sir."

"Going hard?"

"Galloping full split, sir! Took the wheel off a butcher's cart at the corner of the High Street, and was out o' sight before the butcher's boy could see what had hurt him."

Z-z-z-ack! went the long thong, and away we flew once more. It was market day at Redhill, and the road was crowded with carts of produce, droves of bullocks, and farmers' gigs. It was a sight to see how my uncle threaded his way amongst them all. Through the market-place we dashed amidst the shouting of men, the screaming of women, and the scuttling of poultry, and then we were out in the country again, with the long, steep incline of the Redhill Road before us. My uncle waved his whip in the air with a shrill view-halloa.

There was the dust-cloud rolling up the hill in front of us, and through it we had a shadowy peep of the backs of our opponents, with a flash of brass-work and a gleam of scarlet.

"There's half the game won, nephew. Now we must pass them. Hark forrard, my beauties! By George, if Kitty isn't foundered!"

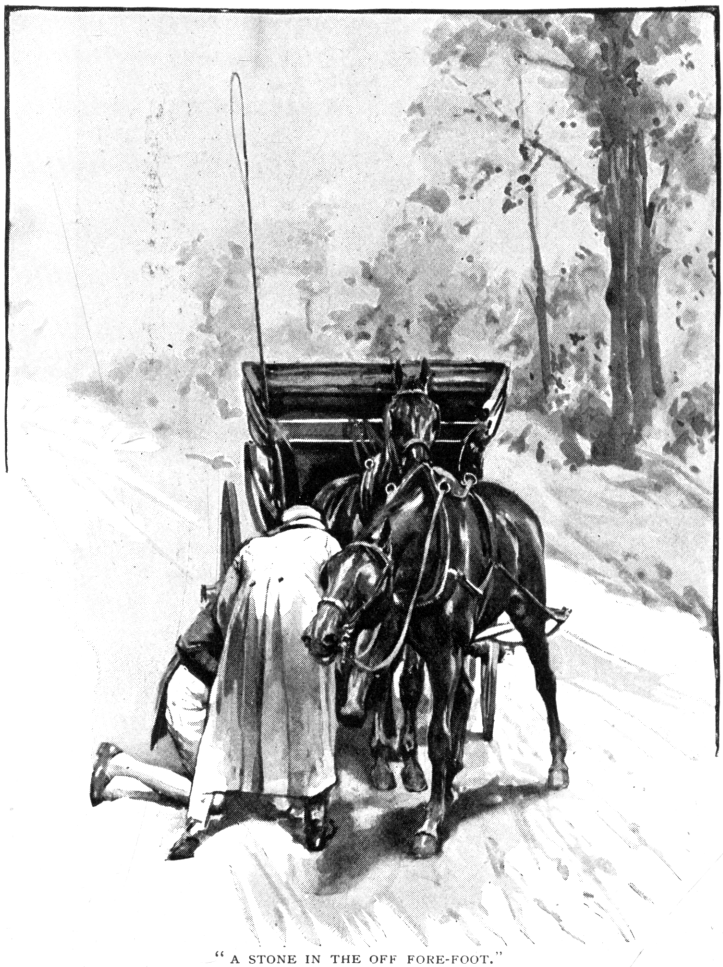
The leader had suddenly gone dead lame. In an instant we were both out of the curricle and on our knees beside her. It was but a stone, wedged between frog and shoe in the off fore-foot, but it was a minute or two before we could wrench it out. When we had regained our places the Lades were round the curve of the hill and out of sight.

"Bad luck!" growled my uncle. "But they can't get away from us!" For the first time he touched the mares up, for he had but cracked the whip over their heads before. "If we catch them in the next few miles we can spare them for the rest of the way."

They were beginning to show signs of exhaustion. Their breath came quick and hoarse, and their beautiful coats were matted with moisture. At the top of the hill, however, they settled down into their swing once more.

"Where on earth have they got to?" cried my uncle. "Can you make them out on the road, nephew?"

We could see a long white ribbon of it,



"A STONE IN THE OFF FORE-FOOT."

all dotted with carts and waggons coming from Croydon to Redhill, but there was no sign of the big red four-in-hand.

"There they are! Stole away! Stole away!" he cried, wheeling the mares round into a side road which struck to the right out of that which we had travelled. "There you are, nephew! On the brow of the hill!"

Sure enough, on the rise of a curve upon our right the four-in-hand had appeared, the horses stretched to the utmost. Our mares laid themselves out gallantly, and the distance between us began slowly to decrease. I found that I could see the black band upon Sir John's white hat, then that I could count the folds of his cape; finally, that I could see the pretty features of his wife as she looked back at us.

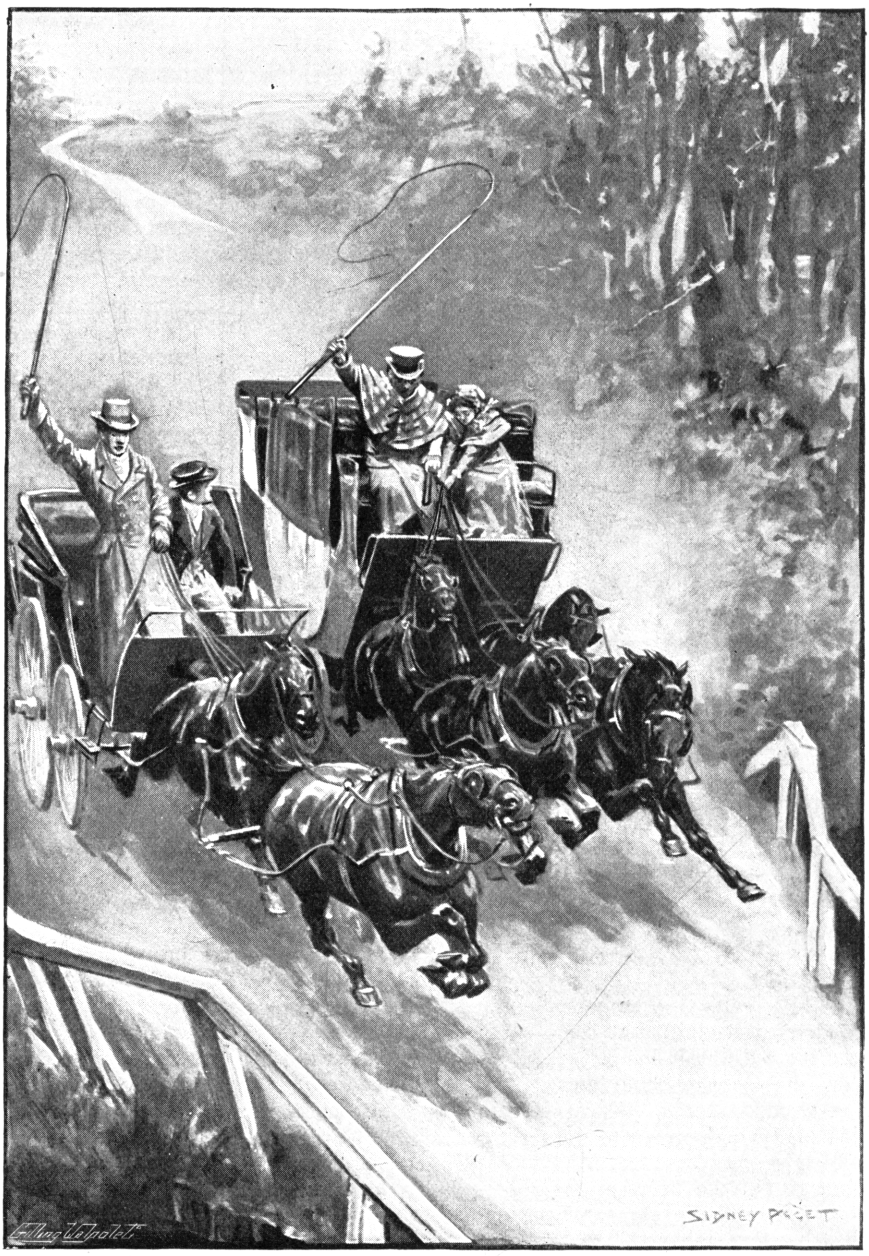
"We're on the side road to Godstone and Warlingham," said my uncle. "I suppose he thought that he could make better time by getting out of the way of the market carts. But we've got the deuce of a hill to come down. You'll see some fun, nephew, or I am mistaken."

As he spoke I suddenly saw the wheels of the four-in-hand disappear, then the body of it, and then the two figures upon the box, so suddenly and abruptly as if it had bumped down the first three steps of some gigantic stairs. An instant later we had reached the same spot, and there was the road beneath us, steep and narrow, winding in long curves into the valley. The four-in-hand was swishing down it as hard as the horses could gallop.

"Thought so!" cried my uncle. "If he doesn't brake, why should I? Now, my darlings, one good spurt, and we'll show them the colour of our tail-board."

We shot over the brow and flew madly down the hill with the great red coach roaring and thundering before us. Already we were in her dust, so that we could see nothing but the dim scarlet blur in the heart of it, rocking and rolling, with its outline hardening at every stride. We could hear the crack of the whip in front of us, and the shrill voice of Lady Lade as she screamed to the horses. My uncle was very quiet, but when I glanced up at him I saw that his lips were set and his eyes shining, with just a little flush upon each pale cheek. There was no need to urge on the mares, for they were already flying at a pace which could neither be stopped nor controlled. Our leader's head came abreast of the off hind wheel, then of the off front one—then for a hundred yards we did not gain an inch, and then with a spurt the bay leader was neck to neck with the black wheeler, and our fore wheel within an inch of their hind one.

"Dusty work!" said my uncle, quietly.



"DOWN WE THUNDERED TOGETHER."

"Fan 'em, Jack! Fan 'em!" shrieked the lady.

He sprang up and lashed at his horses.

"Look out, Tregellis!" he shouted. "There's a damnation spill coming for somebody."

We had got fairly abreast of them now, the rumps of the horses exactly a-line and the fore wheels whizzing together. There was not six inches to spare in the breadth of the road, and every instant I expected to feel the jar of a locking wheel. But now as we came out from the dust we could see what was ahead, and my uncle whistled between his teeth at the sight.

Two hundred yards or so in front of us there was a bridge with wooden posts and rails upon either side. The road narrowed

down at the point, so that it was obvious that the two carriages abreast could not possibly get over. One must give way to the other. Already our wheels were abreast of their wheelers.

"I lead!" shouted my uncle. "You must pull them, Lade!"

"Not I," he roared.

"No, by George!" shrieked her ladyship. "Fan 'em, Jack; keep on fanning 'em!"

It seemed to me that we were all going to eternity together. But my uncle did the only thing that could have saved us. By a desperate effort we might just clear the coach before reaching the mouth of the bridge. He sprang up, and lashed right and left at the mares, who, maddened by the unaccustomed pain, hurled themselves on in a frenzy. Down we thundered together, all shouting, I believe, at the top of our voices in the madness of the moment; but still we were drawing steadily away, and we were almost clear of the leaders when we flew on to the bridge. I glanced back at the coach, and I saw Lady Lade, with her savage little white teeth clenched together, throw herself forward and tug with both hands at the off-side reins.

"Jam them, Jack!" she cried. "Jam the——before they can pass."

Had she done it an instant sooner we should have crashed against the wood-work, carried it away, and been hurled into the deep gully below. As it was, it was not the powerful haunch of the black leader which caught our wheel, but the forequarter, which had not weight enough to turn us from our course. I saw a red wet seam gape suddenly through the black hair, and next instant we were flying alone down the road, whilst the four-in-hand had halted, and Sir John and his lady were down in the road together tending to the wounded horse.

"Easy now, my beauties!" cried my uncle, settling down into his seat again, and looking back over his shoulder. "I could not have believed that Sir John Lade would have been guilty of such a trick as pulling that leader across. I do not permit a *mauvaise plaisanterie* of that sort. He shall hear from me to-night."

"It was the lady," said I.

My uncle's brow cleared, and he began to laugh.

"It was little Letty, was it?" said he. "I might have known it. There's a touch of the late lamented Sixteen-string Jack about the trick. Well, it is only messages of another kind that I send to a lady, so we'll just drive on our way, nephew, and thank our stars that we bring whole bones over the Thames."

We stopped at the Greyhound, at Croydon, where the two good little mares were sponged and petted and fed, after which, at an easier pace, we made our way through Norbury and Streatham. At last the fields grew fewer and the walls longer. The outlying villas closed up thicker and thicker, until their shoulders met, and we were driving between a double line of houses with garish shops at the corners, and such a stream of traffic as I had never seen, roaring down the centre. Then suddenly we were on a broad bridge with a dark coffee-brown river flowing sulkily beneath it, and bluff-bowed barges drifting down upon its bosom. To right and left stretched a broken, irregular line of many-coloured houses winding along either bank as far as I could see.

"That's the House of Parliament, nephew," said my uncle, pointing with his whip, "and the black towers are Westminster Abbey. How do, your Grace? How do? That's the Duke of Norfolk, the stout man in blue upon the swish-tailed mare. Now we are in Whitehall. There's the Treasury on the left, and the Horse Guards, and the Admiralty, where the stone dolphins are carved above the gate."

I had the idea, which a country-bred lad brings up with him, that London was merely a wilderness of houses, but I was astonished now to see the green slopes and the lovely spring trees showing between.

"Yes, those are the Privy Gardens," said my uncle, "and there is the window out of which Charles took his last step on to the scaffold. You wouldn't think the mares had come fifty miles, would you? See how *les petites cheries* step out for the credit of their master. Look at the barouche, with the sharp-featured man peeping out of the window. That's Pitt, going down to the House. We are coming into Pall Mall now, and this great building on the left is Carlton House, the Prince's Palace. There's St. James's, the big, dingy place with the clock, and the two red-coated sentries before it. And here's the famous street of the same name, nephew, which is the very centre of the world, and here's Jermyn Street opening out of it, and finally here's my own little box, and we are well under the five hours from Brighton Old Square.

The Romance of the Museums.

IV.

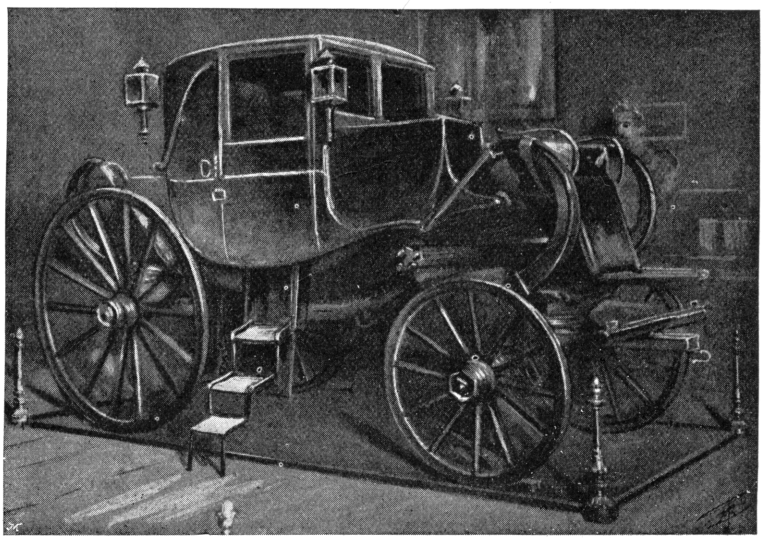
By William G. FitzGerald.

THE bright particular star of the Napoleonic Museum in Madame Tussaud's is the extraordinary carriage depicted on this page. Now, why is not this unique vehicle at South Kensington, instead of in the Marylebone Road? It seems to me that the more essentially popular a relic is, the less inclined are our museum authorities to purchase it. This carriage was built by M. Simon, of Brussels, in the year 1812, and was originally intended by Napoleon for use during the expedition to Russia. It went on to Moscow, and constituted almost the whole equipage, either of the Emperor or of his army, that escaped the disastrous retreat. It afterwards carried Napoleon back to Dresden, and brought him back a second time to France. He used it also in Paris, and it subsequently bore him to the shores of the Mediterranean, and was shipped with him to Elba, and used in all his excursions around the island.

Napoleon would never enter any other vehicle than this. When he planned his bold attempt to regain his throne, the troops were forbidden to take baggage of any kind; but, notwithstanding this, the favourite travelling carriage was carefully shipped and landed at Cannes. Napoleon made his triumphant journey to Paris in it; nor would he quit it for the State carriage that had been dispatched to convey him in triumph to his capital. When he again departed to rejoin his army in the north of France, this carriage again accompanied him, and in it his marvellous political career terminated. It is a curious fact that the fall of Napoleon can be traced to the hour he entered this carriage, which was as fatal to him as was the Chariot of the Sun to Phæton; for, lastly, it bore him to the fatal field of Waterloo.

Now for the description. In colour the carriage is a dark blue, ornamented with gold, with the Imperial arms on the panels. There is a lamp at each corner of the roof and a lamp at the back, throwing a strong light into the interior. The panels are bullet-proof, and behind is a projecting sword-case. The springs are semi-circular, and each seems capable of bearing half a ton. The pole is a lever, by means of which the carriage was kept level on even the most villainous of roads. The interior was adapted to the various purposes of kitchen, bedroom, dressing-room, office, and dining-room. Beneath the front seat was a compartment for utensils of probable utility; and, by the aid of a lamp, anything could be heated in the carriage. And to this day—also beneath the coachman's seat—may be seen a small box, 2½ft. long by 4in. square, holding a polished steel bedstead, in sections, which could be fitted together in a minute or two. The carriage also contained a mahogany liqueur-case, in which was originally some Malaga wine and some Old Tom. There were also innumerable miscellaneous articles of silver; mahogany cases, holding plates; toilet articles, in gold and silver; perfumes; Windsor soap; court plaster; Eau de Cologne; and maps and telescopes. On the ceiling was a network rack for small articles, and inside one of the doors was fixed a pistol holster.

The story of the capture of the carriage is



NAPOLEON'S FAVOURITE CARRIAGE.

most interesting, and for it I am indebted to Mr. John T. Tussaud, whose skill as an artist is only equalled by his boundless *bonhomie*.

At eleven o'clock at night, on the 18th of June, 1815, Major von Keller, an officer under Blucher, arrived at Jenappe, some fifteen miles from that Waterloo which has nothing to do with the South-Western Railway Company. Near the entrance to the town the Major met this carriage, which was rumbling along at a tremendous rate, drawn by six brown horses of Norman breed. The gallant Major, feeling confident that he was intercepting the "God in the Car," called on the coachman to stop, but that silly man, like the Levite in the parable, turned a deaf ear and went his way—or tried to. Not many moments after this the postillion was shot dead, and the two foremost horses were also dropped by well-directed shots. The obstinate coachman was cut down by the Major himself, and the lucky officer then forced open one of the doors of this carriage, only to find, however, that Napoleon had escaped on the other side and had ridden off on horseback. In his haste to escape, however, the Emperor had dropped his hat, sword, and mantle, which were promptly picked up and placed in the carriage—which, by the way, is an almost miraculous example of *multum in parvo*.

Its builder, the M. Simon aforesaid, has publicly stated that most of the wonderful contrivances in this carriage for economizing space and insuring comfort and convenience were suggested by the Emperor himself.

It was a Royal prize—even considering merely the intrinsic worth of its contents. Besides the numerous articles of gold and silver plate taken from the carriage, a lot of diamonds were also found, besides money treasure of enormous value. The carriage, with its four horses, was sent as a present to the Prince Regent. At this time a man of the odious name of Bullock had an exhibition at the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, and after some negotiations he got permission from the Government, first to exhibit the carriage, and then to purchase it.

Bullock bought the carriage from George IV. for the sum of £2,500. It was a good investment, for, in the month of March, 1817, it was stated that the showman had cleared £26,000 by exhibiting the carriage; and the previous year no fewer than 100,000 persons gratified themselves by sitting in it. As a matter of fact, the enthusiasm with which the populace regarded this carriage was so great, that the Government requested Mr. Bullock to exhibit it in every town in the three kingdoms. And, altogether, about 900,000 people paid to see it.

After this "provincial tour," the carriage was sold by auction, the man who bought it intending to exhibit it in the United States; and in this one would think there was a huge fortune. This purchaser was, however, compelled to re-sell the carriage; and, curiously enough, the next owner had the same intention as his predecessor, but failed likewise to carry it out. At last, Mr. Robert Jeffreys, a decent, respectable coachmaker in Gray's Inn Road, took the thing in part payment of a very bad debt. And in the year 1842 it was acquired by the proprietors of Madame Tussaud's.

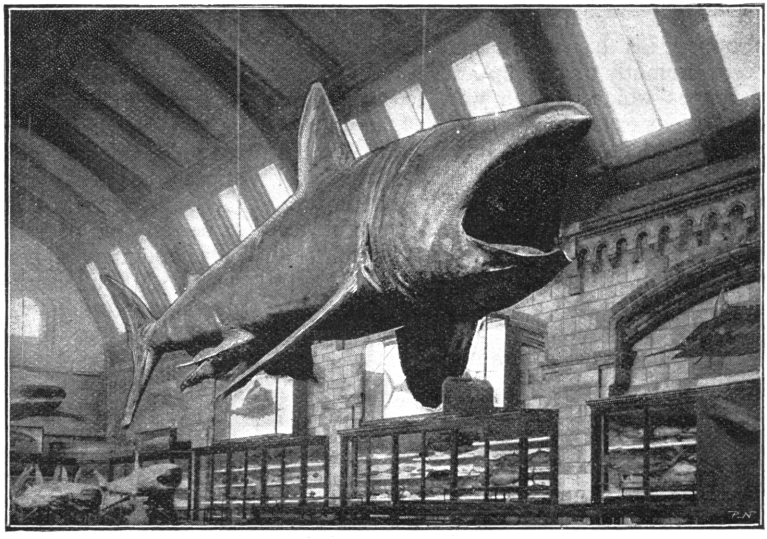
Mr. Tussaud tells me that the original lining of the carriage was all cut away within a year or two by relic-hunters. This necessitated the re-lining of the vehicle, but nothing could appease the desire of the public for scraps of the leather, and the re-lining process has had to be repeated periodically ever since.

"Thousands of people all over the world," remarked Mr. Tussaud to me, "must now be gleefully showing to friends a precious relic which is in reality only a bit of leather, bought at wholesale price from a City warehouse."

This is a massive brass collar, weighing something like 30lb., brought from the very heart of the Congo Free State by the Rev. Harry Grattan Guinness—whom to know is to love—and by him deposited in the very interesting museum of the Congo-Baloto Mission at

THE BRASS COLLAR FROM THE CONGO, SHOWING SHOT-MARK.

Harley House, 53, Bow Road. The story of this collar is as follows: Dr. Grattan Guinness chanced to be some 800 miles in the interior of the Congo some four or five years ago, when he met Major Lothaire, famous in connection with *L'affaire Stokes*. I cannot dwell here on the awful cruelties perpetrated by this man, who pays the wages of his native carriers and servants in trade gin at 2½d. a bottle; and who would wipe out a village for the sake of a few perfect tusks. As a matter of fact, Lothaire's men were sacking and burning a village when Dr. Grattan Guinness arrived on the scene. The wearer of the collar—a young native girl—fled in terror to the Doctor's hut; but, before she could reach cover, her savage pursuers opened fire, one of the balls striking the affrighted fugitive with tremendous force on the extraordinary collar here depicted. Of course, this terrible encumbrance saved her life. It seems that these things are fixed on the native youngsters at an early age, and are considered ornamental in a high degree. This collar was afterwards removed from the girl's neck by a blacksmith, acting under orders from Lothaire himself, who desired the article, probably as a souvenir of a rich haul. A day or two afterwards, however, chancing to meet Dr. Grattan Guinness, the redoutable Major incidentally remarked that he had no boots, whereupon the Doctor promptly suggested that if Lothaire would make over to him the shot-marked brass collar he would make him a present of a pair of military riding-boots. The exchange was soon effected, and the gentle, courteous Doctor took the relic home with him.

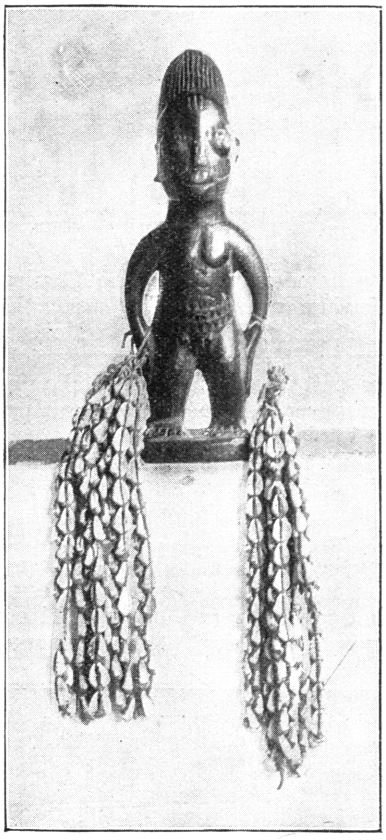


THE BASKING SHARK CAST ASHORE AT SHANKLIN.

Now turn your attention for a moment to the next picture, which depicts, *more* Mahomet's Coffin, one of the Basking or Thirsty varieties of shark. One morning, some years ago, this monster was cast ashore dead on the beach at Shanklin, causing a flutter of excitement at that delightful little watering-place—though it was during the winter season. Then ensued a dispute between the coastguards who were officials and the fishermen who were not, but who found the thing and were, therefore—as they argued—entitled to it. In one way, the basking shark was something of a white elephant, because the fishermen, although they wanted it awfully, could not take it home with them, it being 28ft. long and 13ft. in circumference. The coastguards said nothing; they just sallied forth and imprinted a few broad arrows on the vast expanse of the shark's flanks; then they retired, feeling sure they had done the right thing. Somebody in the town wrote to the British Museum authorities, giving some information about this interesting flotsam, and in due time the well-known naturalist and taxidermist, Mr. Edward Gerrard, was dispatched to Shanklin to inquire into things. On seeing the monster on the beach, Mr. Gerrard resolved to buy it for the sake of its skin, although this was torn in places where the shark had been dragged along the shingle. The crux of the affair was to find the owner; and at last Mr. Gerrard, animated by the *esprit de corps* of officialdom, went to the coastguards' little office in a private house, "planked down" about £45, and the shark was his. There could not have been a very exhilarating sense of ownership in this case, because Mr. Gerrard and his many tons of dead shark were at Shanklin, and all that was wanted at Bloomsbury (where the Natural

History Museum then was) was the skin. But the Museum's envoy set to work briskly. First of all he went into the town and bought up all the butchers' knives he could find; then he engaged eight surly fishermen, who blasphemed horribly when they heard of the "deal" that had just been completed. After this commenced the work of skinning the shark; but this work was so unpleasant—for one thing, the spines on the skin of the monster scratched and tore the men's arms—that presently four of them "jacked it up"; they struck, drew their 10s., and departed. When the upper side of the prostrate shark had been skinned, no appliances were forthcoming for turning the monster over. So Mr. Gerrard had to direct his men to cut right through the 13ft. of cartilaginous flesh until the skin on the other side was reached. At ten o'clock in the morning the work commenced, and at four o'clock the shark was wholly denuded of its skin; while the remainder of his body was distributed over a large extent of beach. A small spring cart was then procured, but it was found impossible to raise the skin into it. Accordingly, holes had to be dug in the sand to receive the wheels in order that the cart might sink almost level with the beach. Then things went on famously; only, unfortunately, when the skin was "on board," the cart could not be got out, and an inclined plane, dug on strict geometrical principles, had to be made. Howbeit, the skin was dispatched to Waterloo by the night mail and it was set up on Mr. Gerrard's premises in Camden Town. When this enormous specimen was ready for delivery to the Museum, and lay in the taxidermist's grounds, Mr. and Mrs Gerrard and their five children entered the capacious jaws and partook of that mysterious meal known as "high tea."

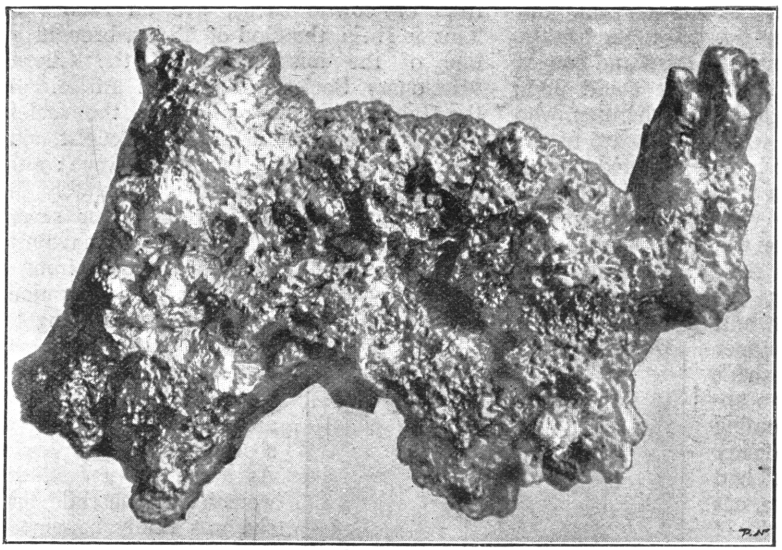
Before me, as I write, is the original of this photograph—a stumpy little wooden idol, about 10in. high, and adorned with ten rows of cowrie shells, five on each side. This is Ibegi, the God of Twins, brought by one of the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society from West Africa. At the Igbein mission station of the society there was formerly a certain catechist, who was a more or less converted savage; also, he had a sister who resisted obdurately the exhortations of every missionary for seven-and-twenty years. Ibegi was her favourite idol, purchased for three pounds from a village priest after years of scrupulous economy. This being so, it is no wonder that the lady clung to her idol, on whose face, by the way, are the family and tribal signs of the Yoruba people. As a matter of fact, the woman had one child, and she was firmly convinced that if she embraced Christianity and gave up this image to the missionary, that child would surely die.



IBEGI, THE GOD OF TWINS.

One day, a certain distinguished representative of the Church Missionary Society, who cured bodies as well as souls, and studied human nature as well as theology, took this idol from the woman, and before her eyes lopped off the greater part of one of its ears. On this the mental agony of the horrified woman was piteously manifested; but at last she was compelled to acknowledge that sturdy little Ibegi was something of a humbug, and she ceremoniously made him over to her brother the catechist exactly six months before her death. The idol can be seen at any time in the Church Missionary Society's Museum in Salisbury Square.

In the next picture is shown a model of the largest gold nugget ever found—the famous "Welcome Stranger," which was unearthed by John Beason and Richard Oates at Dunolly, forty miles north of Ballarat, in Victoria, on the 5th of February, 1869. Of course, the nugget was melted down into ingots almost immediately. In the rough this nugget weighed exactly 2,250oz. 10 dwts.



THE "WELCOME STRANGER"—LARGEST GOLD NUGGET EVER FOUND.

14grs. It was found on the extreme margin of a patch of auriferous alluvium running from Bulldog Reef, and was about 21in. in length and 10in. in thickness; although mixed with quartz, the greater part of it was solid gold. The lucky owners appear to have heated it in the fire in their hut in order to get rid of the quartz, and thus reduce its weight before taking it to the bank at Dunolly. The pure melted gold given away to their friends by the fortunate finders amounted to 2,228oz.; its value at the Bank of England being £9,534. Near the spot where this precious mass was found there were also unearthed two other nuggets, weighing respectively 1140z. and 360z.

This cast of the "Welcome Stranger" nugget is now to be seen in the mineral gallery of the Natural History Museum, where it is under the charge of Mr. L. Fletcher. The courtesy of this gentleman is such that all his correspondents, from Ruskin downwards, meet with the same attention. Some little time ago, Mr. Fletcher received a letter from a gentleman in the office of a steamship company in Vancouver. The writer wanted Mr. Fletcher to furnish him with particulars of the largest gold nugget ever found. He wanted to know the weight and value of it; also where it was found and the date. The fact was that Mr. Fletcher's description of the "Welcome Stranger" nugget was required for the definitive settlement of a bet!

The Charlemagne Bible is next shown. This wonderful book is to be seen in the British Museum, exhibited in Case G., in the department of manuscripts. It is of the largest folio size, measuring 20in. by 14½in., and containing 449 pages of extraordinarily fine vellum, with double columns 15in. in length.

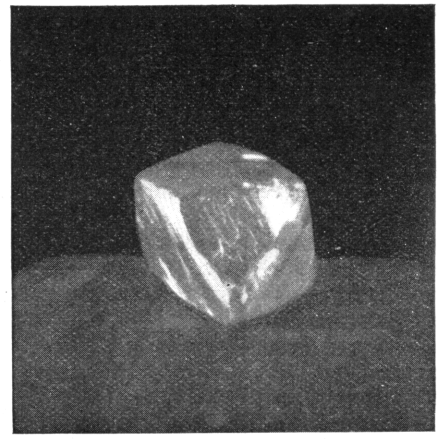
About the year 778, Charlemagne commissioned the favourite disciple of Bede to revise the Latin version of the Scriptures, in order that it might be freed from the numerous errors that had been committed by unskilful copyists. This manuscript was then commenced, and completed in the year

THE CHARLEMAGNE BIBLE.

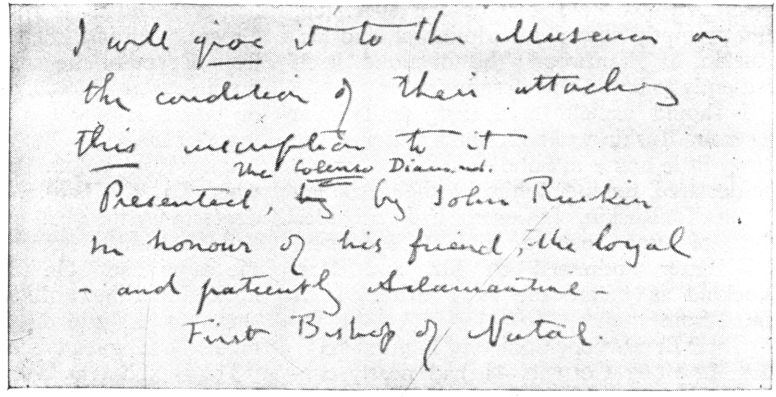
800. Being then too old to undertake the long journey, the scribe sent the fruit of his labours to Rome by his friend and pupil, one Nathanael, who presented it to Charlemagne on the first day of 801, during his coronation. Lothaire, grandson of Charlemagne, lost the throne of France, and entered the Monastery of Prum, in Lorraine, as a monk. Here he deposited this Bible. In 1516 the convent dissolved, and the Benedictine monks preserved the manuscript carefully and carried it with them to a place near Basle. Here it remained until the occupation of the Episcopal territory of Basle by the French troops in 1793, when all the property of the abbey was sequestrated, the Bible becoming the property of M. Bennot, Vice-President of the Tribune of Declemont, from whom, in 1822, it was bought by M. de Spey Passavant, of Basle. An album accompanied it containing the opinions of nearly all the European *litterati* acquainted with old manuscripts. It was put up at £7,000 and afterwards bought at £1,500.

On the 30th of April, 1829, M. de Passavant offered the Bible for sale to Lord Stuart de Rothsay, at that time the English Ambassador to France. In January, 1836, this indefatigable salesman came to London for the purpose of selling his Bible to the British Museum, or, rather, submitting it to the trustees. Much correspondence took place. The owner first of all asked £12,000, then £8,000, and lastly £6,500, declaring that he feared he would go down into his grave on accepting the last-named sum. At last, finding he could not part with it on anything like these terms, M. de Passavant resolved to sell the manuscript by auction. On the 27th of April, 1836, the Bible was knocked down by Mr. Evans, of Oxford, for £1,500—to the proprietor himself! Overtures were again made to the owners of the British Museum, and, ultimately, the Charlemagne Bible was bought for £750.

I next show a photograph of the Colenso Diamond, which was presented to the Natural History Museum by Professor John Ruskin. Our artist has also photographed that portion of Ruskin's letter to Mr. L. Fletcher which indicates the character of the label he wished to be affixed to the specimen. Now, this diamond has a singularly interesting history, and I will tell this as briefly as possible. In 1883, a storekeeper at the Cape left his shop and went up country with £2,000 and an acute attack of diamond fever. With this capital our friend purchased a claim in which two other men were also interested. The three worked frightfully hard for a long time, until they were at their wits' end for money, their claim being, apparently, quite valueless. One morning two of the partners declared they would work at the claim no longer, and the third set out to try his luck alone. Of course, misfortune had fallen heavily on the men who remained at home, but it fell with far greater force on the third man; so did the mine, burying the solitary worker in the débris. On seeing

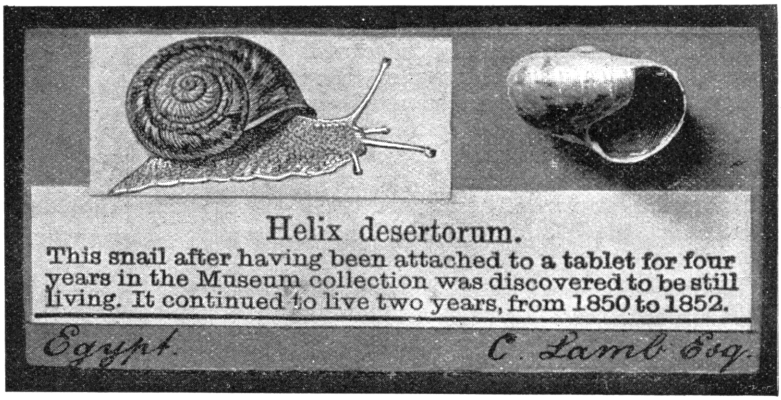


THE COLENSO DIAMOND.



FACSIMILE OF RUSKIN'S LABEL FOR THE COLENSO DIAMOND.

what had happened the unfortunate man's colleagues decamped, lest they should be accused of his murder. Some months after this the ex-storekeeper came back, probably conscience-stricken, and he dug out his comrade's body. One result of this charitable act was the finding, near the decomposed body, of a number of loose diamonds, among them being the splendid yellow specimen stone seen in the picture. After this the finder came to England, and was recommended by the Hatton Garden dealers to take his most valuable find to Mr. R. Nockold, the dealer of Frith Street, Soho. After some preliminary negotiations with the man, Mr. Nockold bought the specimen, and promptly sent a description of it to Mr. Ruskin, at Brantwood; the diamond itself presently followed this description.



I should explain here that, until quite recently, Ruskin was a constant visitor at the dingy little house in Soho—a visit to which, he declared, reminded him of the "Arabian Nights." Ruskin, however, had no idea that this was such a valuable specimen. His letter addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Nockold is before me as I write. It is dated from

"Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire.

"My dear Couple,—I had nearly congealed into a diamond myself with fright when I opened the box. I thought in your first letter that 130 (it was written like that) meant 13½ carats, or I never should have asked for the loan! I'm most thankful to have it, for it is safe here and is invaluable to me just now; but what on earth is the value of it? I don't tell *anybody* I've got such a thing in the house.

"Ever gratefully and affectionately yours,

"J. Ruskin."

Four days later there is another letter from Brantwood, to Mrs. Nockold. It contains the following:—

"And now, please, will Mr. Nockold and you *advise* me whether to buy this diamond for Sheffield Museum or not?"

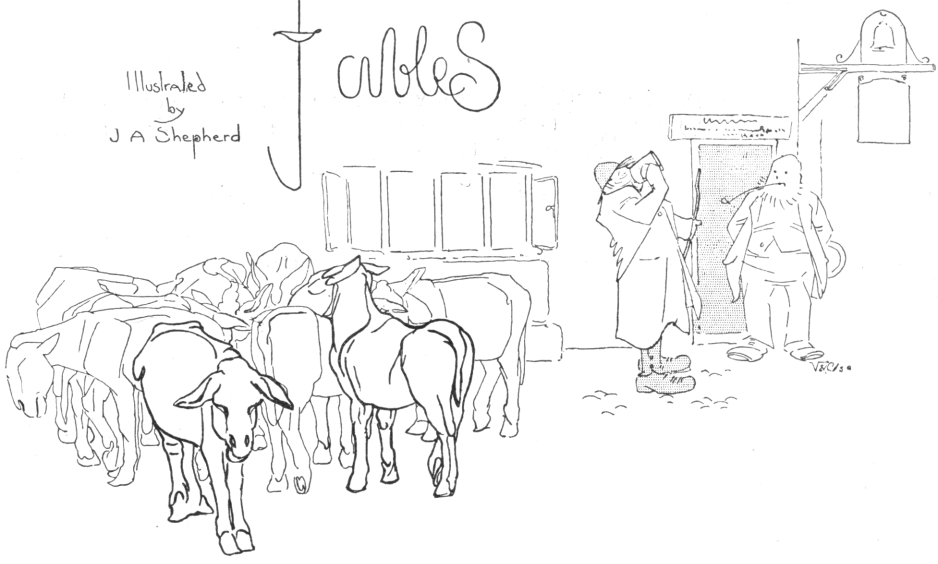
Ruskin did buy the stone from Mr. Nockold for £1,000, and, as we have seen, he presented it in 1887, with certain stipulations of his own, to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

The story of the wonderful snail seen in the next illustration will be long remembered at the Natural History Museum. In March, 1846, a number of shells were presented to the British Museum by Mr. Charles Lamb, who had collected these specimens in Egypt and Greece. Among them were two specimens from Egypt of the snail of the desert; and on the 25th of March, 1846, these were fixed on tablets and placed among the other mollusca of the Museum. Here they remained, summer and winter, until March 15th, 1850, when Dr. W. Baird, Mr. E. A. Smith's predecessor in the shell gallery of the Museum, had occasion to examine some specimens in the same case. On this occasion Dr. Baird noticed that the cardboard beneath one of the shells was a little discoloured, while over its mouth was spread a thin, glassy covering. "The epiphragm," remarked the doctor, luminously, "had spread over its mouth—and that with evident signs of recent formation." Of course, the good man was surprised, and he removed both specimens and placed them in tepid water.

In less than ten minutes out crawled one of the snails, after having "lain low" for upwards of four years. Next day Dr. Baird fed his *protégé* with some cabbage leaf, but he subsequently found that the fastidious little creature preferred lettuce. He allowed it to complete certain repairs in its domicile, and then he placed it in a glass jar, 18in. high, up the sides of which it climbed daily, presumably by way of exercise after a long period of inactivity. In due time the doctor placed a companion with his snail, and it is gratifying to learn that the two lived harmoniously together for two years.

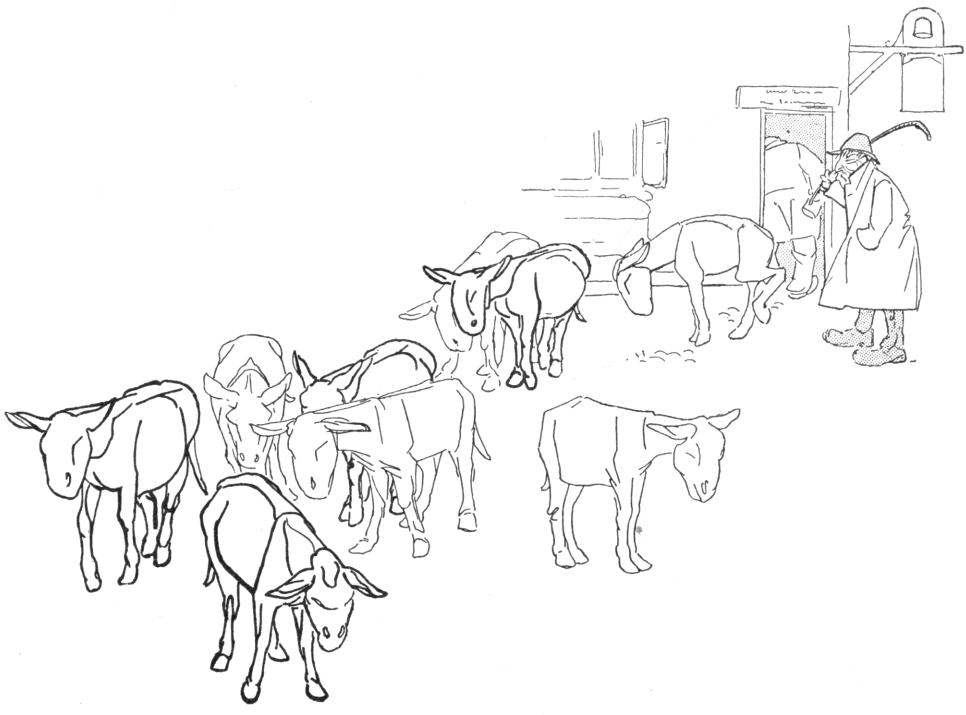
Illustrated by J A Shepherd

Fables

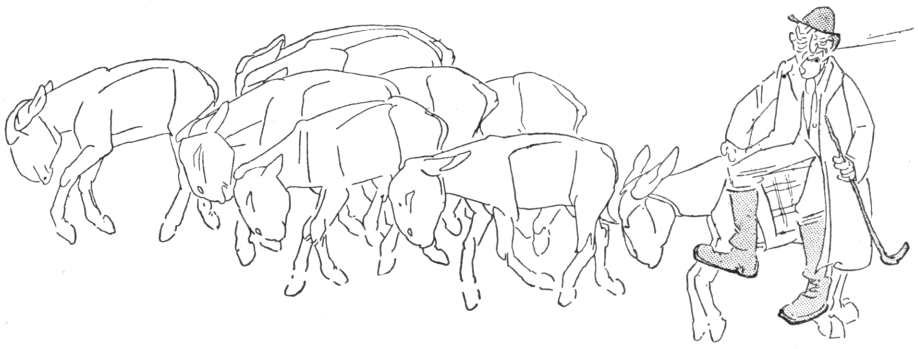


A COUNTRYMAN AND HIS ASSES.

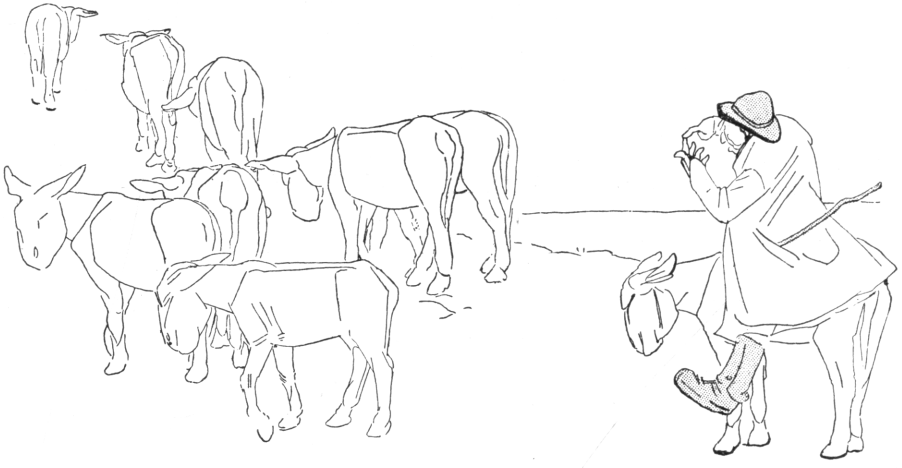
1.—A COUNTRYMAN HAD BEEN TO MARKET WITH HIS CORN—



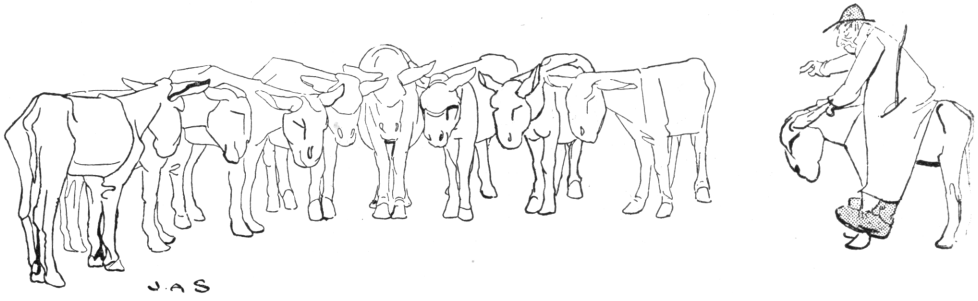
2.—AND, DRIVING HIS ASSES HOME AGAIN—



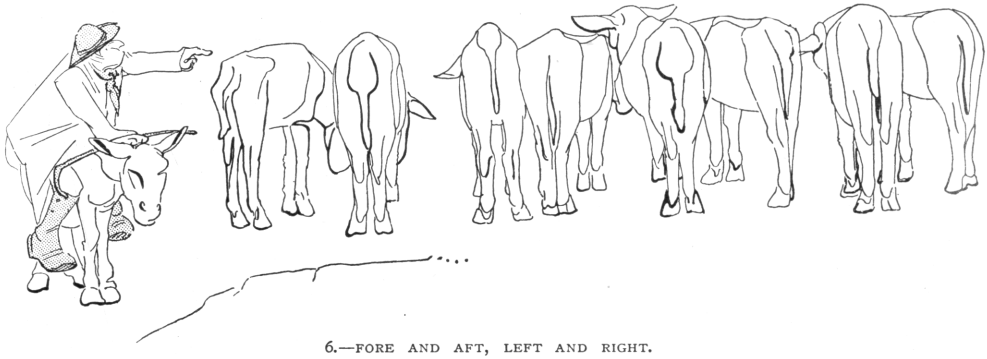
3.—MOUNTED ONE OF THEM TO REST HIMSELF.



4.—WHEN HE WAS UP HE FELL TO COUNTING THEM--

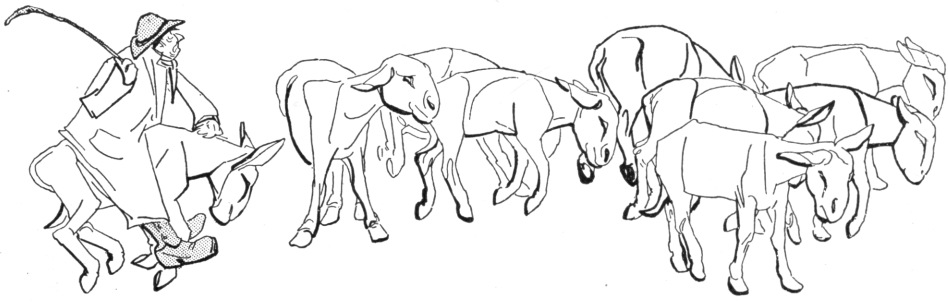


5.—AND SO KEPT TELLING THEM OVER AND OVER AGAIN—



6.—FORE AND AFT, LEFT AND RIGHT.

7.—BUT STILL WANTED ONE OF HIS NUMBER.



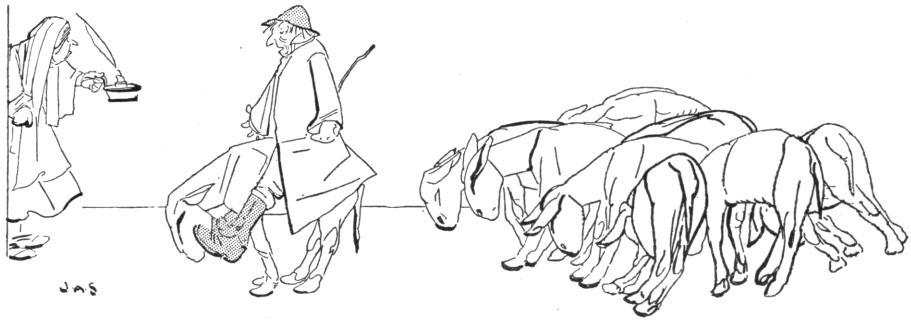
8.—UPON THIS, BACK HE GOES—

9.—INQUIRING OF ALL HE MET IF ANYBODY HAD SEEN HIS ASS.

10.—SO ON TO THE MARKET TOWN, WHENCE HE CAME (A MATTER OF SEVEN MILES OR SO)—

11.—BUT HE COULD LEARN NO TIDINGS OF HIM.

12.—AND SO HOME HE WENT, LATE AT NIGHT, WEARY AND WORN, AS BIG A FOOL AS HE SET OUT.



13.—THE LOSS WENT TO THE HEART OF HIM;

14.—BUT HIS WIFE, GIVING HIM THE HINT, HE FOUND HIS BEAST AGAIN, AND THAT THE ASS HE RODE UPON WAS FORGOT IN THE RECKONING.

HUGH'S HOME-COMING

By John D. Sykes.

I.

MY brother Hugh and I were twins, and loved each other with a fervour that grew in intensity as we advanced in years. Perhaps the peculiar affection which is said to exist between twins was strong in us.

Our home, a little cottage of rough-hewn stone, was situated in one of the wild but beautiful vales that lie north of Bala.

We played together, Hugh and I; climbed the rocky hills together; boated on the tiny lakelet together; and when we were old enough, tramped over the hills to school together. We were inseparable. The dangers of one were the dangers of the other; his sorrows were also mine, and my joys were his. He was my bravest, readiest champion, even as I tried to be his. So our lives passed in simple, childlike happiness until we were eighteen, when a thing happened that strained the strength even of our love to its very uttermost tension.

We would either of us have willingly and cheerfully died for her—the girl we loved; but we would also, if there had been need, as cheerfully and willingly died for each other.

Many times we walked together to her home at Bala, and pulled across the lake. Sometimes Hugh rowed, and she and I sat side by side in the stern and steered the little boat; sometimes the position was reversed, and I pulled while he sat by Jenny's side and held the rudder-lines. But it could not go on so always. We knew that she could not make us both happy, though, so far, as we thought it over, she had shown no preference for either, unless, as I sometimes fancied, her eyes rested longer, and with different expression, on me than on him. Yet it must come to an end, and so, one gloriously bright summer day, we strolled arm in arm, up the mountain side, and sat down at the turn of the foot-path, from whence we could see the white cottage, and the beautiful lake behind it.

It was there she lived, and, oh, for long did we gaze lovingly, with full, tremulous hearts, at the dear place. That scene; the lake, its wavelets dancing and sparkling like diamonds in the sunlight; the great mountains which encircled it as with a rampart—nay, rather as a gem is encircled by the metal which protects it; and the cottage, with its clinging ivy and jasmine, and scented honeysuckle, and fair roses, which she—fairer even than they—had tended; how it spoke to us that day. Yet it was not of sparkling lake, nor of swelling hills, nor even of the embowered cottage that we thought, but of what we knew was in that cottage; to us the centre of the whole scene, the jewel in its casket.

"Jim," at last said my brother, and his voice sounded far away, so faint was it, and choked with emotion; "Jim, we cannot always be together. She must choose one of us. Promise me that whichever of us she takes, you or me—and we will take no unfair advantage, one over the other—promise me, that you will still be friend and brother, that nothing in the world shall come between us."

I dared not trust myself to speak, but grasped tight the hard, rough hand he held out to me. Then, each with one long look into the other's face, to see perchance the honouring, trustful love mirrored there,

silently, with a foreboding of a great sorrow, we went down the mountain arm in arm, as we had gone up. And so, for the future, we never went to see her together, but took our little simple presents on different days; and never did either return without the other meeting him on the way, to see by his face whether it had ended.

But there was nothing unfair, nothing below-board. We could always look one another straight in the face, give the honest grip of the hand, and walk home together as we had always done. Jenny soon showed that she cared for me most, yet I am sure she shed many tears that she should need to pain him, for I know she was aware that my brother loved her as well and truly as I.

However that be, one bright day, the brightest and most glorious in all that glorious summer, I told her all my thoughts and asked her to be mine—to live with me always. I could not help it. Something within me, of which I had no control, seemed to be speaking from my mouth, as though all my power and will had been taken from me and given to that strange, throbbing soul within.

But though my heart thrilled with intensest joy, when I folded my arms round her, and she lifted up her face in love and trust, and I kissed her, even then I thought of Hugh, and felt like a mean coward, a sneaking, underhand supplanter, as though I were taking a cruel advantage over him. So, when I went home, my joy was tempered with a feeling almost of shame. For the first time in my life I was unwilling to meet him; for the first time unable to look him in the face, and, as I saw his figure in the purple distance, I felt that I would do anything to avoid the eager scrutiny of his eyes.

"MY HEART THRILLED WITH INTENSEST JOY."

It was as I feared, for, even as he came towards me with his arm outstretched, he saw how it was, and stopped, still mechanically holding out his hand to greet me. The while a great sorrow swept over his face, he tried to smile and wish me joy. I took him by the hand and led him into the ash wood, where the shadows lay deepest, and, with much stammering and hesitation, told him all. Never shall I forget the deadly pallor—the look of agony that seemed to have frozen on his handsome, sunburnt face. I saw the tears fill his eyes, and his broad chest heave with his strong, manly emotions, and longed to comfort him. At last, in a low, trembling voice, he said: "God bless thee, lad—and Jenny, too"; and then, with his hands clenched and his head low down, he staggered slowly away. And I sat there, feeling that I would rather a thousand times have died than have caused him that cruel pain.

Once only did I see him after that; for when at last I mustered courage to go home, they told me how he had gone in, and kissed them one by one, with tremulous lips, and, while they were wondering fearfully why he was so pale, had gone out and had not come back. I knew.

II.

THREE years passed away—three years of happiness only marred by the memory of that last sad scene. I remembered his agony; saw, over and over again, his heaving chest; heard his panting breath, and knew that he could not have forgotten Jenny. I knew not then that the truest happiness a man can have comes from the doing of a noble, self-sacrificing action, and that, surely, must have been his. We never saw him. Occasionally he wrote to us, never, however, giving any address, and his letters were posted at widely separated places. He was an engine-driver, and that was all we knew.

But there was one thing he never omitted

in his letters, and that, though we knew it was there before we saw it, always made our eyes fill: "Give my love to Jenny."

We were going to be married early in the spring, and I was looking forward with ardent longing to the consummation of my hopes. Happy times they were, and to-day was happier than that in the summer, when, the farm work being done, she and I went for a holiday to Chester.

On our journey back, a strange, awful thing happened. I was close to Jenny; her hand was in mine; and we were dreaming of the happy time to come, when suddenly we were aroused by the shrill whistle of the engine, and a few seconds after, the carriage began to rock violently from side to side. I cannot say that I was not alarmed, but when Jenny put her arm round me, and clung to me for protection, as trustfully as a child to its mother, my courage returned. For I was proud of that implicit trust, so that I forgot my fear in a feeling of sweet responsibility. Almost immediately the train began to slacken down in speed, and at last came to a standstill, and at the same instant we heard a fearful crash. Then all was silent.

I let down the window and looked up the line. Great soft clouds of steam were rolling silently towards us, their under surface glowing a dull red as though dyed with blood. Our train was without engine, and, as the steam slowly drifted away, and our eyes got accustomed to the gloom, we made out, about a couple of hundred yards up the line, two engines locked together as in a death embrace, while the fragments of a goods train lay scattered around.

III.

We hurried towards the scene of the accident. The heavy goods engine lay on its side, and jammed between it and the rocky bank was the passenger engine. The fire had been shaken out, and the dying embers glowed with a dull red light, as they lay spread out on the ground, among fragments of wheels and twisted rods. From under the goods engine we dragged one poor fellow with many groans, for his leg was broken, and the escaping steam had scalded him fearfully; and then, with half his body crushed hopelessly under a tangled mass of iron and steel, we found another with his eyes closed.

Oh! 'twas a horrid sight. It turned me sick, and I tried to prevent Jenny seeing it. But she, eager to be of service, pushed me aside, and gazed at the poor, wounded figure lying there so helplessly, and then gave a little scream of anguish and clung more closely to me.

"Jim, Jim!" she exclaimed, "don't you see who it is? It's Hugh!"

"'JIM, JIM!' SHE EXCLAIMED, 'IT'S HUGH!'"

And Hugh it was, in his rough, engine-driver's clothes, with a deadly paleness showing through the soot on his face, and great drops of perspiration on his brow. We thought him dead at first, but, at Jenny's exclamation, he opened his eyes and smiled faintly at us. We were powerless to help him; we could not move that great mass

of steel, nor could we draw him away from it, for, even as we but touched him, with a vague idea of saving him, he groaned in agony. And so, though it made us faint with horror, we knelt by his side and watched the tide of life quickly ebbing.

His right hand was crushed under him, but his left was free, and as Jenny tenderly and gently stroked it — all greasy and sooty as it was—his fingers closed over hers and held them. It seemed to give him relief, for a smile, more beautiful than I have ever seen on the face of man, either before or since, lit up his face with a great joy.

"Jim," he panted, and his voice was faint and low, so low that I had to place my ear close to his lips to catch the whispered words, "I cannot last—many minutes—pray God—it may be short. It was—for your—sakes. I saw you—on the train. Kiss me, Jim—kiss me, Jenny—only once—the first—and last—I'm coming home again."

In silence, with eyes brimming over, we kissed the pale lips, and gently wiping the death drops from his forehead, waited for the end. It was not long. We saw the film fast dimming his eyes, the eyelids gently closing. We saw the lines of agony on his face gradually softening, the panting of his heart quieting, and knew that the end was come.

With one sweet smile—in which it seemed to me there was more of Heaven than of earth—one last convulsive effort, he placed Jenny's hand in mine, and whispered, "Jim, make her happy."

That was all. The poor, bruised body lay still—the spirit had flown. Hugh had "come home" at last.

IV.

I KNOW not how long we knelt there reverently, not daring to speak, but with the tears streaming down our faces—tears of which I have never been ashamed. But, as I helped Jenny up, and was leading her away, still sobbing, someone touched me on the shoulder, and, turning round, I saw a man whom I recognised instantly as the stoker of our engine. His left arm was hanging loosely and helplessly in a rough sling, which some thoughtful passenger had extemporized. He drew his right hand across his eyes, and looking not at me, but at the dead, said: "You're his brother, sir, aren't you?" I nodded—I could not speak, for at the moment any words would have choked me.

"Sir," he said, "I know all about you and the young lady. Him"—it did not need anything to tell me that he meant Hugh—"Him and me were pals. I went to the shed, sir, just two months after he did, and we've just stuck together like brothers ever since. And, sir, he has told me many a time about you. He was never jealous of you; he always said that you deserved her, and would make her happier than ever he could. But I was certain that beneath his kind, quiet manner, he must often have been miserable, for I could tell that he never ceased to love her. Do you know, sir, very often when he's fallen asleep off duty, I've seen him smile as sweetly as a child, and murmur, 'Jenny, Jenny!' Don't cry, miss, he's a lot happier now, where he is, than he ever would have been——

"We've never been on this line before, sir, and shouldn't have been to-night, only just as they were getting the engine ready to bring your train, she went off the turnstile, somehow or other, and the driver was thrown off and his head hurt. Of course, you wouldn't hear of it, sir; there's many a hundred accidents

"SOMEONE TOUCHED ME ON THE SHOULDER."

that people never hear of, because a railway man's life isn't of much account, and if one's killed they can easily get another. At any rate, that's why we were told to take the excursion back.

"We didn't like it. It's very awkward, you see, sir, when you are on a strange line, because you don't know exactly when to look for the signals, nor where the curves and inclines come. However, it had to be done, and so we backed down in good time, and waited for the signal. Just about two minutes before we were due to start, you went up the platform, and I saw you and the young lady get into one of the carriages. I didn't know how it was, but somehow your faces seemed strangely familiar, and I was wondering who you were, when suddenly he saw you and gave a great start, and the blood rushed into his face. Then he looked at me with such an appealing, miserable look, that I felt quite scared.

"'Bill,' he said, in a hoarse whisper, 'it's them.' I knew in a minute who you were then, but I didn't like that look; it was just as though he was going mad. However, there wasn't much time to think of it; for just then the signal was given and we were off. We went splendidly, and rattled past the station in fine style, until, just as we got on the single line, we saw this goods train slipping along towards us at a fearful rate down the incline, and knew that in two minutes at most there'd be a smash. She was a long way off, but, then, you see, a goods train has no brakes, and we hadn't any worth speaking of.

"It's awful, sir, when a thing comes to you like that, just when you are least expecting it. You feel choked like—as though you must do something, and don't know what it is. Hugh turned off steam and whistled, while I screwed down the brake until I heard the wheels grinding on the rails, but we both knew that we could never stop in time, or, if we could, the goods train would be smashing into us before we could reverse.

"Suddenly Hugh sprang on the tender, yelling out like mad: 'Bill, she's in, she's in!'

"I didn't know what he meant, but I saw him fling himself over the back of the tender, in front of the carriages, and a few seconds after, I heard the clank of iron, and knew he had unlinked the couplings. How he did it, sir, I don't know. He must have laid himself over the buffers somehow and leaned over, lifting the heavy links.

"In ten seconds he was back, shouting madly: 'Off with the brake, man, off with the brake.' I began to understand what he wanted to do, and unscrewed the brake; and then, under a full head of steam, the engine left the carriages behind. 'Bill,' he shouted, 'jump off! jump off!' Of course, I wouldn't, and said so. He didn't stop to argue, but turned to attend to the lever, pushing as far open as it would go, still shouting, 'Jump off! jump off!'

"I thought of my little ones at home, sir, and all in a twinkling, like a flash of lightning, I saw them fatherless, and my wife weeping bitterly for me; and, for an instant, I thought of jumping off. But it was only for an instant, for even as the thought came, something told me my duty was to stop. And there I stopped, and now I'm glad I did.

"'Bill,' he cried, turning to me, with a wild light of triumph in his eyes, 'Bill, we shall save the passengers; and—Jenny and Jim. Don't you see, lad, how it will be? We shall stop the goods train, by throwing it off the line; and the carriages are nearly stopped now—look!' I glanced behind. The train of carriages was a hundred yards away, and slowing down rapidly; the passengers were saved.

"In silence, save for the panting of the engine, we gripped each other's hand and waited. Oh, that waiting! I felt—nay heard—my heart thumping like the engine itself. I tried to pray, but my brain was in a whirl. I longed for the tension to cease; for the end to come. Just then the goods train reappeared round the curve. They hadn't seen us, for steam was on, but instantly we heard the sharp whistle and knew they were doing their best to stop. I saw Hugh glance quickly from the goods train to the carriages, and his eyes lit up once more with a great, triumphant joy, as he gazed up to the sky; then, before I could say a word, or lift a finger, he seized hold of me, and crying, 'It's your only chance, lad!' lifted me clean off the engine and swung me on to the bank. I remember falling and hearing a dull crash and a fearful scream, and then all was silent.

"That is all, sir," he continued, turning from me to the crushed figure under the engine. "He gave his life for you."

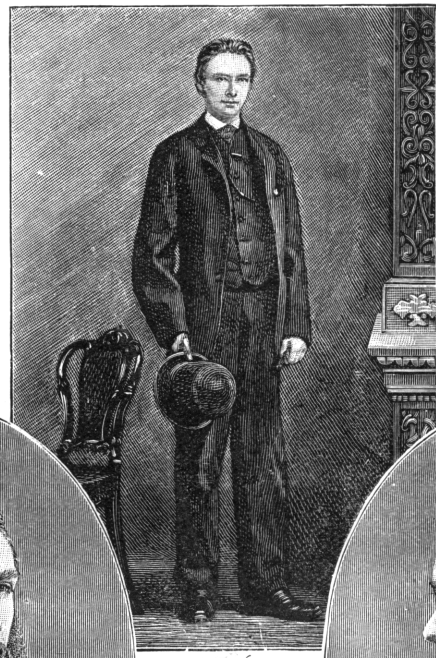
Then kneeling down, he took Hugh's cold hand into his own, and tenderly caressed it, the tears—no shame to him—rolling down his cheeks, and said: "God bless thee, Hugh, my best and only friend. Good-bye!" and walked slowly away.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

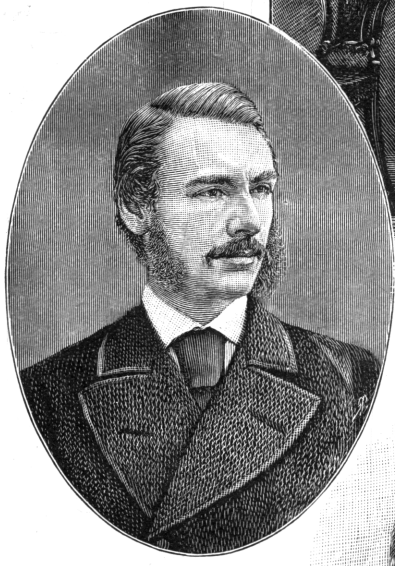
IAN MACLAREN.

(The Rev. John Watson.)

THERE are, we may venture to say, but few readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE who are not familiar with "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," by the Rev. John Watson, better known, perhaps, as Ian Maclaren, and it will be a pleasure to many to behold the various portraits of one who has so skilfully roused their tenderest feelings of emotion in the perusal of his book. "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" was, curiously enough, Ian Maclaren's first attempt at popular literature, yet its success was phenomenal; and it is remarkable how an aptitude so wonderful, and a power of production, as it seems, so spontaneous, should have remained in abeyance for nearly half a century. On the other hand, we must remember that Mr. Watson is a clergyman, and the minister of Sefton Park Church, Liverpool, and as such has always placed his ministerial duties in the front rank. That he is a no less able preacher than a skilful writer is proved by the crowded congregations who listen to him as an orator of great common sense and persuasive eloquence.



AGE 16.
From a Photograph.



AGE 20.
From a Photograph.

AGE 24.
From a Photograph.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

AGE 4.
From a Photo. by Henry Heath, Regent Street.

MR. LEWIS WALLER.

BORN 1862.

MR. WALLER, who was born in Bilbao, Spain, was educated for a commercial life. After five or six years' experience in this direction, having always been an enthusiastic amateur actor, he obtained an engagement with Mr. Toole, in whose theatre

From a Photo. by] AGE 14. *[S. Poole, Putney.*

he made his first appearance in the early part of 1883. After remaining with Mr. Toole for a year and a half, Mr. Waller obtained a varied experience of his profession in the English provinces. He subsequently came to London, and has since played under most of the West-end managers. It was not long, however, before he commenced his managerial career with the production of "An Ideal Husband," at the Haymarket Theatre. Latterly he was associated with Mr. Wyndham in Mr. Carton's latest success, "The Home Secretary." His principal parts include: *Captain Mathews*, in "Dick Sheridan"; *Karloo Van der Knoot*, in "Patrie"; *Cavaradossi*, in "La Tosca"; *Orestes*, in "Hypatia"; *Philip Chaloner*, in "Fortune's Fool"; *Sir Robert Chilton*, in

From a Photo. by] AGE 22. *[Wm. Gillard, Gloucester.*

"An Ideal Husband"; *Hugh Murray*, in "The Profligate"; *Maurice Lecaile*, in "The Home Secretary; and a host of others.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[H. S. Mendelssohn.*

AGE 5.
From a Photo. by H. W. Mertens, Clapham Park Road.

From a Photo. by] AGE 15. *[Le Jeune, Paris.*

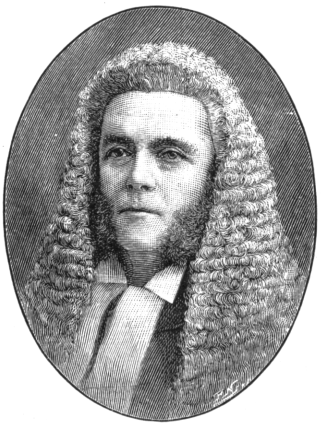
MISS FLORENCE WEST
(MRS. LEWIS WALLER).

FEW of our well-known actresses have risen quicker to the foremost coveted ranks than Mrs. Lewis Waller, perhaps better known to playgoers as Miss Florence West, nor is there any actress on the stage who has better deserved the success which she has obtained and the high esteem in which she is held by the general public of theatre-goers as well as by the most exacting critics. Miss Florence West is, at the time of writing, making another hit as *Leah d'Acosta* in "A Woman's Reason," by Messrs. C. H. Brookfield and F. C. Phillips, at the Shaftesbury. Miss West's first appearance on the stage was in 1883, as *May Belton* in "Uncle Dick's Darling" at Toole's Theatre, in which part, by the way, Adelaide Wilson made her first appearance, and also scored her first success. Her next engagement was as *Mary Melrose* in a revival of "Our Boys"; shortly afterwards she created the part of *Marita* in "Mr. Barnes of New York," and also the chief part in "In Danger," by Lestocq and Henry Creswell, the novelist. Her favourite parts were *Pauline* in "Called Back," and *Mrs. Arbuthnot* in "A Woman of No Importance." More recently, however, Miss West has scored considerably in the part of *Mrs. Cheverley* in "An Ideal Husband," at the Haymarket, the part of the unscrupulous little adventuress serving to display her style of acting to rare advantage. The portraits of Mr. Lewis Waller, Miss Florence West's husband, are given on the opposite page.

AGE 23.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

From a Painting by] AGE 2. *[Mrs. Morgan.*



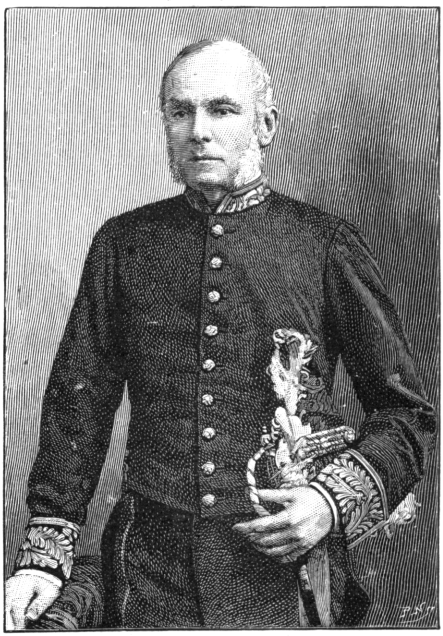
AGE 45.
From a Photo. by Boning & Small, Baker Street.

SIR G. OSBORNE MORGAN, M.P.

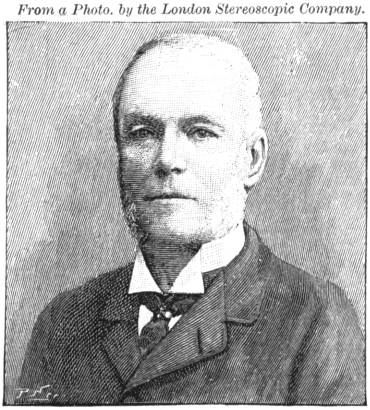
BORN 1826.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE OSBORNE MORGAN, BART., P.C., M.P., Chairman of the Committee of Welsh members, was called to the Bar in 1853, and made a Q.C. and Bencher of Lincoln's Inn in 1869, and Treasurer of that Inn in 1890. Sir G. O. Morgan represented the county of Denbigh from 1868 to 1885; in 1886 he was re-elected for the same constituency. He was appointed Judge Advocate-General and Privy Councillor in 1880, and Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1886, and was made a baronet in 1892. He has carried through Parliament (besides other measures) the Burials Act, 1880, the Married Woman's Property Act, 1882, and the Act for Abolishing Corporal Punishment in the Army. He also acted as Chairman of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Land Titles and Transfer in 1877–8, and as Chairman of the Standing Committees of the House of Commons on Law and Trade Bills from 1888 to 1893.

From a] AGE 28. *[Painting.*



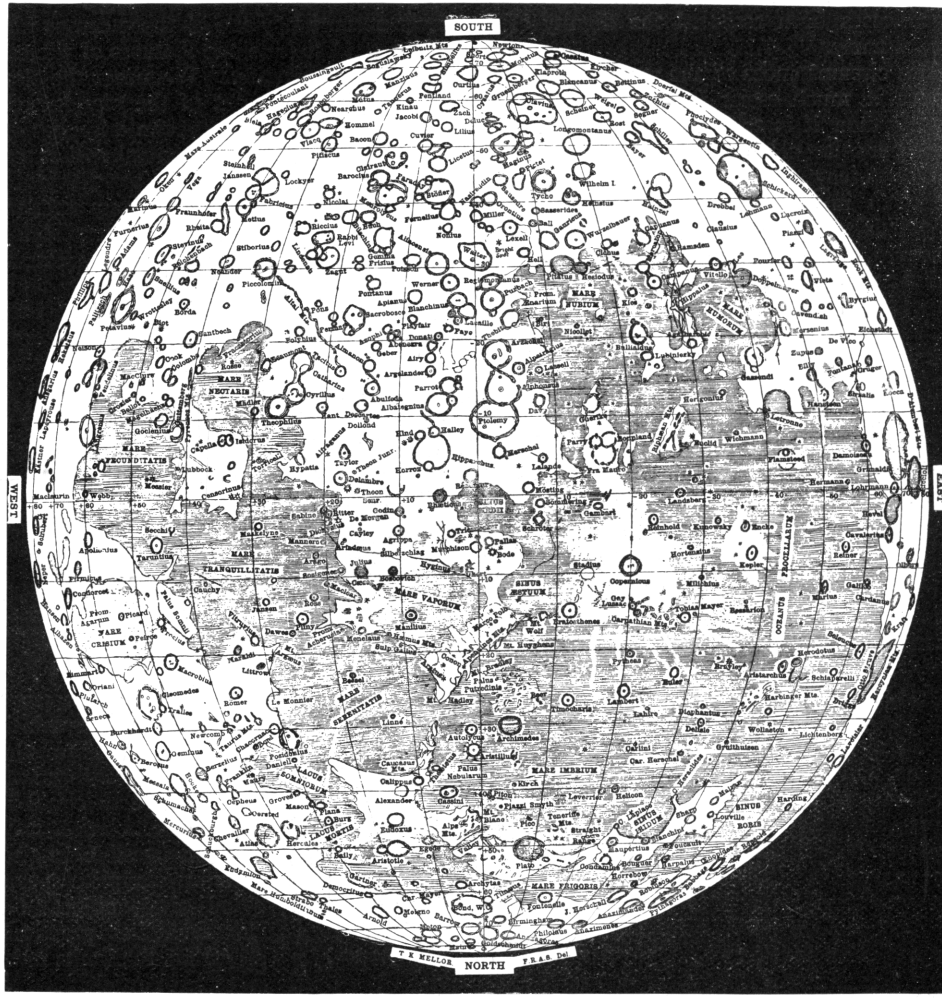
AGE 55.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Walery.*

Through a Telescope.

By Sir Robert Ball.



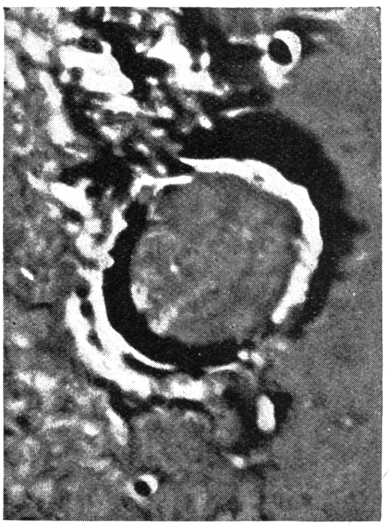
MAP OF THE MOON.
By permission of Messrs. Horne and Thornthwaite, 416, Strand.

I.—THE SCENERY OF THE MOON.

NOTWITHSTANDING that the moon is 240,000 miles distant from the earth, it would in some respects be hardly an exaggeration to assert that we are better acquainted with the topography of our satellite than we are with that of the globe which forms our home. No doubt it may at once be admitted that, with respect to a large portion of the moon, dwellers on the earth are necessarily in total ignorance. It is a peculiarity of our satellite that it manages its movements in such a manner as to withhold nearly half of its surface from ever being inspected. It follows that we have no means of learning what is on the other side of the moon. I do not, however, suppose that in these days anyone believes that, if we could see it, we would find any characteristic difference between the scenery on the remote side of the moon and that on the side which is turned towards the earth. So far, however, as the neighbouring globe is displayed for our observation, we can certainly assert that there is hardly a spot possessing the size of

an ordinary parish which has not been studied and photographed, sketched by competent draughtsmen, duly laid down on elaborate charts of the lunar surface, and in many cases been assigned the dignity of a special name.

The circumstances of the moon's situation render it much easier for us to survey its scenery than it is to survey the scenery of any other celestial body. For, in the first place, the moon may be regarded as quite close to the earth in comparison with the distances by which we are separated from the other heavenly objects. The sun is nearly 400 times as far away as the moon; and that planetary globe whose surface we have studied to the greatest advantage—I mean, of course, Mars—is, even under the most favourable conditions, still at a distance from the earth which is not less than 140 times as great as that of the moon. But besides its comparative proximity, there is another circumstance which renders it comparatively easy for us to study the features on our satellite. If a globe like the earth in size, as well as in other particulars, had been situated at the same distance from us as that at which the moon now revolves, it seems quite possible that we should never have been able to obtain any clear notion as to the geography of such a globe. For our earth is, of course, surrounded by a thick coat of atmosphere; this atmosphere is at all times, and in all parts, more or less opaque from the presence of large quantities of floating material, while there are always some regions where there is temporarily complete obstruction, from the presence of clouds. The atmosphere would thus oppose great difficulties to the study of the geography of our earth by an outside observer. It may, indeed, be well doubted whether even the outlines of the continents could be completely discerned, notwithstanding that the area of the earth at the distance of the moon would be thirteen times larger than the area of the moon as presented to us.



LUNAR CRATER HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.
DRAWN BY DR. WEINEK, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE LICK OBSERVATORY.

For the purpose of the terrestrial astronomer, it fortunately happens that the moon is almost entirely destitute of atmosphere. The features of its surface are consequently never obscured by any of those causes which would tend to hide the features of the earth from outside scrutiny. Whenever the clouds on our globe are out of the way, it is then possible to observe the moon with but little obstruction. If we also remember that many of the features of our satellite are within reach of a telescope of comparatively moderate power, it will not be surprising that the lunar scenery has attracted so much attention, and that thousands of minute features on its surface have been carefully identified. In some cases, accomplished observers have devoted themselves with praiseworthy assiduity to the detailed examination of special minute parts on the surface.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the astronomers of recent times whose labours have been directed to the study of the lunar scenery. I may, however, here mention a few names, adding the remark that there are doubtless many others whose valuable labours could not be overlooked if it had been possible to give a more complete account of the subject than would be practicable within the limits of the present article.

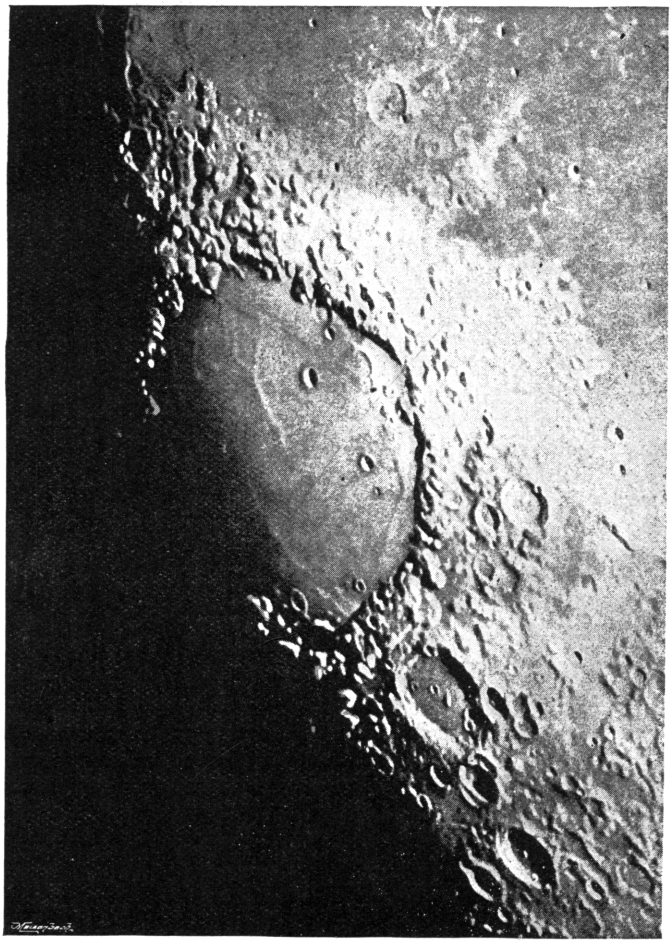
First, I must mention Mr. Nasmyth, who was at once a famous mechanical engineer, a skilful artist, and a devoted student of the stars. He employed his well-earned leisure in the study of celestial objects, and he devoted especial attention to the moon. The work which he produced in conjunction with Mr. Carpenter is a standard authority on the lunar scenery, and is perhaps one of the most beautifully illustrated books that has ever been devoted to the subject of the heavens. I must also refer to Professor Holden and other distinguished astronomers at the Lick Observatory, on the top of Mount Hamilton in California. They have applied their resources to the photography of the moon with remarkable success, and some of

their pictures of our satellite have formed the basis upon which Dr. Weinek has produced exquisite drawings of the lunar features.

As, perhaps, the latest book on the topography of the moon, I may mention the elaborate work by Mr. Thomas Gwyn Elger, who is himself one of the most assiduous of lunar observers. He has collected together the most interesting facts relative to the topography of our satellite. I am much indebted to the various authorities I have named for information which I am utilizing in the present paper.

When we look up at the full moon, even without calling the telescope to our aid, we at once notice the presence of a number of large dark patches. It is certainly true that there are no sheets of water, nor anything like water, at present visible on the moon, even with the highest powers of our telescope. In fact, there are sound physical reasons why it does not seem the least likely that there could be any water in the fluid form present in our satellite. At the same time, the appearance of these dark spots, in days before telescopes were employed, suggested that those objects were basins of water, and accordingly they were anciently called "seas." In modern days, astronomers have somewhat awkwardly retained this name, or its Latin equivalent, to designate these peculiar dark tracts, notwithstanding the absence of water. Many of these so-called seas are of enormous extent, to be reckoned in thousands of square miles. In fact, nearly half the visible surface of the moon is so occupied.

It is still an open question as to whether these regions have ever been covered with water. No doubt it seems the simplest supposition, so far as certain phenomena are concerned, to believe that they are the basins in which great seas did once roll, but that as the moon has gradually cooled down from a primeval state in which it was largely composed of molten matter, the water from the seas penetrated into the interior, and there entered into chemical union with the materials which were crystallizing. It certainly does seem that whole oceans full of water could have been thus disposed of. There are, however, many who believe that these dark regions are due to the pouring forth from the interior of vast volumes of molten lava which spread over deep hollows, burying more or less completely the objects which had previously occupied them. In some places indications are found that these regions were once occupied by other structures, of



MARE CRISIUM. DRAWN BY PROFESSOR DR. L. WEINEK, FROM THE NEGATIVE TAKEN AT THE LICK OBSERVATORY, ON AUGUST 23RD, 1888.

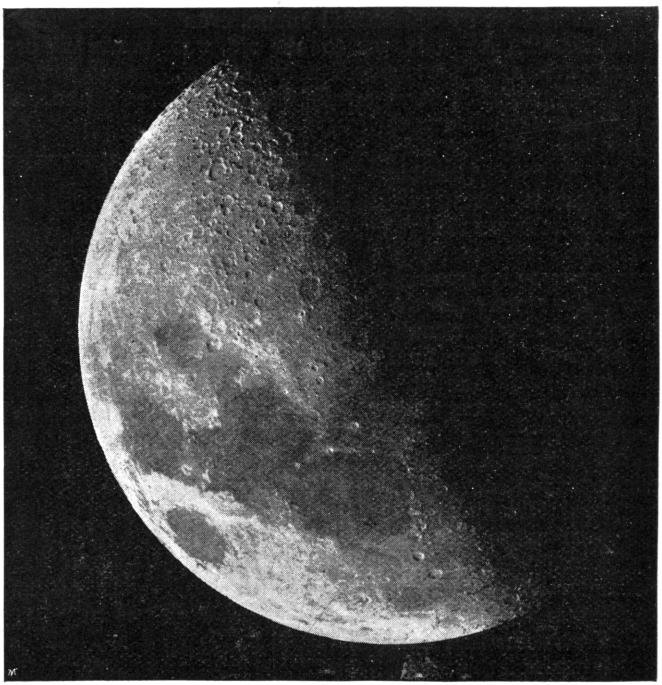
The bay in the centre of the picture is the Mare Crisium. Of the two little craters it contains, the upper is Picard and the lower is Peirce. The large crater immediately below the Mare Crisium is Cleomedes.

which only vestiges are any longer to be discerned.

There can be no doubt that these so-called seas lie lower than the general surface of the moon. If water were to be poured on our satellite, it would certainly tend to fill the basins once again. Close examination of these remarkable tracts show that the greyish, slaty tint that they usually present is by no means uniform. As Mr. Elger remarks: "I have frequently seen the surface in many places covered with minute glittering points of light, shining with a silvery lustre, intermingled with darker spots and a network of streaks, far too delicate and ethereal to represent in a drawing." In certain places in the lunar "seas," regions of a yellowish or a greenish hue have been occasionally noticed when the illumination is under suitable conditions; such tints have sometimes been attributed to the possible presence of some form of vegetation, though this would hardly be compatible with the absence of a lunar atmosphere.

The grandest illustration of this class of objects is the great Oceanus Procellarum, which covers an area not very different from that occupied by European Russia. If, however, we desire to look at one of the objects of this class which seems most emphatically to suggest its origin to have been an ancient sea basin, I would specially call attention to the Mare Crisium. It needs but little effort of the imagination to fill this remarkable gulf with water, and then to see how its margin forms the cliffs against which the waves have hurled themselves for centuries. Close examination reveals that the floors of these "seas" are marked over with various irregularities, so that when such features are spoken of as smooth, it must be understood that this is merely by way of contrast to the extreme ruggedness which prevails over the greater part of the lunar surface.

The most characteristic features of the scenery on our satellite are, however, the remarkable objects which are the results of volcanic phenomena. There are many classes into which these objects can be divided, but for our present purpose it will, perhaps, be sufficient if we attempt to give some brief account of what may be called the walled plains, and of the volcanic craters properly so termed. According to Mr. Elger, the authority to whom we have already referred, the most perfect example of a walled plain on the moon is the great object known as Ptolemæus. The remarkable district so designated covers an area on our satellite considerably larger than Wales. It is situated nearly centrally on that face of the moon directed towards us, so that it generally lies very conveniently placed for examination. It will be recognised as the last of a chain of four magnificent objects of the same character, which lie along the coast of that darkest of lunar seas, known as the Mare Nubium. Ptolemæus may be described as almost circular in outline, though sometimes it might be regarded as a rudely six-sided figure. Its appearance may be compared to



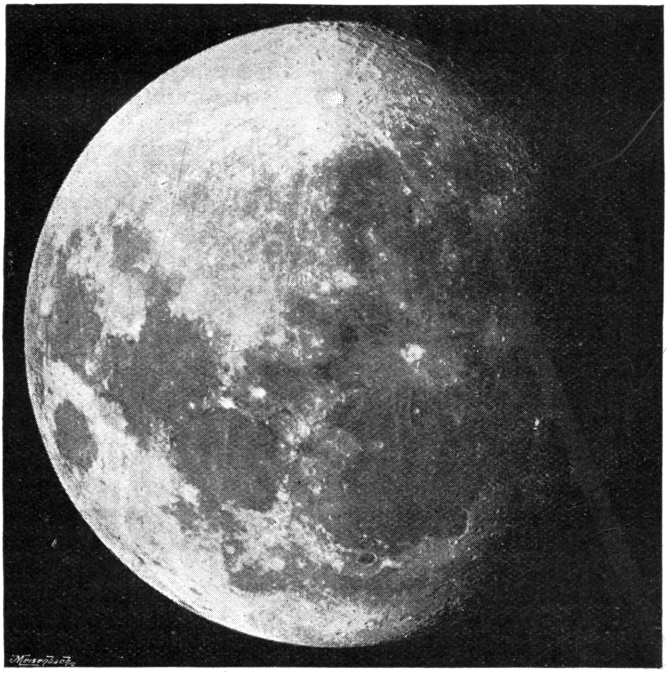
THE MOON, AGE 7 DAYS 3 HRS. TAKEN AT THE LICK OBSERVATORY. EXPOSURE 3 SEC.

The dark patch nearest to the left-hand lower corner of the picture is the Mare Crisium. The contrast between this and the picture of the Mare Crisium shown in another plate illustrates the effect which different aspects have on the lunar scenery. The upper part of the picture shows the volcanoes crowded together in that superb part of the lunar surface.

that of an eye-glass, whereof the little handle is formed by a beautifully shaped crater bearing the name of Herschel. The floor of Ptolemæus is a plain, not much depressed below the general level of the lunar surface. It is so vast that an observer placed in its midst would see a boundless horizon stretching away from him on all sides. He would not realize the fact that Ptolemæus was surrounded, more or less completely, by a noble circle of lofty mountains, for these mountains would be below his horizon. Some of their peaks ascend one mile, and in certain cases even two miles, above the interior of the plain. At certain points the mountain chains will be found interrupted by mighty passes; especially is this the case on the margin between Ptolemæus and the next adjoining walled plain, which is called Alphonsus.

To my mind, however, the most interesting of these objects, as well as perhaps the most perfect representative of its class, is the beautiful walled plain named Plato. This is so well placed, and has such a striking appearance, that it is probably one of the first objects which a student of lunar topography succeeds in identifying. No other object of the same character happens to lie in its neighbourhood, and, consequently, there is but little difficulty in distinguishing the walled plain referred to. For it may be remarked that the aspect of the moon changes so frequently that the identification of some features is at times a little troublesome. This partly arises from the never-ending varieties of light and shade as the moon changes from day to day.

There is also another circumstance which is sometimes apt to puzzle the beginner, for, owing to what is called the moon's libration, the face which is directed towards us is not always exactly the same. Hence it follows that at different times the distances of objects from the circular edge of the moon to which they are lying nearest will be found to vary. The difficulties will, however, not prevent the student from readily identifying the superb object known as Plato. It lies in the northern region of the moon, and as our telescopes exhibit the object inverted, this means that Plato must be sought at the lower part of the field.



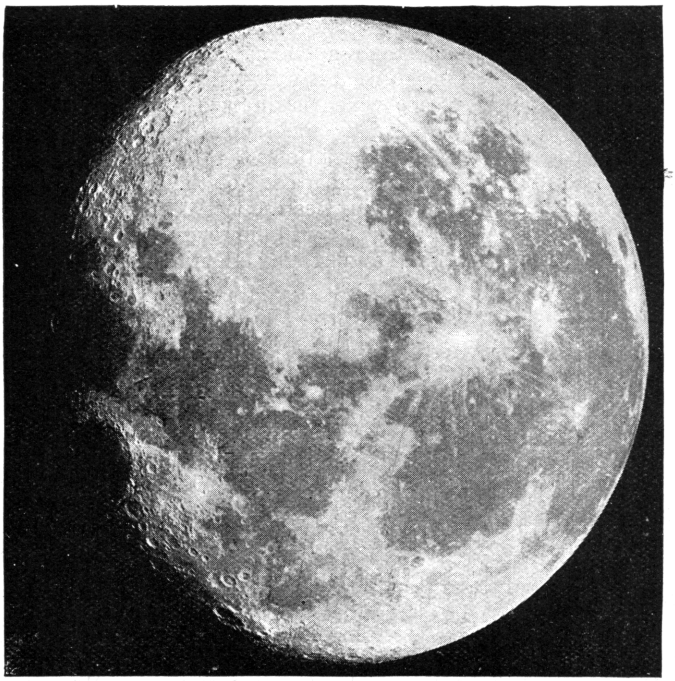
THE MOON, AGE 12 DAYS 6½ HRS. TAKEN AT THE LICK OBSERVATORY. EXPOSURE 2 SEC.

The white spot a little to the right of the centre is the crater Copernicus. The white spot at the top is the crater Tycho, from which a notable series of rays are seen to diverge.

This walled plain is situated on the coast-line of a magnificent lunar sea, namely, the Mare Imbrium, which may, perhaps, be described as a stupendous gulf branching off from the Oceanus Procellarum. This is, indeed, the region of the moon towards which we would specially direct the attention of the student. There he will find magnificent examples of the most striking types of lunar scenery. The floor of Plato measures about sixty miles across. It may be said to be flat, with the exception of certain small irregularities; but the fact which chiefly strikes the attention of the observer, and which is specially noticeable in the photographs, is the unusual darkness of that floor as compared with other parts of the moon. The rampart of mountains which surrounds Plato is comparatively perfect, and no more

pleasing lunar picture can be beheld than when the shadows of these mountain peaks lie stretched along the dark central floor, as they do when the sun is in such a position that it would just appear to be rising to a lunar inhabitant who was stationed in the neighbourhood.

I may mention that the shadows of lunar mountain peaks not only greatly enhance the beauty of our lunar picture from a spectacular point of view, but they have another importance. They present to the astronomer the only means which he possesses for measuring the altitudes of the lunar mountains. For, as a lunar mountain is more or less pointed towards the observer, its elevation above the surface cannot be obtained by direct measurements.



THE MOON, AGE 16 DAYS 18 HRS. TAKEN AT THE LICK OBSERVATORY. EXPOSURE 2 SEC.

The bay to the left a little below the centre of the picture is the Mare Crisium, and just above that is the Mare Fœcunditatis. The two other dark patches towards the centre are the Mare Tranquillitatis and the Mare Serenitatis. The rays from Copernicus, the white spot to the right of the centre, are here very conspicuous.

We may illustrate the process employed in the determination of the altitude of a lunar mountain by the operation of calculating the height of a flag-staff from knowing the length of the shadow which it casts at noon. If the length of that shadow be measured on certain days, which will, of course, vary with the latitude of the observer, then the length of the noon-tide shadow of the flag-staff would not be different from the height of the flag-staff itself. If the observations be made on any other days save those which have just been mentioned, then the length of the noon-tide shadow would be greater or less than the altitude of the flag-staff. However, by a little calculation, which anyone who has learned mathematics can easily understand, it is possible from knowing the length of the shadow and the true altitude of the sun at noon on the day in question to determine the height of the flag-staff by which that shadow has been cast.

We can measure the lengths of the shadows which are cast by the mountain peaks on the surface of the moon. Suppose, for instance, the shadows were observed to extend half-way across the floor of Plato, in such a case we know that the length of the shadow would be about thirty miles. From our knowledge of the relative positions of the earth and the moon, we can determine the height of the sun as it would have appeared to a lunar observer. These facts suffice to enable us to ascertain the altitude of the corresponding peaks.

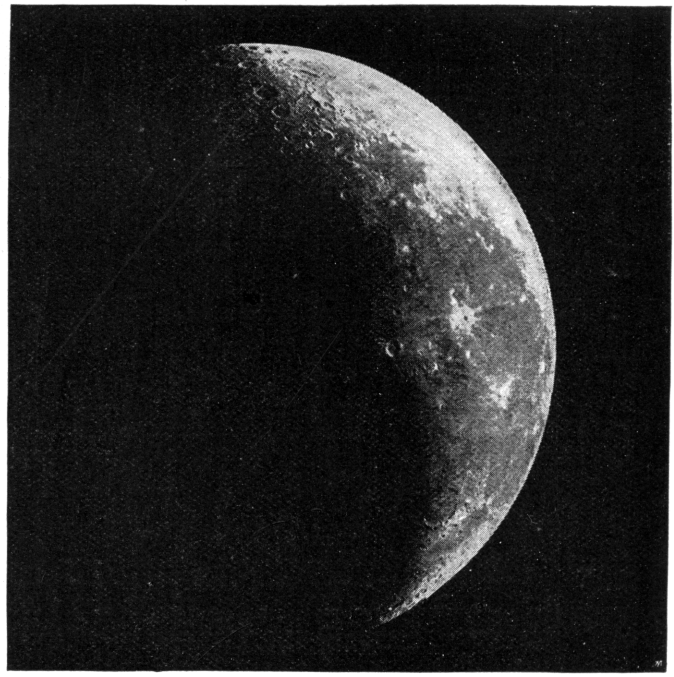
The isthmus on which Plato is situated contains many other interesting objects. In fact, the student could have no better study than to familiarize himself with the characteristics of the several objects in and about the Mare Imbrium. Beginning at the northern point, we first come to the very remarkable bay known as the Sinus Iridum. Then comes Plato, and then the gulf sweeps round by a noble range of mountains called the Caucasus, between which and the range of the Apennines there is a passage which leads into the Mare Serenitatis.

At this point the observer will not fail to notice three splendid rings lying out in the Mare Imbrium. The smallest of these is Autolycus; directly below that is the larger ring, known as Aristillus, which is thirty-four

miles in diameter. Its rampart rises upwards of two miles above the surrounding plain, while the interior of it is depressed some 3,000ft. below the level of the general lunar surface. Aristillus may be regarded as a typical lunar crater, inasmuch as it is adorned by a lofty mountain peak ascending from the centre. A view of multitudes of details in this mighty extinct volcano will reward the diligent student who has the use of a good telescope. If he should be an artist, he will find ample scope for practice with his pencil in delineating the many features of this superb piece of lunar scenery. The third of the three craters which form this noteworthy group lies far out in the Mare Imbrium, and is the famous lunar object known as Archimedes. This crater is not quite so large as Plato, but its floor presents multitudes of points of interest to assiduous lunar observers.

Returning, however, to the neighbouring coasts from our survey of these objects out in the Mare Imbrium, we perceive the splendid range of the lunar Apennines. The objects so called are by far the most magnificent range of mountains that can be seen on the moon, ascending, as some of its peaks do, to an altitude of about 18,000ft. above the surrounding plain. This superb range extends for a distance of no less than 400 miles along the shore of the Mare Imbrium, and the special summits which have been noticed upon it are to be numbered in hundreds. The Apennines project a mighty promontory into the Mare Imbrium, which terminates in the crater known as Eratosthenes. This object is of interest as being, perhaps, the volcanic vent for the mighty forces which were once concerned in the upheaval of this mountain range connected with it.

The promontory thus magnificently ended points to another lunar feature. This is the great crater Copernicus, which is regarded, and I believe justly regarded, as the most noteworthy object on the moon. It stands isolated in the Oceanus Procellarum, and this peculiar situation gives to Copernicus a distinctness which makes it very easy to recognise. The central regions of the ring are adorned by a mountain, some of whose peaks attain about half a mile in altitude. Among the features which make Copernicus specially interesting as a telescopic object are the remarkable terraces which are to be seen in its interior. They are apparently due to successive floodings of the crater by lava. It seems probable that they were produced in the following manner: Suppose that in connection with some outbreak the crater became filled with lava, then, after a period of quiescence, the surface of this would become congealed. If the molten lava beneath subsided, it would doubtless leave a margin of solidified material, which would thus form the first or highest terrace.



THE MOON, AGE 23 DAYS 8 HRS. TAKEN AT THE LICK OBSERVATORY. EXPOSURE 4 SEC.

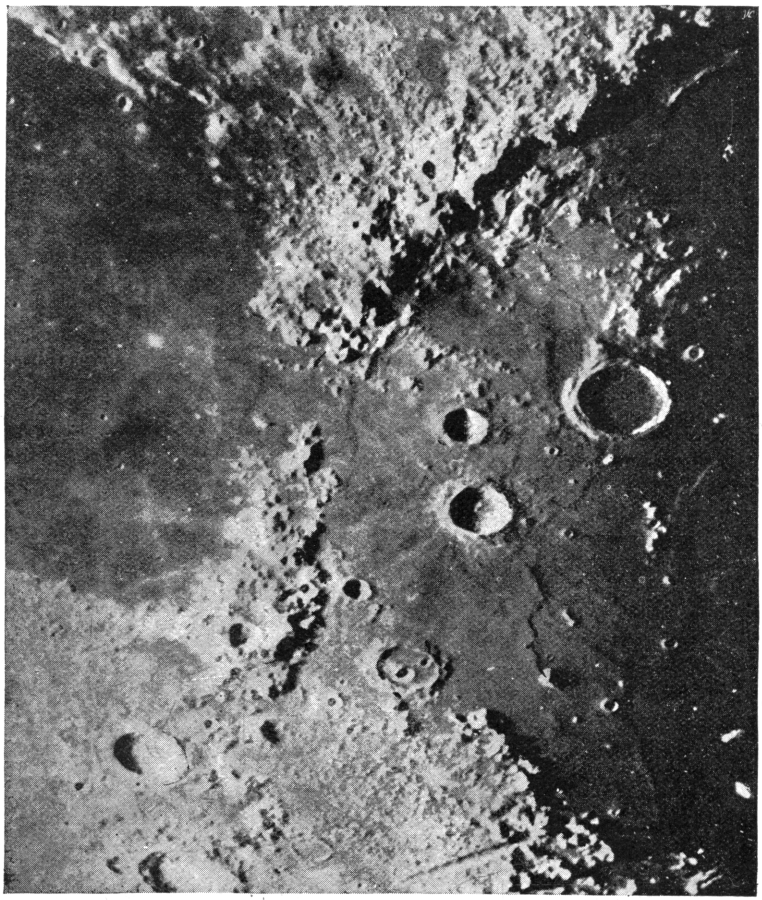
At one-fifth of the distance from the lower horn to the upper horn a crescent bay is seen. This is the Sinus Iridum. One-third of the way from the Sinus Iridum to the upper horn a crater is just visible in the dark region. This is Eratosthenes.

At a subsequent outbreak the basin might have been only partially filled, so that the lava did not ascend to so great an altitude. This would in due course become congealed on the surface, and again the

lava would subside, thus forming a second terrace.

I must here specially mention a remarkable characteristic of lunar scenery which is displayed on a grand scale by Copernicus. I allude to the presence of bright radiating streaks which extend from the great crater for many hundreds of miles over the lunar surface. The explanation of these bright streaks offers one of the most difficult problems in lunar physics. They are sometimes thought to mark lava-flows from the central spot at some earlier phase of eruption than the crater as it now stands would indicate. It does not, however, seem apparent why these streaks should in this case possess the peculiar brightness which characterizes them.

Near the southern pole of the moon is the remarkable crater known as Tycho. This is situated in a region where the scenery indicates the wildest and most magnificent confusion. Tycho is specially noticeable for the number of bright streaks which radiate from it. Indeed, at the time of full moon, when these streaks are peculiarly visible, they have frequently been likened to meridians diverging from a pole. Nasmyth supposed that these streaks were due to cracks in the moon, and that through these cracks lava had welled out from beneath. He gives a striking illustration of the mechanical possi-



ALPS, ARCHIMEDES, APENNINES. TAKEN AT THE PARIS OBSERVATORY.

The rugged portions at the top are the Apennines. Nearly meeting this range in the centre is the Caucasus, while the Alps occupy the bottom part of the picture to the right. On the right hand is the Mare Imbrium, and the prominent oval object a little above the centre is Archimedes. Two craters will be seen to the left; the upper of these, on the same horizontal as Archimedes, is Autolycus, while directly underneath it is the larger object, Aristillus. Near the bottom of the picture is the remarkable Alpine valley. Notice also Cassini, a large crater with two small ones in its interior.

bility of this doctrine, by showing how a glass globe has been observed to crack in such a way as to produce a system of streaks exactly resembling those seen to diverge from Tycho on the moon.

It is known that great volcanic outbreaks on the earth, such for example as the renowned discharge which took place at Krakatoa in 1883, have been attended with the evolution of enormous quantities of volcanic dust, or comminuted pumice, which was of a light greyish colour. It may perhaps have happened, as Mr. Elger suggests, that volumes of volcanic dust have issued from the fissures produced in the moon, under the influence of the cracking suggested by Nasmyth. This dust would accumulate along the lines of fissure; for it must be remembered that as there is no air on the moon, there would be no wind to blow the dust away, as there would be on the earth. There, consequently, the dust would remain, and its characteristic whiteness would present just the same appearance that the streaks now seem to have. This view seems to present the most reasonable explanation at present available as to the origin of these remarkable lunar characteristics.

One more striking feature in the scenery of our satellite should be referred to. I mean the deep but narrow clefts or chasms which extend for hundreds, or often for thousands, of miles across the lunar surface. These chasms seem in all probability to owe their origin to earthquake shocks, by which the moon was shaken in the days when its volcanoes were still active. Those days seem, however, to have long since passed. The volcanoes on the moon no longer give any manifestation of energy. They are all extinct and silent, for though one or two cases have been recorded in which apparent

THE CRATER COPERNICUS. DRAWN BY PROFESSOR WEINEK FROM A NEGATIVE MADE AT LICK OBSERVATORY. MOON'S DIAMETER ABOUT 10FT.

THE CRATER TYCHO. ENLARGED BY PROFESSOR WEINEK FROM A NEGATIVE MADE AT THE LICK OBSERVATORY. MOON'S DIAMETER 10FT.

changes have been thought to have taken place, yet even if we admitted the reality of such changes, they are but insignificant.

The fact is that the moon appears to have lost its volcanic energy. This is doubtless due to the circumstance that our satellite, being a small globe relatively to the earth, has already cooled down to such a point that there is no longer sufficient internal energy left to produce a volcanic outbreak. The earth is so much larger, that it still retains large quantities of internal heat, which manifests itself occasionally in the eruption of volcanoes. The difference between the earth and the moon in this respect may be expressed in this way: that while we have many extinct volcanoes on the earth, and comparatively few active ones, yet, on our neighbouring globe, all the volcanoes seem to have passed into the extinct condition.

Her Majesty's Judges.

By E.

HER MAJESTY'S Judges! The theme is certainly awe-inspiring and not altogether unambitious. It is, further, one which a junior barrister is particularly qualified to deal with, for what more thorough and impartial critic could be found than the victim of much judicial indigestion, the unresponsive subject of much judicial wit! And, what is even more important, the ordinary junior knows next to nothing of the judges in their social avocations and domestic retirement, and consequently is better able to paint them in their appropriate heroic colours than one who has heard them converse about the ordinary details of stupid, everyday life; talked to them of ailments real and imaginary, and watched them dancing "kitchen Lancers" and otherwise disporting themselves as mere human beings.

I myself am the last person who should attempt to write of these sublime entities, for have I not the melancholy privilege of the friendship of more than one of their number, and did I not on one occasion assist a very learned judge to concoct a certain unwholesome stimulating beverage—yes, on the very evening of the day on which I had heard him sentence a criminal to death? It will be readily apparent that no ideals could sustain the shock of such an anti-climax as that, and I fear that to me there is no very striking difference between A, the blood-and-thunder judge of Saturday, and A, the individual who absents himself from church in order to go over his wife's dressmaking bills on the Sunday. Alas! both personalities make about an equal impression on my unromantic mind! And again, I labour under other disadvantages in the matter of my subject, some of which I will set forth below.

In the first place, I have always been kindly treated by the judges whom I have patronized; secondly, I have never suggested that the entire Bench were in a conspiracy to prevent my attaining to the Woolsack, no judge, to my shame be it said, having consistently evinced a spiteful interest in my ultimate downfall; in short, my professional experience has been totally dissimilar to that of the large majority of my brethren. And now, having faithfully confessed my inability to properly cope with my subject, and thereby I hope having discounted the merciless attacks of my friends, let me commence my work by the imposition of a necessary limitation.

My subject does *not* include in its scope the comparatively harmless county court judge. Exigencies of space have made his proscription necessary, but even if I had the whole magazine to myself for twelve months, I very much doubt whether I should deal with him.

For, melancholy though the fact must necessarily be, the public are not interested — except spasmodically — in him. Every county court judge is—well, a county court judge, and that's about all. There's nothing heroic about him—not even when he is wielding the weapons of the Debtors' Act—and, unlike Metropolitan Police Magistrates, his powers of doing mischief are so absurdly curtailed by the Legislature! He is like the lily of the field: if he is a fine specimen somebody may admire him, but it is only pityingly and because he is not in the judicial hot-house; if he is a bad plant, no one notices him, and so I will leave him undiscussed, and deal with as many of the higher judges as I can.

Of course the Lord Chancellor comes first, and of him it is not too much to say that he is one of the most popular of our judges. At the Bar, he was noted, among other things, for his unfailing kindness to his juniors and his skill in "opening" a case he had not read. As leader of the South Wales Circuit, despite the fact that he smoked not at all, drank little and seldom, and was never heard to utter or smile at an equivocal expression, he was an immense favourite, and "the circuit" even now teems with stories of his ability and doings.

Many years ago I listened to my first case in a public court. The scene was the ancient town of Haverfordwest, and the case was the trial of Doctor Alder for the murder of a brother officer. Lord Halsbury "led" for the defence, and young as I was then, his brilliant advocacy made a deep and lasting impression on me. A forensic orator of the very highest order, a platform speaker of more than ordinary merit, a judge whose achievements have surpassed the most ambitious dreams of his friends, and silenced his political enemies; an honourable and keen party fighter, Lord Halsbury is well worthy of his great reputation.

Naturally enough, endless anecdotes, some

true, some destitute of any other basis than the honour of their relaters, are told about him, but there is one which has hitherto escaped the *raconteur*, and as it illustrates the readiness and resource which characterize the Chancellor, I will give it here.

Little Haven is a remote fishing village in Pembrokeshire. It possesses, in addition to a lovely coast line and a picturesque site, two public buildings: one a hostelry of dingy aspect and mediæval structure, known as the Castle Hotel; the other a diminutive police-station, in whose cell, it used to be rumoured, the solitary village constable was customarily locked by his wife, when he had displayed too great anxiety in enforcing the licensing regulations of the district. In the Castle Hotel Mr. Hardinge Giffard—as Lord Halsbury then was—once a year held his Revision Court. During the progress of business on one of these occasions it was found necessary to call in *the* constable to maintain order, and the constable duly came, saw, and ejected a fisherman. Order was thereby restored. The rest of the proceedings, barring a friendly oath or two, passed off quietly enough. In the evening Mr. Giffard closed his court, strolled about the sands, dined, I presume—for fashions haven't changed greatly during the last fifty years in Pembrokeshire—on the regulation lack of everything but mackerel and bacon, and, in due course, went to bed.

From a Photo. by] LORD HALSBURY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

In the morning he was told that the constable wished to see him, and he directed that the officer should be shown up. This was done, and the constable informed the horrified barrister that he had kept the *prisoner* on bread and water since the preceding morning, and was desirous of being further instructed in the matter.

"The prisoner?"

"Yes, my lord; you gave him into custody at 12.15 on the morning of yesterday. His wife hopes you won't send him to penal servitude this time, my lord, though even she admits he deserves it."

Mr. Giffard had grasped the position. If he blinked an eyebrow, the constable would notice it. The air was full of damages, and newspaper articles on the liberty of the subject. The constable had made the mistake; still, juries were stubborn things. He thought over the position as calmly as in the circumstances was humanly possible, and quickly arrived at a conclusion. He would see it out. He had made up his mind, and sent for the prisoner.

The man was brought in *handcuffed*. Mr. Giffard ordered the handcuffs to be removed, accepted the prisoner's apology, read him a severe lecture on the enormity of his crime, and slipping a sovereign into his hand told him to go and lead a better and nobler life. What he said to the constable history does not relate, but it should be remembered that the Lord Chancellor has never been known to swear. Now, this story was told me by a leading member of the Bar, and unless a long course of forensic advocacy has imperceptibly impaired his moral faculties, I should be inclined to consider him credible. Still, I vouch for no

man's accuracy, and there is a good deal of latent improbability in every story.

A well-known lady litigant once told me that Lord Esher was "a perfect darling," and there is probably no woman who would dispute the appropriateness of the epithet. Strikingly handsome, resolute, and kind-hearted, the Master of the Rolls would have been an ideal hero had he lived in the age of Romance; and, as it is, in this dull, State-ridden epoch, he lends a charm and refining grace to even such a dry-as-dust place as the Court of Appeal.

From a Photo. by] LORD ESHER. *[Window & Grove.*

He is not a favourite judge with "silks" and veteran juniors, for although every capable man at the Bar would admit that, as a commercial lawyer, he is unrivalled, and, moreover, is both sharp and endowed with common-sense in an exceptional degree, still, in palliation of his virtues, they would urge that he is not sufficiently considerate to them. Well, as to that, Lord Esher is certainly a little severe at times, but it is only to those who ought to know better, and I have never heard him administer an undeserved rebuke. I remember him once saying to a certain "silk":—

"Mr. ——, yesterday the same muddle as you are now making was made by another counsel, but there was this difference between you: he was young, and you——! Go on."

To young barristers he is ever kind, and has helped many a one out of serious difficulties. He makes endless jokes himself, but he never minds the laugh being turned against him; in fact, on these occasions he leads the laughter himself.

A little time back he told a lady litigant that her case had been sent to be tried by a certain learned judge without a jury, adding: "He is a capital lawyer, you know, and will try your case very nicely."

But she demurred, and in the course of her application for a jury said:—

"Oh, yes, my lord, Lord Justice——is all very well as to law; but, my lord—and in this respect I am also in a difficulty in your lordship's court — my case requires so much common-sense."

Lord Esher was so delighted with this that he persuaded the Court to dismiss the lady's application *without* costs.

Mr. Justice Cave is the originator of the celebrated phrase, "That won't do, you know," and when he is not as near dozing as a judge can possibly be, is a very capable judge, possessing that agglomeration of qualities which justifies one in applying to him the attribute of "strong." A little severe on criminals, he is a great authority on bankruptcy and all branches of the common law. He is certainly no respecter of persons, and conducts the business of his court—taking his ease there as occasion prompts—with absolute impartiality and great ability.

Recently, a much bepuffed and self-conscious Q.C. was addressing the Divisional Court of which this learned judge was a member.

It was after luncheon, and the said Q.C. was arguing closely and vehemently. About an hour had passed, when it chanced

that Mr. Justice Cave looked up, and asked :—

"What did the prisoner say ? "

"My lord," the ruffled Q.C. complained, "I was arguing that an admission——"

"Exactly," said the judge. "It is not available against the other prisoner," and, with a sigh, he beautifully toyed with sleep, leaving his colleague to trace the connection between county court costs and a joint indictment. And in this connection I will give another slender anecdote.

It is recorded of a certain judge that, on a certain occasion, both he and another learned judge who sat with him slept, or appeared to sleep, throughout the entire afternoon, only awaking at the conclusion of the arguments to adjourn the case for further consideration and re-argument.

This story is absolutely true, and as I happen to know the counsel who argued—and his opponent—I shouldn't in the least degree have marvelled had the learned judges really gone to sleep. Indeed, it would have been wonderful had they been able to resist the soporific influence of his oratorical display ! But, apart from that, the facts of this case are peculiar, and suggest something very like occultism. Let me narrate them for the benefit of the few scientists the Bar possesses. Immediately after luncheon counsel rose to argue an absolutely untenable point. Indeed, before coming into court he had admitted to his opponent his disinclination to say anything at all, except for the purpose of withdrawing his appeal. *Pro hac vice*, I will assume that the judges were — as usual —punctual, and came into court at 2 o'clock. The subsequent proceedings were as follows : At 2.10 the judges told the counsel they were irrevocably against him ; at 2.15 they pointed out, with more *fortiter in re* than *suaviter in modo*, that he was wasting the time of the Court ; at 2.20 the opposing counsel rose to remonstrate with his "friend," and object to the scope of the argument being even further enlarged. The Bench merely nodded—feebly and hesitatingly. Counsel continued his argument ; at 2.30 the judges appeared to be asleep. Counsel continued his argument after a fiery conflict with his solicitor on the difference between High Court and County Court costs, and by degrees worked himself into a state of eloquent frenzy. Briefly alluding to such topics as the inefficacy of Bar Councils, and the appointment of Assize Commissioners, he roamed at will over current light literature, suggested improvements in law-reporting, and the regulations of Freemasonry ; and with biting scorn directed attention to certain prevalent economic fallacies. Then he glanced at the constitution of the House of Lords, criticised the Law List, which he described as an "outrage on æstheticism," and was about to deal with lady litigants, when four o'clock struck, and he sat down. At the same minute—indeed, I ought to say, second—the judges *seemed to awake*, and, as I have already said, adjourned the case for re-argument! I have since then talked of hypnotism to that learned counsel, and he has admitted taking an interest in these subjects. This, perhaps, partially solves the difficulty !

From a Photo. by | MR. JUSTICE CAVE. | [*Bassano*.

Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams, who has taken the place of Mr. Justice Cave in the Bankruptcy Court, is a very great judge. Absolutely fearless in the performance of the troublesome duties his position in the Bankruptcy Court entails; just, and well versed in legal principles, he is thoroughly at home in every department of law. He is perhaps too lenient with criminals, but that seems to me to be his only fault — if, indeed, it can be reckoned a fault. Among the other striking characteristics which distinguish the learned judge is his love of unconventionality. He has an absolute contempt for fine clothes, despises such symbols of namby-pambyism as gloves and umbrellas, and altogether dresses in a very unobtrusive fashion. And these views and habits are responsible for a true, if somewhat remarkable, story. Some short time ago, Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams was going the Western Circuit. At a certain assize town, the sheriff, who was determined to do things well and without regard to the vulgar detail of expense, was waiting at the station to meet the judge. Accompanying him were the other necessary officials and a large retinue of policemen and those survivals of archaic stupidity, "Javelin Men." The train came in, its usual hour late, and the sheriff anxiously scanned the carriages to discover the judge. He looked here, there, and everywhere, and at last his discriminating eye fixed on the august personage. Hat in hand, he approached a fur-coated commercial traveller and introduced himself. The commercial traveller was highly pleased with the preparations which had been made in his honour, and when he had given a footman some directions as to his baggage, samples, etc., went off with the sheriff in his state carriage.

MR. JUSTICE VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

Now, at this point, two accounts conflict. One says that the guard discovered the mistake, and drove away the intruder with everything terrible short of kicks. Another has it that the traveller was taken to the judge's lodgings, where the real judge, who had chartered a cab and driven in the train of the pseudo-judicial procession, politely expressed his fear that there had been some error! Which account is true, I will not decide. And really, if the story is a good one, what does it matter?

One of the very smartest things that have ever emanated from the judicial mouth is ascribed to this judge. It is concerned with a certain barrister whose forensic methods are rather above than below the capabilities of his vocabulary. The occasion was a "judge's dinner," and the conversation veered round to the subject of the barrister in question. The point most vehemently agitated was whether or no he understood "Welsh"; and, after a somewhat lengthy discussion, it was agreed that "Welsh" was not one of his intellectual acquisitions. During the progress of the argument (!) the judge sat silent, but when the final resolution was arrived at, he lifted his eyebrows, and half interrogatively, said:—

"Ah! Then Mr.—— speaks *no* language that I understand."

And here I must get in an anecdote which, it must be clearly understood, does not expressly refer to any particular judge. A certain solicitor in a country town happening to recognise in the assize judge an old school friend—at least, so he said—invited him to dine at his house on the

following Sunday. The judge in question, being both good-natured and kind-hearted, consented to come, and asked the hour.

"One o'clock, my lord; if you please," and away the solicitor went to spread the delightful news. Sunday came: a hot, dusty, midsummer day; and the judge and his marshal strolled along the mile or two of road which led to the solicitor's house. Arrived there, they were received by the host, attired not in the regulation dress of humdrum society, but in evening clothes and dancing pumps. A frilled shirt and black tie of extraordinary dimensions, in combination with a flaring button-hole, added dignity to his picturesque appearance, and his hands were tightly encased in six-button white kid gloves. On going into the drawing-room, the astonished guests were introduced to the hostess and half-a-dozen daughters, all of whom wore ball dresses square-cut without shoulder-straps, and were decked out with jewels in great quantity, and of any and every reasonably conceivable quality. This was surprising enough, and disconcerting, too, to one who knew the Parable of the Wedding Garment; but the farce only became tragedy when the bedizened and bedecked hostess accompanied the judge on an afternoon drive, and called on at least a dozen of her friends, to all of whom she presented her guest. "She would have been overdressed even for a Belgravian ball," the judge afterwards remarked, and from that day, it is rumoured, he has refused to even look on a fashion-plate or to glance at a ladies' newspaper. These facts I commend to the notice of the numerous men at the Bar who aspire to literary fame and are afflicted with dramatic tendencies.

"What did the prisoner say?"

"The prisoner said, my lord," said the constable, "'God grant I sha'n't come before 'Awkins, for if I do, he'll bring my hairs down in sorrow to the grave.'" And this represents the popular opinion of Mr. Justice—or, as he prefers to be called, Sir Henry—Hawkins.

It is an erroneous opinion, for this judge is most merciful to prisoners, and rarely errs on the side of severity. Although I am certain no thoroughly guilty persons have ever "got off" before him, I should think a large number of the merely legally guilty have been by his efforts acquitted. If counsel for the defence allows him to do the case himself, he will in a proper case defend, and do it well too. He does not unduly study the convenience or feelings of members of the Bar when an opportunity for smart repartee presents itself, and yet it would be impossible to say that he is unpopular.

"If that is done, my lord," said a very junior barrister to him one day, "I shall be satisfied."

"And do you imagine that I care whether you are or not?" Sir Henry asked, deliberately, enjoying the effect of his retort on the people in court.

It is well known that as a criminal lawyer he is almost unrivalled, principles and details of the law being alike completely within his intellectual grasp. At the Bar, his skill in cross-examining was little short of wonderful, and in every respect he was an admirable advocate. Since he has attained the honour of the Judicial Bench he has become much attached to horse-racing, and it is but seldom that professional duties prevent him witnessing the summer solstice at Epsom on the Derby Day.

The appended story, even if untrue—and I do not say it is not—is characteristic of this learned judge. A year or so ago, Sir Henry was due to dine with a local

MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS.
From a Photo. by Medrington's, Ltd., Liverpool.

magnate somewhere near Chester. It was the commission day of the assizes, and a large party had been invited to meet him, including the bishop of the diocese. Now, it happened that Sir Henry arrived at the house nearly an hour late, and it also happened that one of the party had earlier in the day seen the learned judge quit the London train at Chester; therefore it was generally agreed that the Chester Cup—which was being run for that day—was not altogether unconnected with the lateness of arrival of the distinguished guest.

"Do you know what won the Cup?" the host asked the judge, by way of imparting a free and easy humour into the hunger-stricken assembly.

Sir Henry looked surprised. "The Chester Cup! Ah! yes. I saw a number of people in a field near the railway, and I heard the newspaper boys call out, 'Winner of the Cup,' so I concluded that this *was* the Cup day."

"And you didn't buy a paper?" the bishop maliciously put in.

The judge assumed the air of bland condescension which he wears when sentencing a man to death, and said: "No; I thought it was unnecessary to buy one. I had been told I should have the privilege of meeting your lordship to-night."

And yet another story may be told about Sir Henry. In days long past, there was a certain expert valuer who was much in request in what are known as compensation cases—that is, such cases as arise when a railway company proposes to take over certain land, and it is necessary to fix the amount of money the company shall give the landowner to compensate him for the loss of his land. We will call him by the useful and compendious name of "Jones."

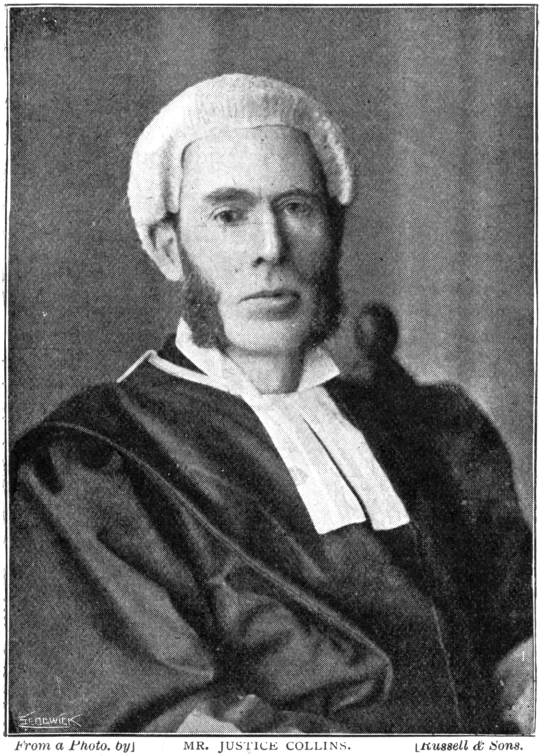
In a certain compensation case involving over £100,000, Mr. Jones was retained by the railway company to give evidence as to the value of the land in question. For the other side, the then Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., appeared as counsel. He called before the jury local valuers and small farmers, who bore out the case of his client, fixing the damages at a very high figure, and the company in their turn put in the box Mr. "Jones," who depreciated the value of the land in the course of a lengthy examination. Afterwards, Mr. Hawkins rose to cross-examine him shortly, and asked him whether he did not plough fifty acres or so, keep a few cows and sheep, and do a little general farming. To all of this Mr. Jones answered in the affirmative, and then, to the manifest surprise of everyone, Mr. Hawkins sat down, not having even incidentally referred to the evidence of the great expert at all. At the conclusion of the company's case, Mr. Hawkins addressed the jury, and asked them to rely on the local valuers, and to throw aside the evidence of Mr. Jones.

"Mr. Jones! Who is Mr. Jones?" he asked. "An amateur farmer who keeps a cow or two, and a dozen odd sheep. Forsooth! What does he know about land? Is he the sort of man, gentlemen, you will oppose to these valuers I have put into the box—men whom you know, and with whose abilities in such matters you are thoroughly well acquainted? Who is he that he should oppose his opinion to that of Mr. Smith, whose reputation in this locality as a valuer is deservedly high? Mr. Jones keeps a few sheep, we are told. Well and good! But is that any reason why you should throw overboard the estimate of Mr. Brown, who has spent a lifetime in the district and knows the value of every blade of grass in your fields? Gentlemen, the issue is in your hands and not in those of any stranger, no matter how amiable he be, or how enthusiastically devoted to the pursuits of the small farmer."

It is hardly necessary to state that a heavy verdict was given against the company, and that Mr. "Jones" ever afterwards nourished a keen hatred for the counsel who had beaten him at his own game. This may not be true—it really doesn't matter whether it is or not, as far as the purposes of illustration go—but it certainly was told me by a credible person.

Mr. Justice Henn Collins is an eminent authority in law, but it is open to doubt whether his intellectual refinement does not assert itself too thoroughly in criminal trials. In a manslaughter case tried some little time ago at a certain assize town, the question was whether the deceased had died from the effects of the blows certain police-officers had dealt him, or had been killed by the injudicious treatment of the prison medical officer. The learned judge in question was understood to ask the jury whether they thought there was "a link missing in the chain of causality which connected the prisoners and the deceased." Now, an assize jury is highly intelligent, but after all, it is common jurors who try manslaughter cases, and not savants.

In civil causes there is no more satisfactory judge than Mr. Justice Henn Collins,

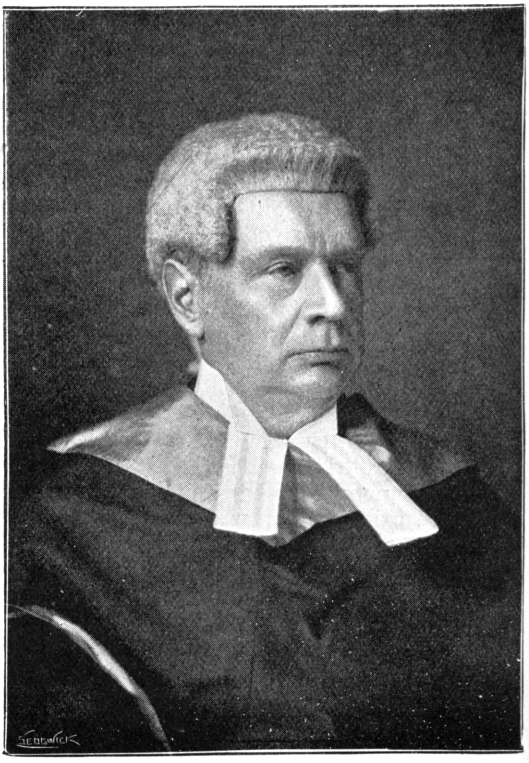


From a Photo. by] MR. JUSTICE COLLINS. *[Russell & Sons.*

and rare indeed are the occasions when his decisions are over-ruled by superior Courts. He spends much of his time in London in the Railway Commission Court, but the wisdom of relegating so good a lawyer to such a court is certainly open to question!

On the whole, taking one thing with another, I am inclined to think that one of our best judges is Mr. Justice Lawrance. As a criminal judge he is eminently fair; generally refrains from attempting to influence the jury one way or the other; apportions his sentences adequately, and does not treat the counsel for the defence as a personal foe. At Nisi Prius, too, he is good; he takes a broad view of the case before him, and looks at the facts in the light of a man of the world and not as an expert in criminal pathology. Further, he is one of the very few judges on the Bench who can and do occasionally say "a good thing"; and what is more, I have never known him to make merry at the expense of a nervous junior to whom a jest might mean starvation. This fact partially accounts for his popularity among members of the Bar. It was the fashion at one time to say that he knew no law—and the people who said it were for the most part office boys, or barristers who, beyond "devilling" in county courts, had never done a case—but now things are different, and Mr. Justice Lawrance is by the profession accounted a very capable judge.

The funniest scene I have ever witnessed in an assize court occurred when this learned judge was presiding. A habitual criminal of the most dangerous type had addressed the jury in his own defence, and at the conclusion of his speech announced that he had a witness to call—one, John Kelly. The man was called over and over again, but without success, and the judge told the prisoner that his witness had not answered, and there appeared no reasonable probability of his turning up. The prisoner muttered something about expense, and asked if he might address the jury again. But just at this moment a great commotion was heard outside, and the door opened, and there entered two constables who were literally drag-



From a Photo. by] MR. JUSTICE LAWRANCE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

ging a man into the witness-box. The man, who seemed half-dazed, and looked as though he were on the verge of an attack of St. Vitus' dance, said his name was John Kelly, and he was duly sworn.

"Here's your witness," said the judge; "ask him any questions you wish."

The prisoner stared at the witness, his eyes blazed with fury, and throwing off his coat, he screamed:—

"Who's 'e? What's 'e 'ere for? —— 'im!"

Why the man should have become so enraged, I do not know, for the constables had only made a mistake and insisted on a juror-in-waiting with a similar name to the person called tendering himself as a witness. But he *was* enraged, and even after he had been sentenced to a long term of penal servitude, he left the dock bitterly complaining of the conduct of the constables, saying:—

"It ain't fair, I sez; why, they knowed all 'long as my witness was down at the Moor on a seven 'stretch' for 'smashing.'"

There is one reform which Mr. Justice Lawrance has introduced which is extremely popular. It is no less than the abolition of the dinner which once or twice during a circuit the judges formerly gave — and now as a rule give —to the Bar. Now, of all nuisances, both to Bench and Bar, the "judge's dinner" cannot well be beaten. The judges, I believe, hate it, and it is not too much to say that it invariably is a period of depression and gloom to the barristers who, out of mere respect to their hosts, attend the dreary function. Instead of this ghostly gathering, Mr. Justice Lawrance asks half-a-dozen or so of the leading barristers on the particular circuit to dine with him privately, and such a dinner is pleasant to everyone concerned.

The other kind of official dinner may have been all very well in the days when a few men, all of whom were personally known to the judge, comprised the circuit; but now that every circuit is overgrown, the reason and the reasonableness of the thing are gone. The men whom the judges would like to see do not attend the official dinner, because they do not feel inclined to put their work aside in order to participate in an empty compliment, and the men whom the judges hardly know by sight thrust themselves into front places.

On the other hand, the private dinner is not only infinitely better, from a gastronomical point of view, but an invitation implies a real compliment. If Mr. Justice Lawrance will only adhere to his precedent, other judges will follow it, and Bench and Bar will be the happier.

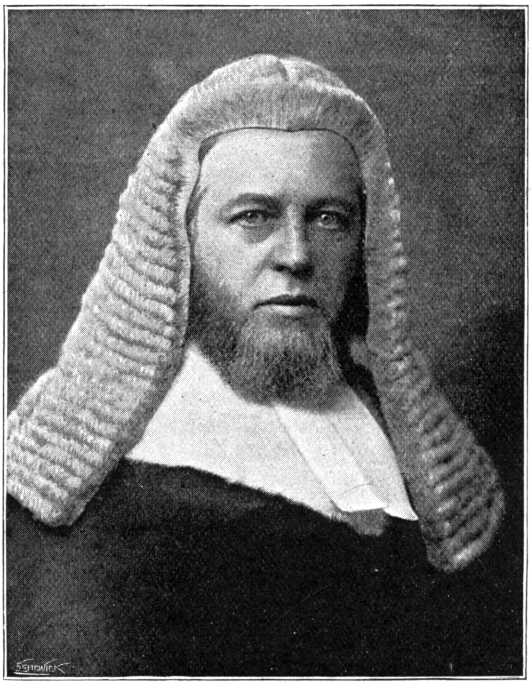
If the President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice has a fault—and in these days of competition it is dangerous to assert that any judge is not perfect, besides being ungracious—it lies in the kindness with which he habitually treats the barristers who practise before him. Not that I for a moment deprecate judicial kindness, but in the circumstances it is slightly deplorable. And for this reason: the members of the Divorce and Admiralty Bar never were unduly sprightly, and there is reason to fear that the forbearance of the learned President will superinduce a morbidly atrophic condition.

I at once admit that every divorce man is gloomy; and that he should be is but natural after all, for one might as reasonably expect an undertaker to continually rejoice as look for merriment in the morgue of the law. But,

From a Photo. by] SIR FRANCIS JEUNE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

unfortunately, coma has given signs of its near approach, and there are but too good grounds for believing that soon it will clutch its intended victims—among whom I number many friends. I earnestly hope these gloomy forebodings may not be realized; but at present the outlook is black, and threatens a blighted future to Divorce Court practitioners.

Now, is it fair to blame Sir Francis Jeune for this state of things? Is it right to expect him to rouse into something like activity barristers, in comparison with whom the lotus-eaters were so many extraordinary manifestations of the principle of physical and intellectual Energy? I do not think that it is. The learned President is so kind and considerate that I do not think he could bustle up his barristers and so save them from inanimation and consequent vital extinction, and thus the only thing to do is to bemoan the fact: that kindness is killing slowly and attractively the gentle members of the Divorce and Admiralty Bar. And they are so very gentle and timid, are these members!



From a Photo. by] MR. JUSTICE LOPES. *[Bassano.*

Not long ago, I met one of the most prominent of the sect, pacing the Law Courts, with halting step and folded arms, apparently in a very flustered condition. Struck by the peculiarity of his demeanour, I asked him what was the matter. For answer he tugged violently at his gown, and said, in tones so sublimely pathetic that it roused a Law Courts' messenger from his usual torpor to a state bordering on animation: "My dear fellow, what I have gone through this morning, you can never know."

I expressed my sorrow, and suggested he should "tell me all." He hesitated, wavered, and then dismally unburdened himself.

"Lopes is taking 'common juries' to-day; I have been before him, and *twice*—you may not believe it, but on my honour it is true—*twice* he interrupted me. I feared he might break in a third time, so I have left the case to my junior, and am going home."

He refused all consolation, and shortly afterwards I saw his clerk put the vexed soul into a cab and send him home.

Now, Lord Justice Lopes is himself a very pleasant judge to appear before, and—but the moral is obvious. But I would here sound a note of warning, lest anyone should imagine that Mr. Justice Jeune is a weak judge. For, as a matter of fact, although kind and considerate, he is particularly "strong," and I have never known or heard of anyone treating him indifferently. As the President of his Division he does his work admirably, and it would be difficult to conceive how anyone could discharge the duties appertaining to that position more thoroughly or with greater tact than he displays.

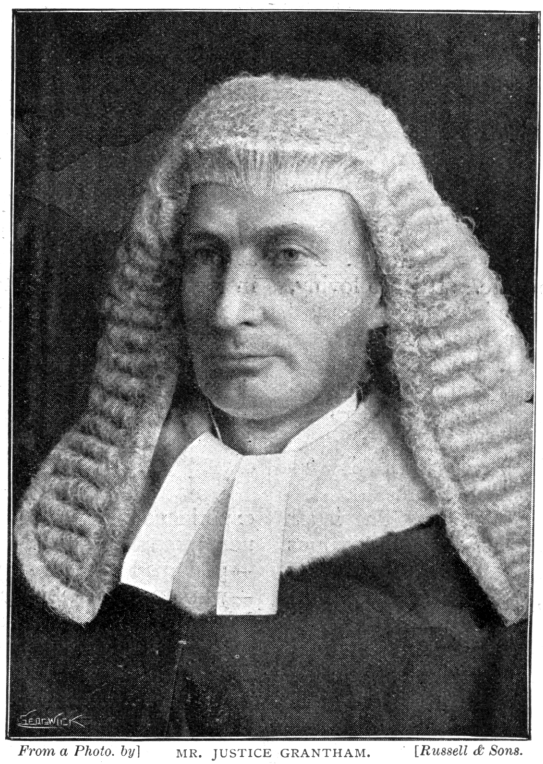
One of our most deeply-read lawyers, he is a painstaking and conscientious judge, who allows nothing to stand in the way of an equitable and just performance of his frequently very delicate duties. Socially, there is not a nicer man living. Popular at the Bar, and popular on the Bench, he is one of those judges whom added honour has in no way spoiled.

Many judges live a sort of dual existence, one personality being the judge, and the other the ordinary humdrum man. But happily in this case there is no duality, there being no difference as far as demeanour is concerned between Mr Justice Jeune the President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, and Sir Francis Jeune the man of the world. And one is tempted to piously pray that all the other judges were even as the "President" is.

Mr. Justice Grantham once casually remarked that all Welshmen are liars; but that is probably the only discourteous thing he has ever said—and even then he merely made the slight mistake of particularizing where generalization was appropriate.

Still, the Welsh people and the customary "others" were angered, and failed to see that, by demonstrating their annoyance, they were essentially and formally making patent their lack of philosophy. Now, it seems to me very clear that every man is born into this world a potential liar, and further, that the man who has not at some time or other wilfully created a false impression, *i.e.*, lied, belongs to a species which may have existed about the date of the making of "Le Contrat Social," but which has, long ere this, been improved off the face of this earth. In our own times everybody, from the girl who says "Engaged," to avoid dancing with a man she dislikes, to the expert witness who invariably discerns the truth on the side of the party who has paid him a retaining fee, habitually says and does the thing that is not. I don't attack the habit, neither do I, on the other hand, aver that it is defensible on the ground that it alone makes life tolerable. I merely state the fact of the universality of the practice.

As to the Law Courts, it is honourable in certain circumstances to lie in the Divorce Court: in the Admiralty or Chancery Courts, deponents cheerfully and in accordance with immemorial custom swear to the existence of *facts* which are solely based on the word of a solicitor. In other courts, imperfect recollection and a desire to tone down the angularities of a case are responsible for a great deal of sin. Everywhere, wilful inaccuracy is to be found in costly profusion. This being the case, the Welsh were badly advised in crying out. If they had been wise, they would have muttered a *tu quoque*, and turned aside to contemplate the general inappropriateness of human methods! As it was, they went into the merits of the case — and then there was chaos! Welshmen love disputation, and therefore the judge did, perhaps, after all, do them no inconsiderable good when he inveighed against them.



From a Photo. by] MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM. *[Russell & Sons.*

Mr. Justice Grantham is a good all-round sportsman, and rides uncommonly good horses to the Law Courts of a morning. In that respect he is unlike the majority of his professional brethren and barristers, whose steeds irresistibly remind one of a certain society in connection with which the term "knacker" is sometimes used.

He is an extremely popular judge, and deservedly so, for he is invariably kind to the veriest junior who appears before him, and is thoroughly independent. Possessed of a large fund of common-sense, and endowed with those qualities which comprise a man of the world, he makes a capital criminal judge, and contrives to do practical justice between man and man. There is nothing petty or mean about Mr. Justice Grantham, and if his decisions are sometimes upset, is not that the fate of every judge?

(To be continued.)

Some Peculiar Entertainments.

II.

By Framley Steelcroft.

IT was, I suppose, the apocryphal feat of William Tell that suggested this item of sensational "business" to the crack rifle-shot, Mlle. Diana, who appears in this picture, and recently fulfilled a London engagement. But the analogy is not complete. It is no loving, fearful father that takes aim at the "apple" (in this case an evil-smelling, hollow globe of resin), but just a Winchester rifle of uncertain habits, and addicted to the vagaries and cussednesses common to all firearms.

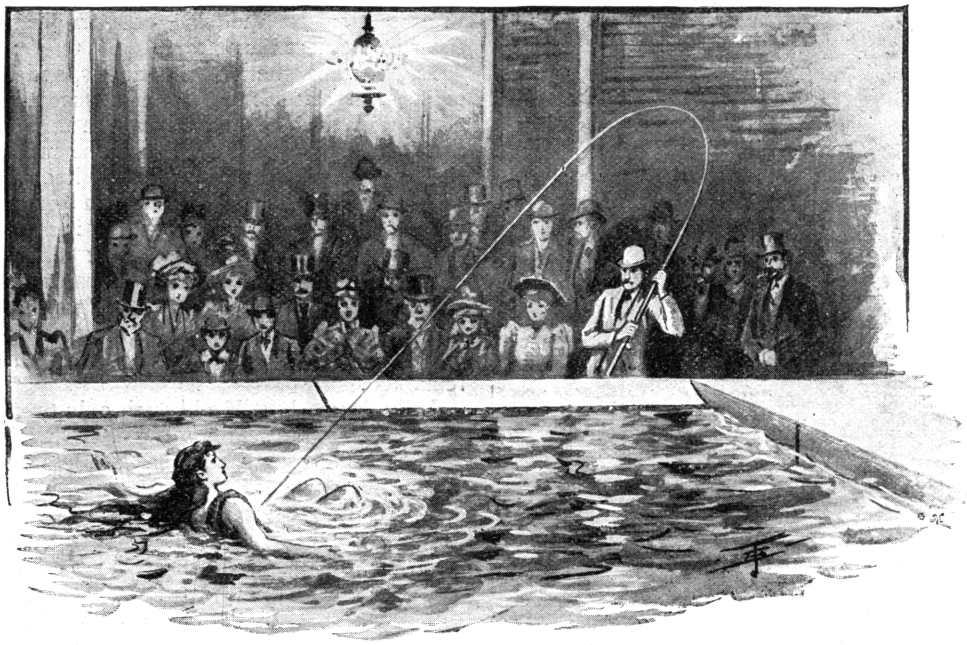
In the first place, the resinous ball is suspended in mid-air by a string, and then the stand is rigged up with its rifle. The latter is then sighted by the expert with scrupulous care, so as to cover the pendant globe. After this has been done, Mlle. Diana takes up her position, rifle in hand, exactly beneath the "apple," and blazes away at the trigger of the other gun. Simple, isn't it? The discharges are practically simultaneous, and the lady's dark hair is in most cases instantly powdered with particles of the shattered ball of resin. I say "in most cases" advisedly, because it sometimes happens that the bullet passes over or at the side of the "apple," and on one occasion the rifle-ball actually passed between the globe and Mlle. Diana's scalp, the weapon having been aimed a shade too low.

"I must say," remarked the lady rifle-shot, "that it wants a lot of nerve to face and fire at that rifle. You see, the slightest deviation in sighting may be fatal; and then, again, the cartridge may be a poor one, causing the rifle to hang fire. In such cases the first thing to be done, of course, is to get out of the line of fire without a moment's delay, for the rifle may go off immediately on its own account, as, indeed, it has done more than once."

Now, was ever such an opportunity given an experienced angler as that suggested by my next picture? And he *is* an experienced angler—perhaps I ought to say a professional angler—who has played bigger salmon in the Fraser River than ever Scotland produced. And surely this is a novel angling contest—Rod *v.* Woman. I witnessed the interesting event in a specially-arranged swimming-bath, the "fish" being the well-known expert, Miss Annie Luker, whose father trained Captain Webb, and who is herself engaged at this day in imparting the natatory art to a couple of thousand London Board School children. Miss Luker's biggest feat was a swim from Kew to Rotherhithe.

MLLE. DIANA SHOOTING THE "APPLE" FROM HER OWN HEAD.

This angling contest is tremendous fun. The salmon-line is hooked in the lady's belt, and she certainly gives fine play. Sometimes the line breaks, sometimes the rod. Occasionally the fair "fish" is too much for her would-be captor, who, *nolens volens*, is drawn into what is emphatically *not* his element. If Miss Luker is landed in the corner within



A NOVEL ANGLING CONTEST—ROD *v.* WOMAN.

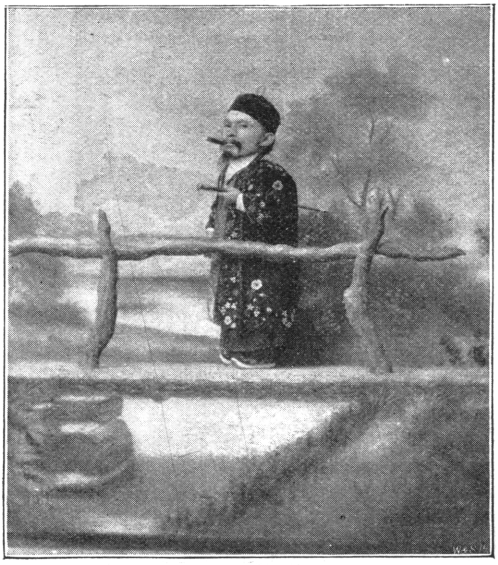
ten minutes, however, the victory is given to the angler, who, it is significant to note, does not stand at the shilling side of the bath. This is, of course, in order that when the "fish" allows herself to be drawn quite close, and then dashes away through the water, splashing frightfully, the sixpenny public only get the benefit of whatever moisture may be going about.

A very different kind of entertainment is provided by the blindfold child pianist, Jennie Gabrielle, a Birmingham girl, who, at the age of seven, could positively play anything that was set before her. A few years ago the child was taken to the Gaiety Theatre to see a burlesque, and next morning she surprised her parents by sitting down to the piano and playing off the whole score—songs and all.

Not only is Miss Gabrielle blindfolded by any member of her audience who may wish to undertake the task, but the keys of the instrument are completely covered with silk; and yet, under these difficult conditions, you may give her elaborate pieces from such masters as Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Bach, and Schubert, which will be rendered with surprising accuracy and delicacy of touch.

Chimah was born in Ning-po fifty-seven years ago, and, briefly, he may be described as a diminutive man with monstrous ideas. I saw him in Kohl and Middleton's Museum at Chicago. As a rule, the showman gives an exhaustive and sometimes exhausting description of each individual freak in the show. The bearded lady beams benignly, while the

JENNIE GABRIELLE, THE BLINDFOLD CHILD PIANIST.



CHIMAH, THE CHINESE DWARF.

length of her hirsute appendage is measured for an appreciative public; and the armless man paints dexterously with his toes, what time the showman indicates the beauties of the landscape that is growing under his artistic foot. But Chimah needs no one to tell his story. His height is exactly 24½in., and in his best days he received nearly £500 a week; for, to the potent attraction of his diminutive stature, he added the great reputation of a *raconteur* skilled in the lore of many lands. Also, he smoked cigars nearly as big as himself; and his appetite was prodigious. I have seen him eat a great dinner, whereof a pound-and-a-half of steak was but a part. Last summer Chimah bought a farm of 20,000 acres in Ohio, and celebrated his establishment thereon with a big house-party, Cliquot, the sword-swallower, referred to last month, being among the number of invited guests. The tiny Chinaman is very fond of jewellery, owning quite a fortune in diamonds and rubies; and he is extremely religious, after the manner of his kind. He worships his ancestors—as, indeed, he ought, seeing that they did a big thing for him in bringing him into the world so small. At home Chimah's hobby is singing, and he is for ever practising duets with his wife, the midget Princess Josepha, who is seen by the side of her gigantic sister in the next illustration.

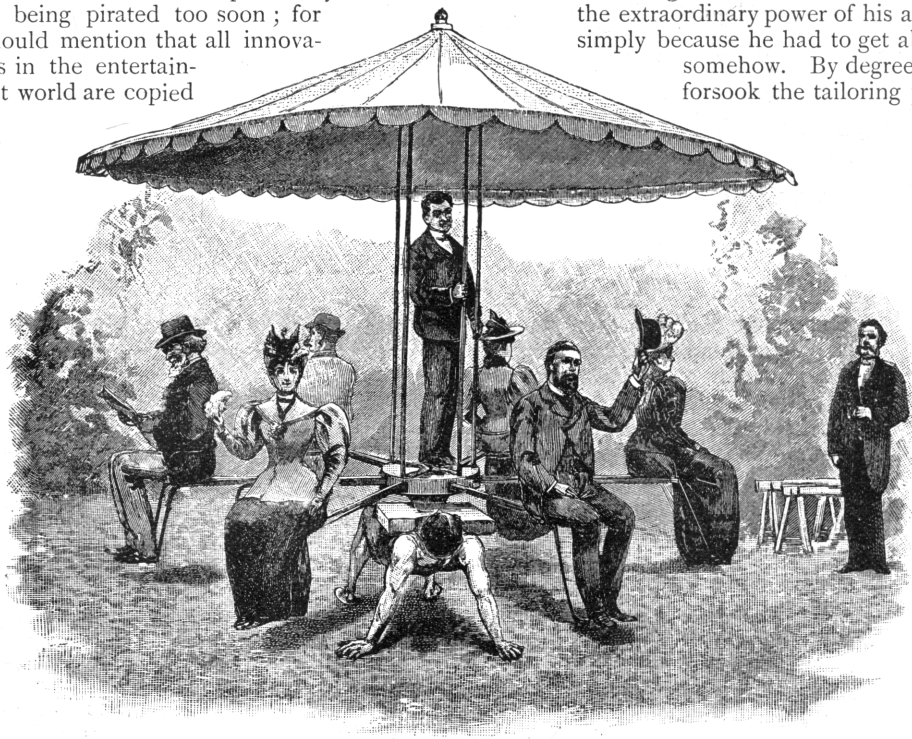
Lady Amma, the French giantess, and her two sisters stand next on my programme, and, mind, they *are* her sisters. In this case age—and appetite—is in an inverse ratio to size. The smallest of the three is known as Princess Josepha, and is thirty-two years of age; there are not nearly so many inches in her stature, however. The next sister is shown with the giantess and the dwarf simply to emphasize Nature's strange freak. There is nothing abnormal about her, though—"just an or'nary cuss," as her unfeeling showman remarked.

Lady Amma herself, although only twenty-two years old, is nearly 7ft. 9in. in height; and yet I am assured that she eats less than an ordinary woman. I last saw her in Harry Davis's Museum, in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, where she had a special conveyance built for her convenience. The curious thing is, that her eldest and smallest sister, Princess Josepha, fell in love with and

LADY AMMA, THE FRENCH GIANTESS, AND HER TWO ELDER SISTERS.

married Chimah, the extraordinary Chinese dwarf whose portrait is seen at the top of the preceding page.

The next illustration depicts the "strong-man" craze *in excelsis*. The individual upon whom all this responsibility rests is one Milo, a young Italian, whose novel turn was first introduced to a British audience on August 24th, 1891. The roundabout which he supports on his chest was made by half-a-dozen different people, and fitted together by Milo himself, who is something of a mechanic. This was to obviate the possibility of the idea being pirated too soon; for I should mention that all innovations in the entertainment world are copied sooner or later by unintelligent performers whose creative power is a minus quantity.



MILO, THE STRONG MAN, SUPPORTING A LOADED ROUNDABOUT.

Without passengers, the apparatus weighs 8½cwt.; loaded, more than a ton. Although only seven persons are being carried in the illustration (and notice the gentleman saluting as though he were doing a smart thing) it is possible to accommodate a round dozen on the machine, by means of extra seats placed on the bars. Moreover, on occasion, a barrel organ is placed in the centre and slowly ground by a dismal-looking Italian, who seems utterly unconscious of the fact that he is rendering himself and his music a heavy burden to at least one of his neighbours.

The roundabout is about 12ft. high and 14ft. in diameter across the ornamental top; it cost a trifle over £50.

Next comes Jules Keller, the upside-down man, whose arms are to him what legs are to more ordinary folk. He is a Polish Jew, thirty-three years of age, and is a giant of strength from his waist upwards. Keller has managed to support himself, independently of his lower extremities, with very great success. His legs, although outwardly almost perfect, contain no bone, or next to none; consequently his people very properly apprenticed him to the tailoring business. He developed the extraordinary power of his arms, simply because he had to get about somehow. By degrees he forsook the tailoring platform on which he had squatted for years, and took to another and far more profitable stage.

Amazing as it may seem, the "upside-down man" can take a clear leap of 4ft. over an obstacle on his hands; and he can in the same way jump down from a platform 9ft. high. I saw him do this, and noticed that his tremendously powerful arms yielded as he struck, letting his chin almost touch the ground in order to break the fall. Keller's elastic "step" cannot be described. In Vienna he walked on his hands for a wager against a young athlete, and beat him; of course he had a little start, and his opponent walked after the manner of men.

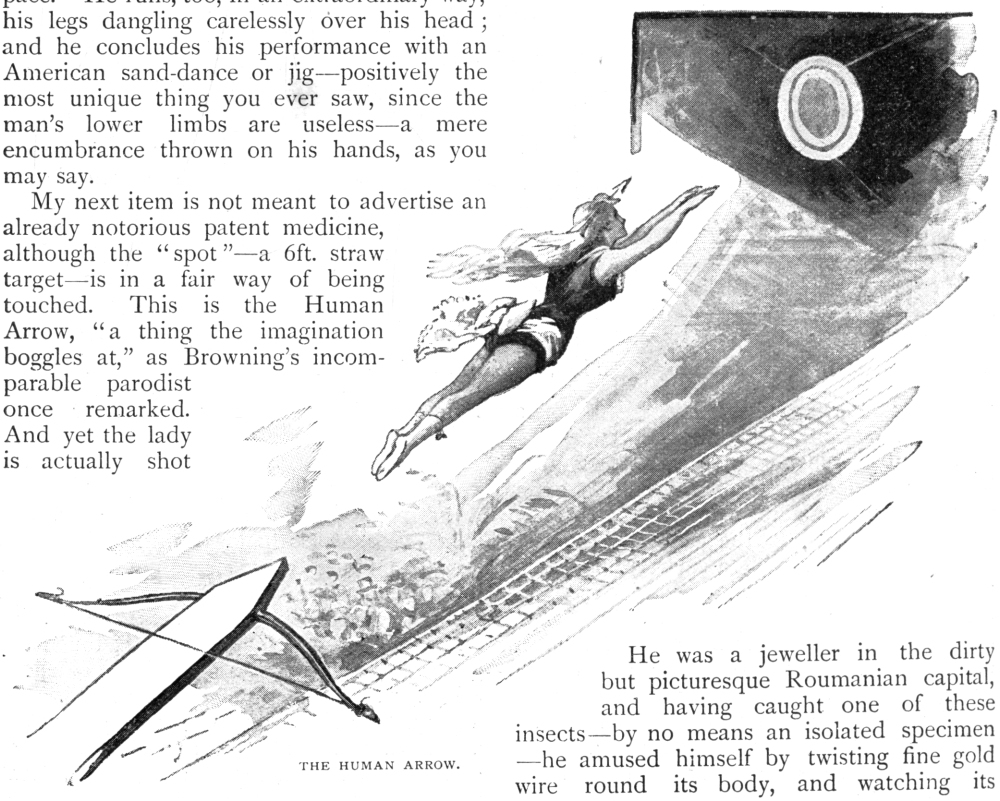
JULES KELLER, THE "UPSIDE-DOWN MAN."

In the photograph Keller is seen going up one side of a double ladder at a fine springy pace. He runs, too, in an extraordinary way, his legs dangling carelessly over his head; and he concludes his performance with an American sand-dance or jig—positively the most unique thing you ever saw, since the man's lower limbs are useless—a mere encumbrance thrown on his hands, as you may say.

My next item is not meant to advertise an already notorious patent medicine, although the "spot"—a 6ft. straw target—is in a fair way of being touched. This is the Human Arrow, "a thing the imagination boggles at," as Browning's incomparable parodist once remarked. And yet the lady is actually shot from a monstrous cross-bow, and traverses some 30ft. of hot, vitiated atmosphere before striking the target.

I think it was Dr. Johnson who remarked, speaking of a dog that walked on its hind legs, "the thing is not well done, but the wonder is that 'tis done at all." So with this startling feat. You can't expect the girl to be sent hurtling half a mile against a brick wall. The distance is short, the regulation net is used, and the target, on being touched, retires as gently and gracefully as the "Arrow" herself does shortly afterwards. Then, again, I must confess that powerful springs have more to do with this aërial flight than the string of the bow.

Fleas, like the poor, are always with us; of course, I refer to performing fleas. And I was fortunate enough to light upon the only original discoverer, inventor, trainer—call him what you will—of these interesting creatures. He is a Roumanian (a native of Bucharest), so that you may say, "Here is another irritating Eastern question sprung upon us," more especially since the "Professor" (all he professes is fleas) obtains his stock in the wilds of Bethnal Green.



THE HUMAN ARROW.

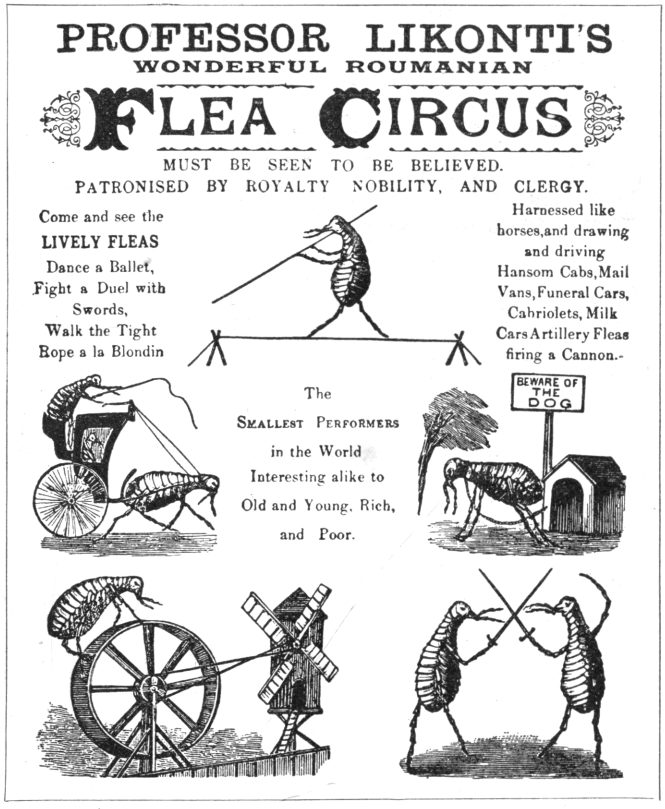
He was a jeweller in the dirty but picturesque Roumanian capital, and having caught one of these insects—by no means an isolated specimen—he amused himself by twisting fine gold wire round its body, and watching its

struggles. These must have been diverting, for the idle assistant presently fixed his captive flea in a little box beneath one of those peculiar eye-glasses used by watchmakers when inspecting the works of a watch. This was the nucleus of a show which, in its palmy days, brought its lucky owner £40 a day in the European capitals.

When the young jeweller, encouraged by his fellow-assistants and his master's patrons, resolved to give up his calling and go into the trained-flea line, his people very properly objected; and, indeed, finding him obdurate, they shut their doors against him when he chanced to be in their vicinity —"*In propria venit, et sui eum non receperunt*"—if the quotation be not irreverent.

I asked the Professor how he fed his insects. He promptly pulled up his coat-sleeve and bared his arm. "I lives on dem, an' dey lives on me"; and he laughed heartily at what was evidently a stock witticism.

The fleas are shown on a circular, white-topped table. They are "stabled," as the Professor puts it, in a shallow box filled with cotton wool. As the insects themselves could not be photographed in their performance, I reproduce here a facsimile of the showman's "play-bill." The draughtsmanship may not be anatomically correct, but beyond question it is funny. The tiny vehicles are of brass; and for harnessing, fine gold wire is used. Wire is also used for chaining up the odious "house-dog," and it figures likewise in the balancing-pole of the tight-rope performer, the swords of the duellists, and the tackle of the windmill.

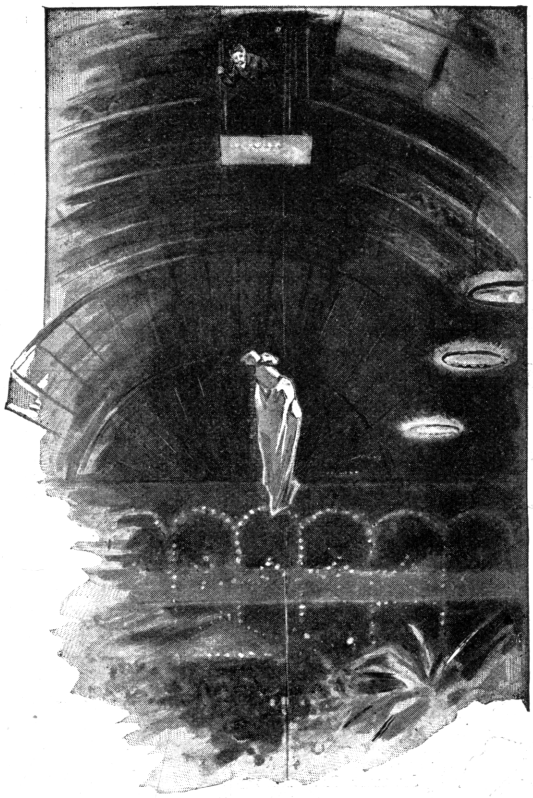


"PLAY-BILL" OF THE PERFORMING FLEAS.

Noticing the dejected aspect of the "house-dog," I asked if the fleas lived long at this sort of work. "Ubbowd doo year," was the reply. The only remarkable incident the Professor recalls took place in Berlin, at the time when the insects were kept in a glass bottle. One morning, just as the show was about to commence for the amusement of a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, some awkward individual knocked the jar, "stock" and all, on the ground. "Dat dime," remarked the Professor in tones of reminiscent sadness, "my badrons garried avay de vlees, an I ad to ged zum more."

The dangerous "Monte Christo" diving feat, which forms the subject of the next two illustrations, is performed by Baume, the swimming expert, who has already saved more than twenty lives from drowning. Baume first appears clad in a shabby suit of clothes, which, however, conceals the smart diving costume he wears beneath. He is then hoisted by means of a rope and pulley to the platform, seventy or eighty feet above the tank and the audience. Here the diver is bound hand and foot, and then enveloped in a sack which is tied over his head.

All that remains for the gratification of an expectant public is a well-judged leap into the tank of water below, and a subsequent re-appearance—unfettered and free from the sack; in short, "without encumbrance of any kind," as the advertisements have it. This is far easier said than done. The leap is one of over 70ft., and that very much in



THE MONTE CHRISTO DIVE—FALLING.

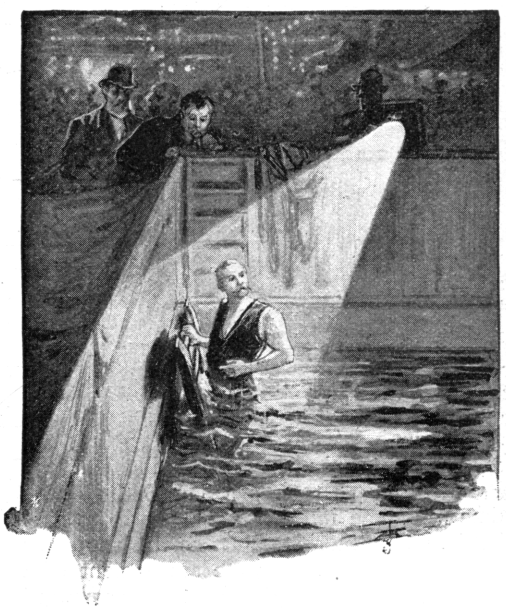
the dark, not to speak of the transformation beneath the water. When all is ready, the shapeless bundle bends over to glance at the bright spot far below; this is the tank, containing 7ft. of water, on which powerful beams of lime-light are flashed. Finally, Baume gives the sack a hitch up, in order that it may not get entangled in his legs or be caught by the rush of wind during the descent, and then he takes a long breath before leaving the platform. On striking the water (the mighty splash very literally damps the ardour of many of his incautious admirers) the diver executes a somersault, during which he unties his bonds, and kicks the sack upwards off his body. A man is in waiting to seize the sack the moment it reaches the surface. The next thing Baume has to do beneath the water is to divest himself of his outer garments—the shabby suit aforesaid—and then he is free to rise to the surface, amid thunderous applause, climb the iron ladder at the side, and finally retire breathless and dripping.

It was at the Soldiers' Club in Cairo that I witnessed the very peculiar entertainment given by the King of Clubs—Tom Burrows, champion club-swinger of the world. Burrows was born at Ballarat, in January, 1867, and came to England in 1891, when he became teacher of boxing and club-swinging at the Royal Military Gymnasium, Aldershot.

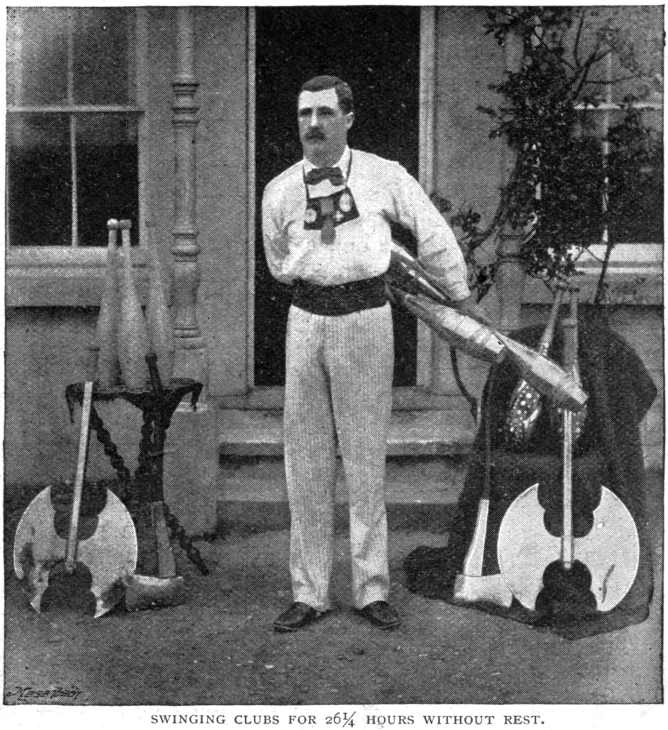
On March 20th, 1895, Burrows swung a pair of clubs for twenty-four hours at our famous camp; and it was in order to break this record that he gave an exhibition in Cairo before Lord and Lady Cromer, the Sirdar, Sir Herbert Kitchener, and many other distinguished folk.

The champion made the following conditions for the undertaking: (1) The clubs were to weigh 2lb. each, and to be 24in. long; (2) To swing at least 50 complete circles each minute; (3) No rest or stop allowed during the 25 hours; (4) No artificial aid of any sort allowed; (5) To swing no fewer than 70,000 complete circles in the record; and (6) That there should always be at least two judges present to watch the swinging.

Burrows commenced swinging the clubs at 9.18 on Wednesday evening, every person in the distinguished gathering being filled with admiration at the graceful way in which he manœuvred



THE MONTE CHRISTO DIVE—GETTING OUT OF THE TANK.



SWINGING CLUBS FOR 26¼ HOURS WITHOUT REST.

his clubs—circling, curving, twirling. From thence onward through the evening, and throughout the whole of the night, and all next day, this athlete swung the clubs without stopping for a moment; until a mighty burst of cheering at 9.18, on Thursday night, proclaimed that he had equalled his Aldershot feat. At 10.18 further enthusiastic cheering greeted Burrows, having established a world's record of twenty-five hours' continuous swinging.

Still, the indomitable fellow went on, until he finally stopped at 11.33, on Thursday night, having swung the clubs without one moment's cessation for twenty-six hours and fifteen minutes.

But surely thirty-five years' manipulation of marionette strings is also something of a record; this is claimed by Mr. R. Barnard, who had the old witch and her satellites in hand when this photograph was taken. The smaller figures are, in the first place, secreted in the witch's pockets, so that the operator had to control no fewer than fifty strings at once while putting this one figure through its performance.

These marionettes have quite a charming little portable theatre of their own, besides scenery to the value of £150. Altogether Mr. Barnard possesses seventy figures, which cost, undressed, about £2 each. And although the clever little man knows no more about art than he does about the integral calculus, yet he carves the heads himself out of yellow pine, while his wife dresses the perfect puppets; and the result is creditable in the highest degree to the taste and skill of both. A surprising amount of attention is paid to small details of dress. The satins and silks used in the dresses of the "ladies"

THE OLD WITCH AND HER SATELLITES—A MARIONETTE FIGURE WITH FIFTY STRINGS.

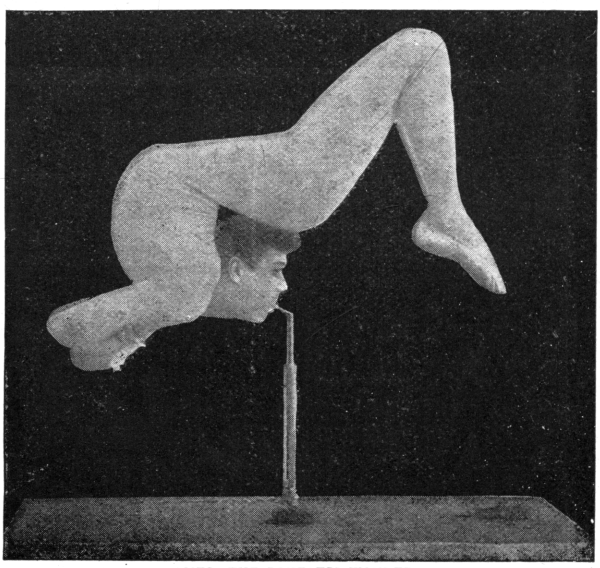
MOUNTING THE LADDER OF SWORDS.

(there are 2½yds. in that of the fairy) cost from 3s. 11d. to 5s. 11d. a yard; and then there are numerous costly items of underclothing, lace, spangles, bead and bugle trimmings, and innumerable miscellaneous "properties." I was confidentially assured that the columbine wears silk stockings and twelve or fourteen petticoats; and also that the clown has to be repainted once a week, owing to the tremendous lot of knocking about he receives at the hands of impossible policemen.

The string used is bought white at eighteen-pence per ball, and then dyed by a special process. Of course, the strings get entangled sometimes, but the ready wit of the operator, who stands on the narrow platform above the scene, hardly ever fails; and when such awkward incidents do occur, dialogue and business are swiftly changed to meet the emergency. I can only say that Barnard's marionettes constitute a miniature theatre and variety show combined. The figures are infinitely more amusing than many *lions comiques* who drive from hall to hall of an evening, and far less vulgar.

Talk about a sharp climb up the ladder of fame! Just look at this Japanese girl—one of the Chyochis family—who made her *début* in the City of Mexico, as a sword-walker, six years ago. As will be seen in the photograph, the rungs of the step-ladder consist of Japanese scimitars, and there is no mistake about the keenness of their edge. The lady tells me that the secret of the thing lies in gripping the edge of each sword in a fearless way with the toes, and stepping up briskly when the bare foot is properly placed. Of course, the slightest cutting or sawing movement must be avoided. And she needs no apostle to admonish her to "walk circumspectly."

I have now to introduce with becoming gravity the Boneless Wonder—one Ames—a man with an accommodating vertebra. Nor am I jesting when I assert that this contortionist has quite a bump—one of those hard, permanent bumps—on his chin, caused by strumming upon the latter with his heels whilst in the position shown in the photograph. The bump, which I had an opportunity of carefully examining for myself, might be truthfully translated by an astute phrenologist or



AMES, THE BONELESS WONDER.

physiognomist as indicating an extremely pliable disposition.

In the picture, Ames is seen performing his most extraordinary feat. An adjustable iron rod, terminating in a leather mouthpiece, is fixed to a massive table, and on this the acrobat raises his body over his head, resting his whole weight on his teeth, and folding his arms with an appearance of placidity he must be very far from feeling.

But, plainly, we cannot all be "boneless wonders." Not unto everyone is it given to perform such feats, and certainly not unto Mrs. Johnson, a lady of strongly marked individuality, whose portrait next appears. The last time I had the pleasure of meeting this substantial person was at Huber's Museum, in Fourteenth Street, New York, where she was in receipt of seventy-five dollars a week. Mrs. Johnson was a remarkably healthy woman, and one who exasperated her lecturer beyond everything by correcting him forcibly when in the midst of his harangue to the crowd. Like the less bulky members of her sex, she was amazingly fond of dress and jewellery. In the photograph she is wearing her favourite robe—acres of black silk, with raised flowers worked in gorgeous colours.

The most stringent regulations ever made by a flint-hearted agent could not keep Mrs. Johnson indoors; probably this is why her salary dwindled from 200 dollars a week down to a paltry seventy-five. She *would* assert herself—not a difficult thing, you would think, at any time—and she took long walks very early in the morning. Then, of course, with that superhuman energy that springs eternal in the breast of man when free shows are available, people got up early and followed her at a respectful distance. This latter was as it should be, for the great lady was of uncertain temper, and if she took it into her massive head to assault anyone (as she once did the unfortunate dog-faced man—himself no chicken), it would mean utter annihilation, Mrs. Johnson being 7ft. high and weighing 28 stone. Curiously, no one ever thought to ask why Mr. J. was not on the spot to share the glory and the seventy-five dollars.

THE FAT LADY, MRS. JOHNSON.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

(FROM THE SWEDISH OF Z. TOPELIUS.)

FAR away in Lapland, at a place called Aïmïo, near the River Jana, there lived, in a little hut, a Laplander and his wife, with their small son, Sampo.

Sampo Lappelill was now between seven and eight years of age. He had black hair, brown eyes, a snub nose, and a wide mouth, which last is considered a mark of beauty in curious Lapland. Sampo was a strong child for his age; he delighted to dance down the hills in his little snow-shoes, and to drive his own reindeer in his own little sledge. The snow whirled about him as he passed through the deep drifts, until nothing of him could be seen except the tuft of his black forelock.

"I shall never feel comfortable while he is from home!" said the mother. "He may meet Hisü's reindeer with the golden antlers."

Sampo overheard these words, and wondered what reindeer it could be that had golden antlers. "It must be a splendid animal!" said he; "how much I should like to drive to Rastekaïs with it!" Rastekaïs is a high, dreary mountain, and can be seen from Aïmïo, from which it is five or six miles distant.

"You audacious boy!" exclaimed the mother; "how dare you talk so? Rastekaïs is the home of the trolls, and Hisü dwells there also."

"Who is Hisü?" inquired Sampo.

"What ears that boy has!" thought the Lapp-wife. "But I ought not to have spoken of such things in his presence; the best thing I can do now is to frighten him well." Then she said aloud: "Take care, Lappelill, that you never go near Rastekaïs, for there lives Hisü, the Mountain-King, who can eat a whole reindeer at one mouthful, and who swallows little boys like flies."

Upon hearing these words, Sampo could not help thinking what good fun it would be to have a peep at such a wonderful being—from a safe distance, of course!

Three or four weeks had elapsed since Christmas, and darkness brooded still over Lapland. There was no morning, noon, or evening; it was always night. Sampo was feeling dull. It was so long since he had seen the sun that he had nearly forgotten what it was like. Yet he did not desire the return of summer, for the only thing he remembered about that season was that it was a time when the gnats stung very severely. His one wish was that it might soon become light enough for him to use his snow-shoes.

One day, at noon (although it was dark), Sampo's father said: "Come here! I have something to show you."

Sampo came out of the hut. His father pointed towards the south.

"Do you know what that is?" asked he.

"A southern light," replied the boy.

"No," said his father, "it is the herald of the sun. To-morrow, maybe, or the day after that, we shall see the sun himself. Look, Sampo, how weirdly the red light glows on the top of Rastekaïs!"

Sampo perceived that the snow upon the

gloomy summit, which had been so long shrouded in darkness, was coloured red. Again the idea flashed into his mind what a grand sight the terrible Mountain-King would be—from a distance. The boy brooded on this for the remainder of the day, and throughout half the night, when he should have been asleep.

He thought, and thought, until at length he crept silently out of the reindeer skins which formed his bed, and then through the door-hole. The cold was intense. Far above him the stars were shining, the snow scrunched beneath his feet. Sampo Lappelill was a brave boy, who did not fear the cold. He was, moreover, well wrapped up in fur. He stood gazing at the stars, considering what to do next.

Then he heard a suggestive sound. His little reindeer pawed the ground with its feet. "Why should I not take a drive?" thought Sampo, and proceeded straightway to put his thought into action. He harnessed the reindeer to the sledge, and drove forth into the wilderness of snow.

"I will drive only a little way towards Rastekaïs," said Sampo to himself, and off he went, crossing the frozen River Jana to the opposite shore, which—although the child was unaware of this fact—belonged to the kingdom of Norway.

As Sampo drove, he sang a bright little song. The wolves were running round his sledge like grey dogs, but he did not mind them. He knew well that no wolf could keep pace with his dear, swift little reindeer. Up hill and down dale he drove on, with the wind whistling in his ears. The moon seemed to be racing with him, and the rocks to be running backwards. It was thoroughly delightful!

Alas! at a sudden turning upon the downward slope of a hill the sledge overturned, and Sampo was pitched into a snow-drift. The reindeer did not observe this, and, in the belief that its master was still sitting behind it, it ran on. Sampo could not cry "Stop!" for his mouth was stuffed with snow.

He lay there in the darkness, in the midst of the vast, snowy wilderness, in which was no human habitation for miles around.

At first, he naturally felt somewhat bewildered. He scrambled unhurt out of the big snow-drift. Then, by the wan moonlight, he saw that he was surrounded on all sides by snow-drifts and huge mountains. One mountain towered above the others, and this he knew must be Rastekaïs, the home of the fierce Mountain-King, who swallowed little boys like flies!

Sampo Lappelill was frightened now, and heartily wished himself safe at home. But how was he to get there?

There sat the poor child, alone in the darkness, amongst the desolate, snow-covered rocks, with the big, black shadow of Rastekaïs frowning down upon him. As he wept his tears froze immediately, and rolled down over his jacket in little round lumps like peas; so Sampo thought that he had better leave off crying, and run about in order to keep himself warm.

"Rather than freeze to death here," he said to himself, "I would go straight to the Mountain-King. If he has a mind to swallow me, he must do so, I suppose; but I shall advise him to eat instead some of the wolves in this neighbourhood. They are much fatter than I, and their fur would not be so difficult to swallow."

Sampo began to ascend the mountain. Before he had gone far, he heard the trotting of some creature behind him, and a moment after a large wolf overtook him. Although inwardly trembling, Sampo would not betray his fear. He shouted:—

"Keep out of my way! I am the bearer of a message to the King, and you hinder me at your peril!"

"Dear me!" said the wolf (on Rastekaïs all the animals can speak). "And, pray, what little shrimp are you, wriggling through the snow?"

"My name is Sampo Lappelill," replied the boy. "Who are you?"

"I," answered the wolf, "am first gentleman-usher to the Mountain-King. I have just been all over the kingdom to call together his subjects for the great sun festival. As you are going my way, you may, if you please, get upon my back, and so ride up the mountain."

Sampo instantly accepted the invitation. He climbed upon the shaggy back of the wolf, and they went off at a gallop.

"What do you mean by the sun festival?" inquired Sampo.

"Don't you know *that?*" said the wolf. "We celebrate the sun's feast the day he first appears on the horizon, after the long night of winter. All trolls, goblins, and animals in the north then assemble on Rastekaïs, and on that day they are not permitted to hurt each other. Lucky it was for you, my boy, that you came here to-day. On any other day, I should have devoured you long ago."

"Is the King bound by the same law?" asked Sampo, anxiously.

"THEY WENT OFF AT A GALLOP."

"Of course he is," answered the wolf. "From one hour before sunrise until one hour after sunset, he will not dare to harm you. If, however, you are on the mountain when the time expires, you will be in great danger. For the King will then seize whoever comes first, and a thousand bears and a hundred thousand wolves will also be ready to rush upon you. There will soon be an end of Sampo Lappelill!"

"But perhaps, sir," said Sampo, timidly, "you would be so kind as to help me back again before the danger begins?"

The wolf laughed. "Don't count on any such thing, my dear Sampo; on the contrary, I mean to seize you first myself. You are such a very nice, plump little boy! I see that you have been fattened on reindeer milk and cheese. You will be splendid for breakfast to-morrow morning!"

Sampo began to think that his best course might be to jump off the wolf's back at once. But it was too late. They had now arrived at the top of Rastekaïs. Many curious and marvellous things were there to be seen. There sat the terrible Mountain-King on his throne of cloudy rocks, gazing out over the snow-fields. He wore on his head a cap of white snow-clouds; his eyes were like a full moon; his nose resembled a mountain-ridge. His mouth was an abyss; his beard was like tufts of immense icicles; his arms were as thick and strong as fir trees; his coat was like an enormous snow mountain. Sampo Lappelill had a good view of the King and his subjects, for a bow of dazzling northern lights shone in the sky and illuminated the scene.

All around the King stood millions of goblins, trolls, and brownies; tiny, grey creatures, who had come from remotest parts of the world to worship the sun. This they did from fear, not from love; for trolls and goblins hate the sun, and always hope that he will never return when they see him disappear at the end of summer.

Farther off stood all the animals of Lapland, thousands and thousands of them of all sizes; from the bear, the wolf, and the glutton, to the little mountain-rat, and the brisk, tiny reindeer-flea. No gnats appeared, however; *they* had all been frozen.

Sampo was greatly astonished at what he saw. Unobserved, he slipped from the wolf's back, and hid behind a ponderous stone, to watch the proceedings.

The Mountain-King shook his head, and the snow whirled about him. The northern lights shone around his head like a crown of glory, sending long, red streamers across the deep blue sky; they whizzed and sparkled, expanded and drew together, fading sometimes, then again darting out like lightning over the snow-clad mountains. This performance amused the King. He clapped with his icy hands until the sound echoed like thunder, causing the trolls to scream with joy, and the animals to howl with fear. At this the King was still more delighted, and he shouted across the desert:—

"This is to my mind! Eternal darkness! Eternal night! May they never end!"

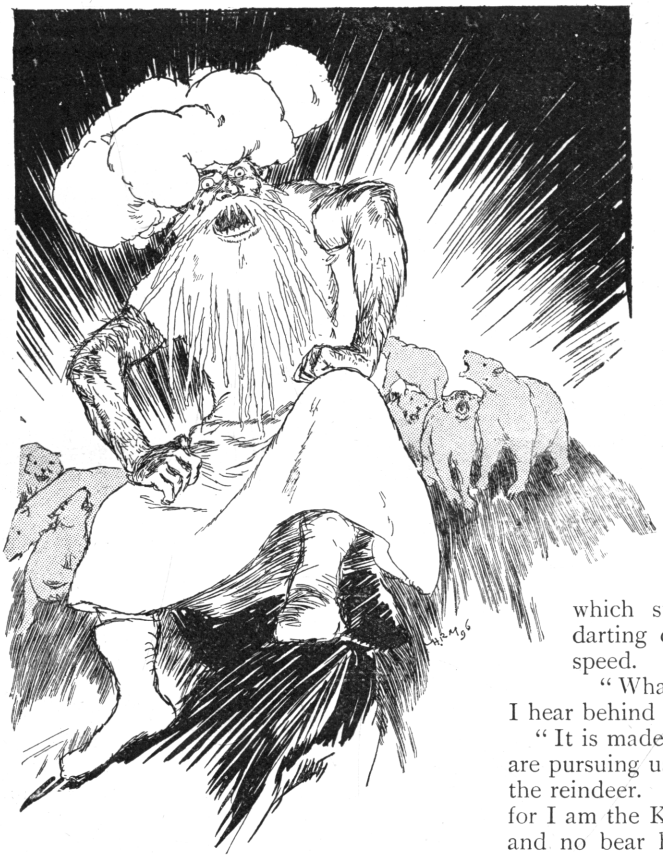
"May they never end!" repeated all the trolls at the top of their voices. Then arose a dispute amongst the animals. All the beasts of prey agreed with the trolls, but the reindeer and other gentle creatures felt that they should like to have summer back again, although they disliked the gnats that would certainly return with it. One creature alone was ready to welcome summer quite unreservedly. This was the reindeer-flea. She piped out as loudly as she could:—

"If you please, your Majesty, have we not come here to worship the sun, and to watch for his coming?"

"Nonsense!" growled a Polar bear. "Our

meeting here springs from a stupid old custom. The sooner it ends the better! In my opinion, the sun has set for ever; he is dead!"

At these words the animals shuddered, but the trolls and goblins were much pleased with them, and reiterated them gaily, shaking with laughter to such an extent that their



"THE TERRIBLE MOUNTAIN-KING."

tiny caps fell off their heads. Then the King roared, in a voice of thunder:—

"Yea! Dead is the sun! Now must the whole world worship me, the King of Eternal Night and Eternal Winter!"

Sampo, sitting behind the stone, was so greatly enraged by this speech that he came forth from his hiding-place, exclaiming:—

"That, O King, is a lie as big as yourself! The sun is *not* dead, for only yesterday I saw his forerunner. He will be here very shortly, bringing sweet summer with him, and thawing the icicles in your funny, frozen beard!"

The King's brow grew black as a thunder-cloud. Forgetful of the law, he lifted his tremendous arm to strike Sampo; but at that moment the northern light faded. A red streak shot suddenly across the sky, shining with such brilliancy into the King's face that it entirely dazzled him. His arm fell useless at his side. Then the golden sun rose in slow stateliness on the horizon, and that flood of glorious light caused even those who had rejoiced in his supposed death to welcome his re-appearance.

But the goblins were considerably astonished. From under their red caps they stared at the sun with their little grey eyes, and grew so excited that they stood on their heads in the snow. The beard of the Mountain-King began to melt and drip, until it was flowing down his jacket like a running stream.

By-and-by, Sampo heard a reindeer say to her little one:—

"Come, my child, we must be going, or we shall be eaten by the wolves."

"Such will be *my* fate also if I linger longer," thought Sampo. So he sprang upon the back of a beautiful reindeer with golden antlers, which started off with him at once, darting down the rocks with lightning speed.

"What is that rustling sound that I hear behind us?" asked the boy, presently.

"It is made by the thousand bears; they are pursuing us in order to eat us up," replied the reindeer. "You need not fear, however, for I am the King's own enchanted reindeer, and no bear has ever been able as yet to nibble my heels!"

They went on in silence for a time, then Sampo put another question.

"What," asked he, "is that strange panting I hear behind us?"

"That," returned the reindeer, "is made by the hundred thousand wolves; they are at full gallop behind us, and wish to tear us in pieces. But fear nothing from them! No wolf has ever beaten me in a race yet!"

Again Sampo spoke:—

"Is it not thundering over there amongst the rocky mountains?"

"No," answered the now trembling reindeer; "that noise is made by the King, who is chasing us. Now, indeed, all hope has fled, for no one can escape *him!*"

"Can we do nothing?" asked Sampo.

"There is no safety to be found here," said the reindeer, "but there is just one chance for us. We must try to reach the priest's house over yonder by Lake Enare. Once there, we shall be safe, for the King has no power over Christians."

"Oh, make haste! make haste! dear reindeer!" cried Sampo, "and you shall feed on golden oats, and out of a silver manger."

On sped the reindeer. As they entered the priest's house, the Mountain-King crossed the courtyard, and knocked at the door with such violence that it is a wonder he did not knock the house down.

"Who is there?" called the priest from within.

"It is I!" answered a thundering voice; "it is the mighty Mountain-King! Open the door! You have there a child, whom I claim as my prey."

"Wait a moment!" cried the priest. "Permit me to robe myself, in order that I may give your Majesty a worthier reception."

"All right!" roared the King; "but be quick about it, or I may break down your walls!" A moment later he raised his enormous foot for a kick, yelling: "Are you not ready yet?"

Then the priest opened the door, and said, solemnly, "Begone, King of Night and Winter! Sampo Lappelill is under my protection, and he shall never be yours!"

Upon this, the King flew into such a violent passion that he exploded in a great storm of snow and wind. The flakes fell and fell, until the snow reached the roof of the priest's house, so that everyone inside it expected to be buried alive. But as soon as the sun rose, the snow began to melt, and all was well. The Mountain-King had completely vanished, and no one knows exactly what became of him, although some think that he is still reigning on Rastekaïs.

Sampo thanked the priest heartily for his kindness, and begged, as an additional favour, the loan of a sledge. To this sledge the boy harnessed the golden-antlered reindeer, and drove home to his parents, who were exceedingly glad to see him.

How Sampo became a great man, who fed his reindeer with golden oats out of a silver manger, is too lengthy a story to tell now.